

THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW:  
A WHIG JOURNAL  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. VI.      SEPTEMBER, 1847.      NO. III.

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE ARMY.

FOREIGN governments, and many of our own citizens, have regarded our military system as defective; because in war, our armies are composed of volunteers, who elect their own officers.

We are not about to inquire what other plan might be adopted, which would be better than that of popular election; but shall endeavor to show that as between appointments by the President and election by the troops, the experience of the present war has shown that the troops themselves have made the best selections. We shall show that in this instance, at least, however it may have been in the war of 1812, the volunteers have as a general rule confided the command, especially the field officers, to those who had *seen service* or were graduates of the Military Academy; and that the President, as a *general rule*, has not.

In theory, it is supposed, that the Administration is exalted above all petty, personal, or local influences, and in making appointments acts under the guidance of an elevated patriotism—that the President having the whole country from which to make selections, and having at command all the sources of intelligence, by which to seek out the most qualified persons; is in a much better situation to discover and reward merit, than the citizen soldiery who compose a regiment of volunteers.

The President himself appears to have acted upon this theoretical view, when he assumed, we may say usurped, the ap-

pointment of the commanders of brigades and divisions of the volunteer regiments. —If our understanding of the legal rights of the state troops is correct, they are entitled to the election of *all their field and platoon officers*—whether they are also entitled to the medical and staff appointments, not having examined the point, we do not pretend to say—but venture with much confidence the opinion that the act of the President, in sending six newly-made Brigadiers and two Major Generals to the command of the twelve regiments raised at the west, was unconstitutional, and that those troops, when two or more regiments were united, had, and that all other volunteer regiments have, the legal right to elect their generals.

If we are correct, a more audacious infringement of the rights of the states has not been known.

It is not our intention to make the cause, the character, or the justice of the war, a part of the theme on this occasion. But admitting, as a large portion, perhaps more than a majority of the citizens of the United States believe, that the Administration illegally and unconstitutionally precipitated the nation into difficulty, it would not be very strange if the same authority should prosecute the war without adhering strictly to the constitution and the law.

If the President, adopting the usual expedient of weak administrations, determined to strengthen himself by a war

measure, it is apparent that he would not permit Congress to have a will in the initial proceedings.

This body might take a different view of the necessity and expediency of so momentous an act as a declaration of hostilities—without stopping to prove or discuss the justice or necessity of the war; and only supposing the opinion of a vast number of our citizens to be correct, and that the President was decidedly fixed in his, of a collision with Mexico, we re-affirm that such an Executive would not be very scrupulous in the mode of prosecuting his schemes of aggrandizement and conquest.

Mr. Polk has officered by original appointment, since the commencement of Mexican difficulties, one regiment of riflemen, eight regiments of infantry, one of dragons, and one of voltigeurs—whose appointments are in addition to the generals, commissaries, paymasters, quartermasters, and surgeons commissioned by him in the volunteer forces.

The whole number of commissions issued cannot fall very far short of *one thousand*. In making *new appointments*, the President is not limited or controlled by any law. His power over the secretaries is complete, arbitrary, and irresponsible, except to his oath. There is no king, prince or sultan, more thoroughly above and beyond all legal restraint in his appointments, than the President of the United States. A regiment of volunteers assemble at the state rendezvous, and proceed to elect their officers. They are in practice confined to their own number, and to a short acquaintance among themselves. Not so with the President of the United States. There are upon him no restrictions. To him all ages, localities, and qualifications are open. His sense of duty to the country appears to be the only restraint upon his actions—and this is a moral influence merely, and by no means of the nature of a legal responsibility.

In the ten new regiments there are four hundred and forty field and platoon officers. He may or might *legally* have given all these commissions to citizens of Tennessee, and such an act would form no ground of an impeachment. For the exercise of his discretionary powers, he is, and can be, subject to no inquisition. He is so, indeed, in many of the civil appointments.

But in those, the consequences of venality, favoritism, or error of any other kind in

the choice of officers, is of so much less consequence, as war and battles are of more consequence than the details of a Land-office or the Custom-house. The management of troops in sieges and assaults, is considered to be a higher grade of action, than the usual routines of the civil departments, by so much as blood, life and national honour, are of more value than dollars and cents.

And between civil and military appointments there is a grand difference in their *nature*, broader than the distinction arising from vastness of consequences. For clerks in the departments, weighers, measurers, and gaugers at the custom-houses—even for Sub-treasurers and Receivers, *honesty* and *industry* are the principal qualifications. The duties are such, that men of ordinary intelligence and application may soon perform them, whatever *may* have been the previous occupation of the incumbent.

But with military duties, talent, study, and *experience*, like faith, hope and charity in the Christian, are three, not only important, but indispensable qualities, and “the greatest of these” is experience. In the old monarchies, we have been accustomed to see the Blood royal placed at times in the highest military and naval command—veterans of half a century, spent in the defence of their country, in command of navies or armies, are by the force of the monarchical system, to obey the orders, consult the whims, and yield to the caprice or cowardice, of untaught gentlemen and striplings, tricked out in uniform, and scarcely able to sit upright on a horse.

But in republican America it was not supposed that these practices of the old world would be imitated. The beautiful theory of our government, is equality among our citizens, and promotion to public trusts according to merit.

In many of the civil offices in the gift of the Executive, the country may, in fact, be not materially injured, in case he should confine himself to his own political party. It is possible, that he may go farther, and may find among the blood relations of the Secretary of the Treasury, such a number of qualified persons as to be able from them to fill the principal places in that department. An experiment, we are told, has been tried during the present administration.

In regard to military offices, however, Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, men acquainted with the require-

ments and proprieties of military service, pursued a different course. The difference was, in their estimation, so marked, that they recommended, erected, and sustained, an institution, at an expense of about \$140,000 per annum, to prepare young men for the army. In their estimation, there was a significant value, in this preparation, or they would not, like all the other Presidents, and all the Secretaries of War, by one uniform course of public and official action have sanctioned the expense. War, in their view, is not the natural or proper employment of a Republic, and a war of conquest, probably never entered into any of their designs.

Considering the pacific inclinations of civilized nations, it was not probable that our citizens would be treated to the horrible experience of war oftener than once in a generation. To expend from five to ten millions a year during an intermediate state of peace appeared to them a more costly method of "preparing for war," than to furnish annually a sum of money in the education of officers equal to the annual expense of a second class frigate. It was thus that France and England, two old and warlike nations, brought the science of war to perfection.

But we will not wander farther from the main subject of this article. It was our intention to follow this digression in reference to the Military Academy, so far only as it has a necessary connexion with the mode, in which the President has exercised the military appointing power. If the country derives no benefit from that institution, let it be at once abolished, no matter how its benefits are lost. We do not know what private views the Executive holds in reference to it; neither does it appear to us a matter of great consequence; what his abstract notions may be, whether in favor or against the institution. It is his acts, his official course of action and policy, that produce effects, and not his theories. In practice, therefore, we hesitate not to say, that he has, in the present war, greatly lessened the advantages which the country expected from the institution by carrying into the army the same doctrines in reference to appointments that prevail in the civil departments.

If it is admitted that every civilian does not possess military skill by intuition; that in time of war such skill and knowledge is precious; that there are those in the country who do possess it—

at least in a greater degree than others; does it not follow, that the country is entitled to the benefits of this skill, science and experience?—Is there any duty more binding upon the President's conscience than that of selecting the best men to command our armies? We shall, probably, be misunderstood by some, as insisting upon a very anti-republican doctrine, that there is a class of individuals who have in themselves a right to those offices. No—we admit in no man a claim or right to an office. It is the very doctrine, the very dogma, the very great and fatal error which we are combating. We say the Country has a right to see the "best men" in office; and in military affairs the immense importance of this principle, and the monstrous evil of the contrary usage, is most strikingly apparent.

Let us look at the late appointments—out of four hundred and forty new commissions issued to the ten regiments, we can discover but nineteen who had been in service. We italicise the words "*been in service*," because we are confident that, however it may be with the Cabinet and the President, the country at large rely upon officers who have *seen service*, in preference to those who have not. At the close of the last war, we had 60,000 men under arms. Are the soldiers and officers who were in the fields of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and New Orleans, all dead or incapacitated? Are the survivors of those renowned conflicts so lost to their country, that if sought out they would refuse their services now?

In 1844 there had graduated 1230 cadets, of whom, since 1802, four hundred and fifteen had left the service by resignation. Of this number it is reasonable to suppose that near three hundred are now living, and considering the obligations they are under to the country, it is unreasonable to think that any of them, if called upon, would refuse to return to service, and there is no evidence that they have refused.

Where are the soldiers and officers who were in the militia service in the various Indian wars, of 1828, 1832, and 1836. And finally, when the ten regiments were organized, where were the officers and men who had marched from St. Louis to Santa Fe, to California and Chihuahua? the men who had fought, and suffered on the Rio Grande, who had stormed Monterrey, won the fields of Buena Vista, Benito and the Sacramentos? There

could not have been in the United States, when the ten regiments were organized, less than 4,000 persons, out of the regular army, who had held commissions, and seen service; and not less than 20,000 non-commissioned officers and privates, who, having *seen service*, without commissions, were better qualified than mere civilians to serve the country in war. How many of these veterans received the favors of the President? The official announcement of the appointments, as made in the "Union," gives the former rank of those who are re-appointed, and in them we have said there are *but nineteen!!!* Do not these facts sustain us in making the grave charge, that the Executive has purposely carried his *Democracy* into the army?—That it was his settled purpose to bring down this arm of the service to the level of the Custom-house, and to assure himself that the political sympathies of the applicant were in unison with, or subservient to his own?

Why are the heroes of the present war forgotten and neglected; the men who, ragged, sunburnt, and unshorn, were toiling without pay, or sustenance, over the sands of New Mexico, while the kid-glove politicians, clerks and hangers-on of Pennsylvania avenue, are promoted to the offices? Perhaps our position, that party bias had any thing to do with this singular spectacle, may be controverted—we should in that case reply with a question, hoping to have a sufficient answer.

If party did not influence the mind of the President, how did it *happen*, that of *Six* Brigadier Generals and *Two* Major Generals, elected in May, 1846, not *one* *Whig* is to be found?

If his desire was simply to place the most competent men, and not the most promising politicians, in command of the army—if his plan was to make it not a field for political preferment, but a terror to Mexico—why among these *eight* highest military offices in his gift, is there but *one*, if we are correctly informed, who had *seen service*?

And, subsequently, how did it *happen*, that among three Brigadier Generals, *two* should be thorough going-adherents to his party, who had *never seen service*, and *only one* (a neutral) who had?

We know, that *since* the adjournment of Congress, and since the crowd of "patriots" that filled the city of Washington in March and April last has dispersed, the President has partly returned to mili-

tary usage and to military justice, and has *promoted*, in a few cases, volunteer officers from the lower grades. We recollect two cases—those of the brave Col. Davis, of the Mississippi regiment, reported as promoted to a Brigadier; and of Gen. Shields, of Louisiana, retained.

In investigating the conduct of the Administration, and in endeavoring to show that they have grossly abused the confidence of the people—thrown away the advantages of the Military Academy—and committed the most flagrant military injustice to those who had won our battles—we shall, of course, not be understood as casting any personal reflections upon those citizens upon whom the President has bestowed his favors.

A civilian is no more to be blamed for a want of knowledge in the theory and practice of war, than he is for not being a geologist, or a linguist. All science is the result of study; and all governments, and all Presidents till the day of Mr. Polk, have deemed the "art of war" the most difficult of all others.

Those intimately acquainted with human nature, as exhibited in military life, in camps, marches, and sieges, have discovered, that the most tender point on which a soldier can be touched, is that of his promotion for services. Those accustomed only to the feelings of citizens engaged in trade, or other civil business, can scarcely appreciate the delicate sensibility of military men on that subject.

Nothing can be imagined more galling to a brave spirit, and more destructive to an elevated military ambition, than the idea of being superseded without cause.

It is difficult for the officer or soldier who has won fields, endured hunger, and suffered sickness for his country, to be satisfied, under the command of men who have passed through none of these ordeals of exposure, fire, pestilence, and blood. Such a trial of the generosity of the soldier should not be wantonly made. The efficiency of an army depends upon its subordination; and this depends greatly upon a *voluntary* submission to discipline, and confidence in the leaders.

We affirmed, not many pages back, that the volunteers had, in general, shown more discretion in the selection of their officers, than the President and his Cabinet. That this assertion will meet with resistance by some of our readers, we do not doubt. The other day a volunteer came along on his crutch and one leg, the other being now at Monterey. He



was in the Mississippi regiment that attacked the town on the left. "My brave fellow, how was it that your regiment stood the fire of those batteries so well and so long?" "Sir," said he, "we had confidence in our officers; wherever Davis and McClury went, we followed."

It is possible that the Administration are beginning to discern the value of this confidence on the part of soldiers. We judge so from the fact of the promotion of Col. Davis, although the new idea came to them only after citizen-generals Hopping, Pierce, and Cushing had been furnished with older commissions, and consequently better rank.

To confirm our opinion of the superior fitness of the appointments made by the volunteers over those made by the Executive, we give a list of the volunteer officers, who had before been in service, as far as we are informed:

#### COLONELS—11.

Jefferson Davis, *1st Mississippi Regiment*.  
William K. McKee, *1st Kentucky Regiment* (killed).

Humphrey Marshall, *Kentucky Cavalry*.

A. M. Mitchell, *2nd Ohio Regiment*.

S. K. Curtis, *1st Ohio Regiment*.

A. S. Johnston, *Louisiana Regiment*.

W. B. Burnett, *1st New York Regiment*.

J. F. Hamtronek, *1st Virginia Regiment*.

L. S. De Russey, *2nd Louisiana Regiment*.

Jason Rogers, *Louisville Legion*.

S. W. Morgan, *1st Ohio Regiment*.

#### LIEUTENANT-COLONELS—7.

Jones M. Visthus, *Alabama Regiment*.

Charles Kieff, *Missouri Regiment*.

H. Clay, jr., *1st Kentucky Regiment* (killed).

Beverly Randolph, *1st Virginia Regiment*

— Cooke, *Mormon Battalion*.

— Allen, " " (died).

— —, *California Regiment*.

#### MAJORS—8.

Wm. Wall, *Ohio Regiment*.

M. L. Clarke, *Missouri Battalion*.

— Buchanan, *Baltimore Regiment*.

M. Stokes, *North Carolina Regiment*.

J. A. Early, *Virginia Regiment*.

Goode Bryan, *Georgia Regiment*.

C. H. Fry, *1st Kentucky Regiment*.

— —, *California Regiment*.

#### CAPTAINS—6.

A. S. Blanchard, *Louisiana Regiment*.

J. E. Bracket, *California Regiment*.

H. M. Naglee, *California Regiment*.

— Weightman, *Missouri Battalion*.

H. K. Goakum, *Texas Volunteers*.

W. E. Aisquith, *Baltimore Battalion*.

Here are 32 names within our knowledge, and there are, no doubt, others, on whom the volunteers have conferred military appointments—*eleven* of them the highest rank which the President has permitted them to bestow.

The deeds of many of these brave officers have now become history. Their names will soon stand upon its pages, associated with the glory of ten victories already won. The confidence which their brave soldiers reposed in them, has been justified by events. We give prominence to their names, because it is necessary to sustain our position, not with a view to cause any inferences injurious to the reputation, the skill, or the courage of the other volunteer officers, or of the ten regiments, or the staff appointments.

In noticing the conduct of American soldiers or officers, whether regulars or citizen, we suppose it is understood that it is unnecessary to mention the quality of bravery—as that seems to be inherent in them all—in making comparisons between those who *have* and those who *have not* seen service; it is only necessary to speak of their relative skill, not of their patriotism or courage; for on these points their native feeling and the discipline of a camp, soon place them all upon an equality.

When, therefore, we attribute a want of practical military knowledge to one class of officers, and the possession of this knowledge to another class, it is only in a military point of view that they are to be considered. We are not engaged in an effort to create a personal distinction between the officers of the army, regular or volunteer, but are endeavoring to enforce a just principle, which, we think, has been violated. We therefore repeat, that to be destitute of military science and accomplishments is no disgrace to those who have had no opportunity to acquire them; and therefore it is not derogatory to such officers to state the facts.

A careful study of the list we have given above, and a corresponding train of reflection upon the services they have

rendered, will exemplify, in the most forcible manner, the value to the country of military experience in military affairs.

The individuals themselves are of comparatively small consequence; but to the nation, the difference between competent and incompetent officers, is the difference between victory and defeat—between national honor and national disgrace.

Take the example of a regiment commanded by an experienced officer, and compare its value, in the day of battle, with another regiment differently situated. There are 1000 men whom the nation, at an expense of 1,000,000 of dollars, has collected and transported to the far off field of action. Another thousand, at the same cost and exertion, has also been placed on the same field.

Their respective Colonels are, within their commands, Generals-in-chief, separated from head-quarters, and, in the ever-shifting occurrences of a fight, thrown without orders on their own military resources. Perhaps the personal courage, respectability, and, we may allow, the military genius of the two Colonels are equal. One has been trained amid camps, alarms, and battles: the other has come from his quiet home, and now, for the first time, is about to engage in mortal combat. Will not these 1000 men think of these things—the awful moment before the formation of the line and the commencement of the attack? Suppose the newly-commissioned Colonel, at this period, loses confidence in himself—will not his men discover it? Suppose, from this Colonel down to the non-commissioned officers and privates, the regiment is composed of trained veterans,—may not their whole effect be lost by a mistake on the part of the commander? If so, he is for this occasion of as much consequence as all the rest of the regiment, which cost the government a million of dollars. Perhaps his subordinates are smarting under a sense of injury, being thus placed under the command of a civilian. By chance this regiment may occupy during an engagement the most important part of the line, which, if broken, turns the fortune of the day.

In such a crisis, some indignant patriot in the ranks, whose life and honor, and the success and power of whose country is at stake, might be forgiven for the use of some harsh phrases in reference to the appointing power. The appointing power might be informed of this language, and might consequently make the fol-

lowing reply:—"My brave men, have confidence in your colonel; he is a good Democrat. He goes against the Bank of the United States, for the Sub-Treasury, and against squandering the public money on Harbors and Light-houses. This he has declared in numerous stump speeches in Tennessee."

If the President has not uttered such words, he has in a form more significant than words, proclaimed such facts and such principles. This may be denied by partisans: it is capable of proof. The friends of the Executive have produced a few instances of Whigs put in commission: one in the rifle regiment, and a Paymaster in the ten regiments from Ohio. It is said that Col. Cummings of Georgia, to whom a Major-Generalship was tendered, is a quasi-holder of Whig principles. Parties in the United States being nearly equal in numbers, to take away from these appointments their political caste, it will be necessary for the friends of the Administration to show that they are also *nearly* equally divided. If *five* Democrats are found to *one* Whig, in possession of commissions, the appointments would still partake of a party character. Such a result could not follow from mere accident. If the political tenets of the candidates were not a subject of inquiry, the chances would be as great that a majority of the opposition party would receive commissions, unless it should appear that the military capacity of the country belongs by nature to the Administration party—in brief, that Mars is a Democrat.

It strikes us that the President has not thoroughly weighed the consequences of making the army a political machine; of disfranchising one half the military science of the nation, and of making military rank subservient to political scheming.

Unless the democratic party shall furnish the *men* as well as the *officers*, there will be at once a distinction of political caste between the rank and the file of the troops. On a change of administration acting upon the principles established by this, a new President should discharge the appointees of his predecessor, as he does the secretaries, the collectors, and other civil officers. Rotation of office is thus introduced into the army; its independence destroyed, its high devotion to country exchanged for servile submission to party, and intrigues for place and for promotion will subvert all the rules of

regular advance for long services or extraordinary merit.

Imagine the war to continue, as it probably will, until there is a change of administration, and in the place of Mr. Polk, an anti-war whig, or a whig of any kind, be placed in the Presidential chair—he having the same unlimited power to make and unmake officers, as the present incumbent, may adopt the rule of proscription for party's sake, with as much justice as this Executive has adopted party qualifications as the basis of the original appointment. He first inquires into the politics of Generals Pillow, Quitman, Pierce, Cushing, Heppling, Shields, and so on through the list; and finding them to be in direct opposition to the new order of things, they are discharged, and for this cause only; can the Democratic party complain with any decency of justice?

The laws, and the "articles of war," protect the officer of the regular army from being oversloughed in his own arm by fixing a *rule of promotion*—but they do not control the President in making the original appointments. As in the case of the Rifle Regiment, only one officer of the regular army was given an appointment in that corps, all the rest being taken from civil life.

The reason why *promotion* should be by seniority and length of service is equally strong when applied to *appointments*.

It is supposed that length of practice is the proper guaranty in favor of military qualifications. This is the foundation of the rule of regular promotion. The administration, however, break away from this rule, in almost every case where the law will permit it. The military usage of all nations, has been uniform in making service the basis of rank. Even in England, arbitrary yet politic England, where we are shocked at the enormity of purchasing commissions, the purchaser must *begin* with the lowest grade, and there do duty and receive instructions before he can *purchase* farther *promotion*. In the Engineers, purchase is not allowed, and we believe not in the artillery. Education and service form the only grounds of advancement in these corps. In them, influence, favoritism or wealth, produce no effect. In the United States we have recently seen, for the first time, citizen appointments made directly into the artillery arm. Officers of the artillery and of the infantry, who have regularly passed through the

Academy, after four years hard study, and from thence into the old Regiments, now find instances of new appointments in the Rifle and other regiments, made from *discharged Cadets, out-ranking the graduates of their own corps.*

Again, we say, we refer to this fact, only to enforce a principle to prove an infamous iniquity in the Executive, not to reflect upon the persons so promoted. The fact shows how much easier it is to rise in the service under a system of political favoritism, by having friends at court, than by study and service in the field.

There are friends of the Administration who honestly approve of the plan of "going to the people" for our military officers. They have been heard to say, that it is undemocratic, and favoring aristocracy, to confine such appointments to a "particular class." We are happy to agree with these just-minded gentlemen—and we think the examples we have given, of confining them to one political party, the strongest that can be produced. But we deny that making promotions and appointments from those best informed, most skilled, and the longest in experience, infringes this golden rule. Has any hater of aristocracy, discovered any danger to the republic because the District Attorneys of the United States, are selected from among eminent professional lawyers? Wise patriot, why not?—Because, though lawyers are of a "class," it is a class which any citizen may enter, and therefore the District Attorneyship is free and open to the merit and competition of all. Why is it not claimed, that these Attorneyships shall be distributed among the merchants, tavern-keepers, blacksmiths, and tailors of the United States? The argument in reference to military appointments, is in effect as follows:—It is favoritism, and aristocratic, to confine them to the graduates of the Military Academy and the old soldiers, thus depriving other citizens of a chance in the army. It is a dangerous influence to give the President the selection of one Cadet with the rank of Sergeant, from each Congressional District in the Union; and in case he passes the ordeal of the institution, to give him a commission. The inference is as follows:—It is better, more democratic, less dangerous, less aristocratic, to allow the President, without any limitation of territory or reference to qualifications, to select Lieutenants, Captains, Colonels, and

Major Generals, than, to choose Cadets with the rank of Sergeant. It is more advantageous to the country, and the army, that the established rules of precedence, rank, authority, and command should be broken up, and the absolute judgment and will of the President take its place. Such are the arguments and the inferences.

The great French General who died at St. Helena, has been cited as an example of our Executive, who went "among the people" for heroes and generals. Those who offer this comparison did not probably think how ridiculous it makes one of the parties appear. Col. Polk, and General Bonaparte compared! The comparison is unjust to Col. Polk! The "Commander-in-chief of the American forces by land and by sea," does not indeed possess, on the whole, the exalted genius, the surprising perception of character, the military skill exhibited at sieges and battles, the personal acquaintance with soldiers and officers, on the march, in the bivouack, and under fire, which characterized the Commander-in-chief of the French armies of forty years service:—but then Mr. Polk is a Democrat, which Bonaparte was not!

By the French law a certain proportion of the promotions are made without regard to seniority—we think it is *one-fourth*—under the laws of the United States, in time of war, the President has the same power, to promote for distinguished services. Bonaparte used this right in thousands of instances, honorable to himself, and just towards his brave soldiers. During the present war, Mr. Polk has given commissions to *one* private, *one* corporal, and *one* sergeant, of the regular army, as a reward for highly military actions. But it was not a rule of the French General to "go to the people" for his Generals. He never committed that insult to his soldiers. He made soldiers of his people; but his Generals were taken from his soldiers only. He rewarded merit, not by placing civilians in command of veterans, but veterans in command of civilians. It was his rule, that merit should precede, not follow promotion. To use his expression, when a soldier had undergone the "baptism of fire," he was in the way of advancement, if he behaved himself well. To follow the practice of the President of the United States, such a baptism incapacitates him merely to serve under a newly-made, home-manufactured political head.

Our opinion of military justice and policy, would lead us to suppose, that the first men to whom commissions in the new Regiments should have been offered, were the tried officers and the distinguished non-commissioned officers and privates of General Taylor's army. The "baptism of fire" and blood, in the opinion of the country, if we are not mistaken, would be regarded as a better recommendation than the baptism of democracy. It is to this entire disregard of the merits of those who had won so many and such terrible fields, that we attribute the failure of the government to secure the re-enlistment of the old troops. We are informed that disappointment, chagrin, and indignation, are openly manifested by them on this account. What the country has lost by such a result, cannot be estimated by dollars, because human life, the duration of the war, and the character of the peace are all to be affected by it.

In the few instances of old officers re-appointed into the new Regiments, we notice a curious fact that sustains our view of the political character of the appointments. The 3d Regiment of Dragoons, the 15th Regiment of Infantry, and the Regiment of Voltigeurs, the 1st Majors are citizens, and the *second* Majors are old officers. In the case of the 3d Dragoons, the 1st Major is the son of the Senator from Michigan, heretofore Secretary or *attaché* to the Mission to France. The *second* Major was Brevet Captain Emory, of the Topographical corps, a graduate with seventeen years honorable service.

It has been frequently asserted, and honestly believed, that volunteers would not cheerfully serve under old officers; particularly the graduates. These assertions, however, have not been made since the Union published the lists from which we have made the abstract above given.

It was not, as we know, ever suggested that old officers would consent or would be required to serve under stripplings taken from the corps of clerks, agents, sub-agents, or even from Secretaries of Legation. So far as we know, this was a contingency that no one, Whig or Democrat, ever expected to realize. Near the foot of the Second Lieutenants of the 3d Dragoons, we notice the name of *Herman Thorn*, of New York, a 2d Lieutenant of Infantry, having passed seven years service (according to report) in the Austrian army. Such cases require explanation. To this demand we



have the following answer:—"What claim have these graduates, and old soldiers to the best offices or to any of the offices?" We reply, as we have already done—*none at all*. And having promptly responded, we now ask, what claim have the partisans, clerks, agents, hangers-on, family relatives, and stump-orators of the Administration, to those military offices? We have already said there is no such thing as a personal claim to office. That is basing the office not on merit or the interest of the country, but on personal favoritism. It is the country which holds the claim, and that is only discharged by an inquiry into qualification and fitness. Suppose the choice of Generals for the present war had been not in the President, but in the people, or the people of the states, or the troops of the states. We will admit that the electors may draw party lines, and take their respective candidates from their respective parties, whig and democrat. But would they (the troops) have elected fourteen Generals, of whom only *two* had pretensions to experience in the field? Judging from the good sense they have exercised in selecting regimental officers, *Doniphan, Davis, Mitchell, Marshall, Jay, Morgan, the brave Lieutenant Stewart,* the intrepid Captain *Henrie, Jack Hays, Johnston,* and names of this class would not be at the head of the valuable troops in Mexico.

It is a new idea that troops in a popular military election exercise power in a safer and better manner than the Executive of the United States; but the developments of this war go far to support the doctrine. Imagine the army in Mexico called upon by the President for a recommendation, to fill vacancies—conceive of the death of five or six generals of the volunteer force now there—and by a stretch of imagination, suppose that the Administration should condescend to consult the troops, and allow them to express their preference by a nominatory vote. Would they have recourse to the politicians of the states, the prominent judges, militia colonels, and members of Congress? or would they fix their eyes on the best soldiers in the camp, the most skillful drill-officer? the man whom they observed in battle—calm, judicious, and energetic? We think it would be safe for the President to try the experiment.

We again take occasion to repeat, that we appreciate fully the merits of the

citizen generals, where they have shown themselves meritorious, and to observe that the same degree of success in those whose opportunities are few, acquires greater distinction than with those who have had experience. It is the method of selection which we think worthy of the extremest censure.

The worst species of favoritism could not entirely fail of selecting some good officers. If they were all taken from the cousins, or cousins-in-law of the secretary-at-war, or from the cobblers of the city of New York, it is not supposable but there should be found some talented, educated, brave and meritorious officers among them. But, in a campaign, it is not only desirable to have good officers during its progress—it is of consequence to have them at the first moments. Our people are so intelligent that they acquire military information, habits, and tactics very readily; but it is to the country an expensive school of education, where, in addition to the officers, there are under pay ten, fifteen, or thirty thousand men, comparatively useless. The first campaign of the last war should not be forgotten by the Cabinet. Not for want of troops, but of experienced officers, a season was lost, and what was worse, disgrace and defeat came with overwhelming weight on the spirits of the nation.

It was at such a moment that the Military Academy was established on new and enlarged foundations. It was then discovered that very good and patriotic citizens might be very awkward platoon officers, and worse than awkward at the head of a regiment. The school of the soldier, the squad, the company; the science of fortification, of the attack and defence, and fortified places; the use of artillery in all its forms, its construction and transportation; the laying out of trenches, manœuvring of regiments—in short, the multiplied duties of officers in all forms and all grades,—were then found not to come forth in a moment under the magic of a commission signed by the President. Time, patience, labor, devotion, skill, talent and education, were all found to be necessary, to make a perfect officer. A plume and sash, an epaulet and gold lace, gave their possessor none of those mental and moral qualifications.

Civilians may not at once comprehend the vast difference between an army when it is well, and when it is poorly officered. The Cabinet at Washington

seems not to have been aware of the magnitude of the subject with which they were trifling. But the generals in Mexico can feel it in all its force.

We have heard such reasoning as this. A standing army is a dangerous thing to a republic, and is not to be fostered. We admit it. Does it follow that, if we have an army, it must be in itself an inferior one? Will this abate the difficulty?

Armies are bad things: the Democracy will have, therefore, a bad army. Instead of an intelligent, orderly, and disciplined body of troops, we are to have an insufficient one—a disorderly, public paid, and standing mob. It appears to us that such are liable to be the consequences of the political caste which the President has undertaken to give to the army. He cannot, at least in our view, fail to lower the standard of intelligence and discipline; drive away old and tried soldiers; start into being personal jealousy between officers; diminish the self-respect of some; inflate the importance of others; and finally engender insubordination and mutiny in the ranks.

Congress would be much better instructed, and the nation would be astonished, if the names, number, and qualifications of all the applicants for places in the ten regiments, who had held *previous commissions*, were to be made public.

If Congress had the power and the inclination to draw from the Executive the files of these applications, they would at once see what motives actuated the appointing power; they would at once discover whether our censure is well-founded or not.

If it should, on such an investigation, be found that about all the field, and one-half the platoon officers due to the ten regiments might have been selected from voluntary applicants that had been in service, the reason of their selection would, we think, be sufficiently apparent. And then, if a committee of Congress should go further, and inquire into the politics of those to whom the President gave commissions, we think those reasons would stand out in still bolder relief, to the great horror of the Administration.

## VISION OF THE MARTYRS.

I SAW the glorious Horoscope of Time,  
With all its tangled lines  
And bright, enormous circles, in the hand  
Of the Angel of the Signs,  
Who stood on Mazzaroth, the star  
That tents with silver desert space:  
I saw the awful light afar  
Of his sorrowful white face  
Turned to the earth, until the moon  
Marked on the sky's broad dial "noon:"  
Then did the watcher lift his head  
Towards the far calm heaven, and said,  
"A cycle's closing year is dead;"  
And then he made his arm and bosom bare  
And struck the plate of gold:  
I heard the great sound slowly rolled  
Down the long, dreary corridors of the air,  
Like a storm that walks at night adown his mountain lair.

The wan moon heard it, and she stood  
Trembling amid the solitude;  
And all the clouds went swiftly round  
Their white pavilions of the spheres,  
As desert kings around their midnight tents  
When struck by sudden fears;  
And the Earth heard it, and the Sea,  
Who dropped his coral harps in middle minstrelsy.

Again the Angel beat  
The sonorous Horoscope of gold,  
Then laid it at his feet,  
Like a large moon on the wold,  
Which only in the darkness shone—  
A round fire in the Universe alone.

I looked, and knew beside the rim  
The still, majestic face of him  
Who filled Caucasus; for his form,  
Yet black with lightning and the storm,  
Told gods above and men below  
The dread sublimity of wo  
That ever hallows One who long  
For Virtue calmly suffers wrong.

Beside him stood a Shape, whose hands  
Were clasped around a cup in rest,  
Whose eyes were fixed on falling sands,  
While poison-spots burned on the breast;

To him the PROMETHEUS did speak—  
“Art thou that wondrous Greek?”  
He only smiled assent; for, lo!  
The night was flushed with a sudden glow:  
Far off appeared the form of One  
Coming like distant music, when,  
Now sad, now joyous, in a strain,  
Long drawn along a darkened plain,  
It smites the ears of wandering men.

Thorns pierced his brow; his golden hair  
Drop'd blood, and evermore his hand  
Pressed painfully on a wounded side  
That poured a purple tide,  
While crimson blushed the conscious air:  
The NAZARENE joined the martyr-band.

To HIM, the Heroes, glory-browed  
And beautiful, in reverence bowed,  
Calling his awful name aloud:  
HE, like a god, their worship took—  
Then on the DIAL bent his eyes,  
Where they beheld, as in a book,  
The world's recorded destinies.  
Sad grew his brow—The PAST how drear!  
Like a weird wilderness it spread,  
In whose dark groves white forms of fear,  
And men in garments gleaming red,  
Stole round the dying and the dead—  
And through the vistas far away  
On emerald hills and sunny capes  
Stood scaffolds, while the frightened day  
Went down on swords and mangled shapes.  
The martyrs sighed—The PRESENT then  
HE traced upon the DIAL. Men  
Were wearing still ambition's plumes,  
Red-wet with blood, and iron cars  
Went crashing on in Battle-glooms  
Beneath the quiet light of stars,  
Whose music yet, as at her birth,  
Spoke “peace and good will to the earth!”

For this we suffered—this you died !  
 The martyrs to the Nazarene cried.  
 " 'Twas not in vain !"—he said :—" lo ! nobler things  
 Are written on the outer rings !"  
 The calm-faced Titan, with his brow of pain  
 Drew trembling near again :—

"Behold the time  
 Is stamped upon the plate : sublime  
 The true law rises—and it glows  
 On central fires and polar snows !—  
 Alike it girdles every zone—  
 The BEAUTIFUL is on her throne,  
 And men around it ! See her hands  
 Furl Battle's banner in the lands—  
 The scaffolds fall—the sabres rust—  
 Dungeons go mouldering to the dust—  
 New moons are rolling in the sky,  
 New anthems harmonize the bowers,  
 New rivers march rejoicing by,  
 The deserts turn to realms of flowers.  
 The Nations, led by Reason long,  
 In Nature found the steps of God,  
 Yet even on *ALCYON* their song  
 Breathed darkly of their natal sod,  
 Till FAITH and BEAUTY gave them wings  
 To pierce the weird Abyss above,  
 Where Life with all her mystery springs  
 From Godhead in his house of Love.

Ho ! Angel of the Signs ! appear !  
 Take up the Horoscope again,  
 And shout from thine air-watching sphere  
 The song that thrilled o'er Judea's plain !"

HE ceased—a change upon my vision—lo !  
 Spells from the quick-eyed Alchymist of dreams !  
 The forms slow melted to a mighty bow  
 Of many hues that spanned Earth's hills and streams :  
 HOPE ! HOPE is singing still upon her arch of beams !

O ! eyes that weep for evermore !  
 O ! forms that faint on many a shore !  
 O ! hearts that bleed ! O ! souls long tried,  
 And in the furnace purified !  
 O ! shrieking World ! O ! Mother Earth !  
 Soon comes the triumphing of WORTH !  
 A little while ye wait beside the streams  
 Peopling the misty vales with prophet-dreams :  
 HOPE ! HOPE is singing still upon her arch of beams !



## THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF CITIES.

"Talking of London, he observed, 'Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the magnitude of London consists.'"—*Johnson in Boswell.*

"Goswell street was at his feet; Goswell street was on his right hand; as far as the eye could reach, Goswell street extended on his left; and the opposite side of Goswell street was over the way."—*Pickwick.*

WHOEVER has looked down upon busy streets from a high place, the spire of Trinity or the Boston State-house, will remember that his elevated position did not contribute to give him a proportionately exalted notion of men and their works. Seen from only two hundred feet perpendicular, the Belgian giant becomes a Tom Thumb, the portliest senators show scarce so gross as beetles, an umbrella that seems no larger than a mushroom hides the most ample skirts, coaches and omnibusses that a dozen may ride in appear no bigger than Queen Mab's chariot; all the glare and din of the city dwindles into insignificant littleness. Suppose we picture to ourselves what would be one's sensations in contemplating New York from the car of a balloon that should hang half a mile above the site of Niblo's. Let there be a gentle west wind to drive the smoke away to the eastward, and as we look over the side of our car we can see the rows of brick marking out the streets, as garden paths are marked with box, only the streets are narrower in proportion to the height of what incloses them, and are, in fact, mere grooves into which the sunlight can scarcely penetrate. Here, directly under us, is Broadway, the widest of these grooves; half of it is in shadow, but the gayest side is lighted, and we distinguish the sidewalk by its long succession of white awnings, under which we can see, at the occasional breaks, the usual crowd is moving. There are thousands of specks which we know to be men and women. In some we fancy we can trace a motion as of limbs, but in general they are mere dots progressing hither and thither, turning, returning, meeting, stopping, crossing, like so many red ants in a pantry cupboard. And it surprises us at first to see how slowly they get on. There is scarcely one, at the rate they move,

whom it will not take fifteen minutes to go from Bleecker street to the Park. The omnibusses also, and carriages of all sorts, which are passing up and down, seem to progress at but a snail's pace, and it is wearisome to follow them with the eye.

So in fifty other streets, indeed, in all that are not too narrow and dark to see into, we can discover similar moving specks—human beings walking or riding. The noise of life reaches us in a deadened hum, and we cannot help mentally comparing mankind thus seen in miniature to a nation of insects. "What are we after all," we think, "but a superior order of ants?" Here is the broad green country expanding around, land and water, green field and shady forest, hill, plain, and valley, stretching away as far as eye can see, blue clouds sailing over the lofty sky, and the pure breath of summer pervading all, yet here beneath are thousands and thousands as insensible to all this beauty of nature as though they had no instinct but to build cities and live in them. By far the greater part traverse those dark and narrow grooves, or toil in darker cavities beneath those slated roofs, all the year round, never going out, except perhaps for a few hours in the heat of summer. Even the richest, who go out all the warm season, still spend most of their twelve months also in similar cells, and in being carried up and down the same narrow and of late not very clean grooves. The substance of the earth is perforated for many miles with pipes and holes running in all directions, and its natural surface honeycombed like an old worm-eaten log, by the labors of this city-building insect, whose nature it is to crowd together in as large numbers as possible, and keep in continual struggle and commotion. In himself bodily, he is a million times weaker in proportion to his

size than the ant or the bee; if you drop him three or four of his lengths you kill him, or at least break his limbs; he is obliged to clothe himself, and it takes a deal of washing to preserve himself tolerably neat. But he has an instinct more unerring, and an appetite more voracious, than those of the termite; sickness he does not mind, he stops at no stratagem, no difficulty disheartens him, he *must* assemble in crowds, build cities and live in them, and he does; and what is most singular is, that though gregarious considered at large, in the individual there is no created thing more solitary and more disposed to prey on its own kind. Some of these specks below have been studying and adroitly managing for years, merely to have power over their fellows; others will not scruple to lie and cheat and manage with equal dexterity merely to be able to live in a little larger cell than their neighbors, or to outshine them in some other way. There are a great many among them who can scarcely get enough to eat, and many more that lack necessary apparel, yet these trouble not the rest; the rest do something for them to be sure (for it is a peculiarity of this insect, man, that he must, in all his rapacity, flatter himself that he is gentle and generous), but many, very many, die out of the throng unaided and unheeded; their place is soon filled by others, and they are never missed. In one respect only these mites are superior to spiders; though they fight with and kill each other, they do not, at least this variety of the city-builder does not, feed upon its kind after they are dead; content with getting all from each other they can while life remains, when any one is once cold, his fellows have the kindness to cover his body with earth, and let him rest.

But a noise of cannon changes the current of our reverie. It is a vessel of war coming to an anchor below, and exchanging salutes with the fort. We turn from the streets immediately beneath us, to contemplate the vastness of the whole city—its piles of building covering this peninsula, save where a few green oases mark the places of the parks and squares, and the broad belt of shipping that extends around its lower portion. The suburbs, also, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Bushwick, Bedford, Jersey City, Hoboken, Chelsea, Bloomingdale, Manhattanville, Harlem—at the height at which we are supposing ourselves floating, we can over-

look them all. We can see moreover the white sails of many ships glistening on the blue water between the Battery and Staten Island; the various ferry boats move to and fro, and numberless steamers are gliding quickly, and to us noiselessly, all over the harbor and up the wide Hudson, drawing trails of foam behind them like watery comets. All is life and motion, and the perpetual murmur of it, as we contemplate the whole, brings a sense of a sound too great to be heard, a mixture of all noises, ten thousand hammers, carriages innumerable, shouts, gongs, voices, the din of Secor's boiler factory, the clank of heavy engines the pulsating clatter of Nassau street printing presses—whatever wearies the ear in the ordinary employments of half a million of men and women. "Daily," we think, "year after year, this has gone on increasing; the generation that has left the world heard the beginning of it; with the present it has become a great roar—the voice of a vast city. It will go on the same hereafter, whether we hear it or not, year after year—who can tell how long, or with what growth of power? What is to be the destiny of New York? Is she to become the most populous city the world has ever seen, as another century will make her, if all goes well—or are wars to arise, or pestilence or famine to come and disappoint the expectations of her citizens? Alas! it is not impossible; but whatever destiny is in store for others, we know it will be all the same to us. In a few years we shall be away from this busy scene, asleep it may be 'under the Greenwood shade,' and indifferent to all that concerns the living. Why should we vex ourself with the petty affairs that agitate the breasts of the thousands below? Let us in the future endeavor to preserve a becoming stoicism."

Such might be some of the reflections which we fancy would pass through the mind in taking, if such a thing were possible, a bird's-eye view of New York, as it appears on a bright day in summer. We could not allow our thoughts so much liberty in the course of a common walk or ride through the streets. A thousand things would interrupt. But hanging alone in the air, and contemplating the city from a position of entire "*aloofness*," we can readily fancy that all the everyday life of our fellow-citizens would seem as dwarfed and insignificant as we have depicted it; and that when we considered of the city as a whole, our thoughts

would naturally flow backward to her history, and we could scarcely avoid, especially in these days of corrupt politics, and unjust war, speculating sadly on her future prospects. The position would suggest such thoughts. Looking down from a calm height upon the busy hive of commerce, we could not help being contemplative and philosophical.

And this brings us to consider the influence of local and external circumstances upon the mind. To our apprehension, not only such an extreme and unusual change of place as we have supposed, but, also, lesser ones, have power to affect us, each in some peculiar manner. To ascend any height, and look over a wider landscape than usual, inclines one to contemplation. The Aristophanic jest against Socrates had enough truth in it to give it a relish; it *would* have been an aid to reflection to swing in a basket from a tall mast, though the Miltonic fancy of reading Plato in some "high lonely tower" is certainly an improvement. But to descend into a dark and gloomy mine has an effect equally strong, and of a wholly different complexion. In short, there is not a landscape or a visible image, but what will teach us a language of its own, if we gaze on it often enough—not a house, or a tree, or any thing that is, but will acquire a character, if it becomes familiarized. A long winding footpath in the country, that goes on like a brook, now under forest patches, now through rocky pastures, now skirting a level meadow—how soon will it become invested with a peculiar individual hue! Many such there were that we knew in childhood (alas! the summer comes and goes, and finds us and thousands more, lovers of green fields, still toiling in the hot and dusty city!) as we recall them some seem pleasant, others difficult, rough, like a perplexing dream; one in particular, we know not why, seems to have a very sad and mournful character. Doubtless, many of our readers could easily furnish similar reminiscences. As for the mournful one, we may have been caught in the rain there or played truant, and, horrible idea! carried a gloomy foreboding that way home. For the reason of the meaning that all things external thus have, is not always apparent; sometimes it arises from its first impressions, sometimes from associations. A certain house—we are not speaking of houses in a block, which in general have almost as little individuality as the people who live in them—we mean a house

—one that stands apart on its own underpinning, looks out of its own windows, and holds up its own chimneys—shall seem cold and comfortless, another snug and warm, and we cannot always, in houses whose society we have long enjoyed, and which we have been thoroughly acquainted with, inside and out, resolve the sensations they inspire to reasons of form and proportion. We can remember some nice houses to look at, and that, if we did not very well know, we should be greatly smitten with, so entirely without social, affection, that it makes us almost shudder to think of them; at the same time we think of one, a mere square two-story wooden building, which has always been the representative in our mind of Irving's "shingle palace," quite old, standing entirely alone in a bleak place, without a tree or a bud near it, that still, we know not wherefore, we esteem an honest, kind-hearted friend. We could sleep in it and feel secure; if the casement rattled, we should not dream of ghosts, whereas in another and handsomer house that we know, we should light our bed-chamber candle with a sensation of going to a funeral. The one feels to us like Justice Shallow's residence in Gloucestershire, "a goodly dwelling and a rich;" we could eat there a dish of caraways and so forth; the other resembles that noble mansion in Inverness, so fair without, within so full of horror; it inspires us with all the indefinite apprehension of evil concentrated in such lines as

"Light thickens; and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood,"

or that we have felt in a lonely twilight in early autumn in an unfrequented part of the country, the bottomless "Devil's Pond" and its diabolical frogs not far distant on the road before us, a screech owl in the ash-tree over the old cellar where was a house in the days of the Salem witches, and five miles to walk through the woods—Tam O'Shanter's ride was nothing to it. This is the feeling that house gives us, and we could not better express it than by comparing it to that of a road which actually exists, and which even now we had as leave take medicine" as ride over. Thank Heaven, all the old scenes and landscapes in the gallery of memory are not such ones!

Before proceeding further with our subject, let us here step aside one moment to say that we flatter ourselves there

are many to whom what we have just written will seem pure affectations and who, if they read what we intend shall follow, will account it a mere waste of their valuable time. For we do not wish to be 'instructive,' 'vigorous' or 'profound'; we are not going to address the hard-minded, unimaginative reader. The various quaint and entertaining, yet true observations we shall suffer ourselves to make in the course of this article, will not be understood by such; none of the feelings we shall take for granted, have ever been experienced by such; and by such, therefore, all our curious speculations will be esteemed nonsense, or at best ingenious day-dreaming. It is but fair that we give them due warning of our purpose, and then, if they read, the blame rests not with us. Procul, O, procul, therefore, all ye dry readers! ye human bricks! we are not now writing for you, and your presence annoys us. Let us have none in our audience but such, as are sensitive, such as feel the influences of the weather, and at different times are conscious of different moods; such in short, as have delicate nerves, and minds that can receive and retain their impressions. And, if it be not presumptuous, let us hope especially for the attention of those whose souls are so much more refined than ours, and whose presence makes all places pleasant, who can understand the language of a sigh, and know how to calm the most agitated heart by a whisper—they who are most appropriately to be addressed in the old formula of "gentle reader."

To return. It is evident that it does not, as we were about to remark, require a visit to the plain of Marathon, or the ruins of Iona, to inspire the mind with thoughts and emotions arising from particular localities. Any aspect of the sensible world may inspire peculiar phases of being, either originally or by association. To illustrate this, we will take some instances in the features and expression of well-known cities; it may be amusing to many to compare how far the experience of another corresponds with their own. To us the countenances of Boston and New York are as familiar as those of any of our acquaintances; of the first we think we know every furrow and wrinkle, the other we have not been intimate with so long, yet are with most of its streets on the footing of a frequent visitor.

Boston is a goodly city, "set on a

hill;" it possesses a very marked aspect of substantial pride. Seen from a distance, it has more oneness and individuality of character than any city that we remember. The piles of buildings rise one above another to a central dome; the form of the pyramid is preserved, and the eye rests on the whole as on a lofty structure with a broad base. Of all the points from which it may be viewed, we prefer that from the way of Roxbury. It was here that many years ago (to write a sentence that might serve Mr. James to introduce an opening chapter,) two travellers might be seen one fine morning in June, seated in an old country chaise that was slowly approaching the city by the Dorchester turnpike; one was a venerable man of grave countenance, apparently a clergyman, the other a boy. As the chaise approached the brow of the hill, whence the city is visible, one might have observed the face of the boy full of eager anticipation, and when at length it reached the summit, his enthusiasm and restlessness passed all bounds. For there before him, softened and mellowed by four or five miles of intervening atmosphere, stood the city of which he had heard and read so much. Here were the heights trodden by Washington and the Continental army; beyond was Bunker Hill; there Franklin was born, whose life he had read; there, too, was the dome of whose immense height he had heard from cotemporaries such exaggerated accounts, and which he should ascend on the morrow; there, also, was the great museum, (burnt, alas! some years since,) and there was the book-store of James Monroe, and places where could be procured invincible pocket-knives and fish-hooks of all sizes. He had come from fifty miles off, and felt himself a great traveller; every sign on the road over the Neck he remembered for years afterwards, particularly "Lauriat, Gold Beater;" "Willard, Clock Maker," and a Piano Factory that is still standing; and when, after being confused by the din of Washington street he at last found himself in the parlor of the Bromfield Tavern, he felt that he was more of a cosmopolitan, and had at keener sense of the romance of the city, than he could now feel, if set down at the Elephant and Castle.

Delicious days! when we could lose ourself in those crooked streets, the by-ways and secret places of which are now so well known as to be a second nature.



From almost all parts of the city, except Copp's Hill, the early glow has faded, and other tints have supervened; the Roxbury road, that used to seem grand and airy, has become as tame and meditative as a walk down an old Baconian garden, (marry, of a hot evening, it has still good air; the Common, instead of being the gala-field it was in the days of boyhood and egg-pop, has become one of the most tragic spots in the whole creation; for there assemble great crowds on Fourth of July nights whose mirth jars on the solitary heart, and there, on the hill in the centre, comes as delightful a moonlight as any under which poet ever unveiled his sorrows. We lost early that romantic sense of mystery which it gives a stranger in Boston to start from a given point, and, after half an hour's walk, suddenly to become conscious that he has arrived *back again*; even the pleasure of making short cuts through hidden alleys and under arches—as, for example, to go from Washington street through Province-house Court into Montgomery place, or to drop from Milk street into Theatre-alley, and turn up with premeditated unexpectedness in Summer street—vanished very soon with one who began city life partly as the carrier of a magazine. In fact, Boston seems now only a village; yet a village possessing a most decided character as a whole, and made up of many features. We still feel the diverse yet harmonizing influences of its various quarters. For instance, Copp's Hill, as we have remarked, has never lost its first impression; it is impossible to walk near the graves of the Mathers without a consciousness of the presence of antiquity; the old church, the names of the streets in the vicinity, Unity, Salutation, Snow Hill; here and there a decayed dwelling, the narrowness of the side-walks, all contribute to this effect, and to such an extent with us, that at the last election a torch-light procession in Charter street seemed almost sacrilegious.

Fort Hill belongs to a period mediæval between Copp's and Beacon. That and the upper end of Pearl street, tell of the rich merchants of the last generation, whose fortunes were made in commerce with remote climates. India wharf especially, gives us a Crusoe-like feeling of long voyages and hazardous yet successful enterprises. The old ornamented end of the building on it that looks towards the harbor has an air of solid wealth which we could never resist; we can conceive that unsafe speculation might find

its way into the buildings on the Granite wharves, but here the mind refuses to admit the supposition.

Beacon and Park streets have to our apprehension as purely and peculiarly a Boston character, as the faces of any of the gentlemen who live on them. Indeed, it would be hardly possible, one might reason *à priori*, for one to own a house and live in it, in such a noble and commanding situation, without gradually attaining a dignity of manner corresponding thereto. We mean that manner which becomes a man of wealth and high station—not an affected or offensive *hauteur*. Even to a very poor man who owns none of the fine houses there, we cannot help thinking it beneficial to dress himself as neatly as his means will permit, and walk down to the public garden of a Saturday afternoon. Though he may be scarcely able to live decently, it will gratify him to see that others are, and also that they preserve themselves from the dangerous temptations of great wealth, so far at least as to retain a taste for the elegancies and refinements of life. There are deprivations and infirmities which are some excuse for misanthropy, but mere poverty, never sours the hearts of any but cowards. If it could be actually tried, it would be found that it is not the poor themselves, but those who thrive by exciting their jealousy, who are the first to inveigh against the rich. In no city in the country does wealth appear to better advantage than here, in this street, and we cannot help fancying it in some measure owing to this that Boston preserves always an orderly conservative government.—What addresses the eye has more to do in influencing the conduct than is often suspected. While Beacon street and those adjacent, by their elevated position, do something towards keeping in check the Athenian rabble, they also no doubt render some of the Areopagites more sensible that they have to sustain the rank of gentlemen.

What effect the building of a reservoir on Beacon Hill, as we hear is intended, will have, remains to be seen; we fear that unless the architect that way display more taste in its construction, than their works of late years would argue them to possess, its influence upon the tone of the west end will not be for good. Fancy the Croton Reservoir transported to Bond street or Waverly place! It is a matter of great municipal importance, particularly at the present time, that the

dignity, which is the prerogative of that portion of Boston, should be strenuously insisted on; for of late years, in the new portions of the city, there has come into fashion a style of building alike injurious to morals and to health. The three old quarters we have noticed, with the Irish and Negro, no longer serve as generic divisions under which the whole population may be classified into species; the city is spreading like a fire in Sandwich woods towards Charlestown and East Cambridge, and in the south towards Roxbury; and one may already find numberless streets so narrow that only a very sharp wind can ever blow into them, and places that it is absolutely suffocating to look down—mere Cairo passages, where two camels could hardly pass each other, where the over-the-ways may reach out of their windows and shake hands, and where the sun never shines, except in the height of the summer solstice, to heat the attics. It is impossible that human beings, we should say New Englanders, with a New England common-school education—can live in such holes—holes which have all the narrowness and dampness of graves without their blessed quiet—it *cannot be* (and this is our serious thought) that such places will ever hold a respectable population; respectable people will not long live in them, or, if they do, they will soon cease to look upon themselves as such, and thence soon cease to be so. The character of the population must deteriorate when such places are fully tenanted. Imagine them all crowded, and how long would it be before the city government of Boston would come into the hands of low politicians? Two or three elections at furthest; probably not more than one. Hence, to counteract in some degree the influence of this immoral style of building, we hope Beacon street will exert itself to keep up its dignity. May no unsightly reservoir, whether standing on its line, or within the view thereof, ever mar its harmony as a street of good dwelling-houses; but may it long remain, as it now is, a symbol to the eye of the substantial worth of the richest class of Massachusetts citizens.

The word reminds us of the venerable steamboat Massachusetts, on board of which, twelve years ago last July, the same young gentleman, whose first visit to Boston has already been narrated, found himself one fine morning passing through Hellgate. Never shall we for-

get the hour of intense excitement we underwent while the city gradually came in sight; all that we had felt in riding into Boston, was now six years later in life gone over again. At length we passed Blackwell's island, the Shot Tower, Bellevue, rounded Corlear's Hook, and came in sight of the shipping; saw the thick mounds of building, loftier and dingier than those of Boston, huge chimnies, gigantic signs—one in particular,

"TOBACCO INSPECTION!"

The traveller from the eastward may see it still, and we leave it to the experience of many, whether that single sign has not given them an impression of the city's commercial importance—an undefined idea of the vastness of its trade—a consciousness that they were approaching a GREAT MART,—more vivid than all the bristling masts and chaos of slate roofs and brick walls would of themselves have inspired. It seems a sign under which the tobacco of the world in its every variety, from patrician cavendish to plebeian *pig-tail*, should be inspected. Before the spire of Trinity rose up to give character and dignity to the city, it was the most striking object to be seen from the direction of the East river, and has no doubt had its influence on all departments of business. For your fanciful people, whose heads are most apt to be affected by what they see, are the very ones we make the most money from; a plain country dealer of this temperament is very likely to have his ideas so enlarged, and to feel so awed and carried away by the outward show of immense trade, that he begins to fancy his own transactions too cautious and insignificant before, and determines to purchase more largely, and be more actively persuasive in working off his goods at retail—all which tends, as Mr. Weller would observe, to 'keep the pot a bilin': to bring wealth to the city, and to increase the wants and industry of our happy country.

Before landing that morning, we remember, that being in total ignorance of the city, we had inquired of a respectably dressed elderly person where would be a good place to stop for a few days. He recommended Lovejoy's, and went up there with us. We breakfasted together in the cellar below, and he discovering, probably, a predilection for literature in our conversation (we had just passed our sophomore year in college) directed his

conversation that way, and soon became communicative. Tapping himself gravely on the temple, he informed us that he had a "*very perfect mind*;" to prove which he recited several pieces of rhyme, among others a long Fourth of July ode, of his own composition. All this was nuts to us; we were "just sixteen," on a pleasure trip, which we had been permitted to take expressly that we might "see the world;" and, lo! the very second day we meet a character who might have actually walked out of the pages of a novel. What little of identity the uproar of Broadway, the confusion at the tavern, and the anticipation of sight-seeing left in us, this breakfast completely expressed, leaving us in that delightful state of pleasurable intoxication wherein one hardly knows or cares whether he is the same individual he was a few hours before or not. The city appeared all *coeur de rose*; the men and women were merely walking or riding for pleasure; the Park was a kind of Elysian, something like Hyde Park as it appears in the golden pages of old-fashioned tales. We sauntered forth, down Broadway—turned off—got lost—found ourselves, at length, walking up Madison street, under an impression that we should soon reach Park Row, an impression, as we ascertained upon inquiry, in direct opposition to the fact. In the afternoon, as we had not then outgrown the taste for museums, we visited that vast repository of learned curiosities, the American; in the evening, in spite of a conviction of its sinfulness, the Park, where the ballet dancing excited our pity; next day Peale's Museum, the Battery, the streets,—and so kept on in a whirl of enjoyment for a glorious three days; then away to the Catskills, Lake George, and the Notch. Two or three times afterwards, whenever we visited the city, it was always under circumstances that kept up this impression of life and romance. Once, going to Philadelphia, after we had experienced a day of enjoyment here, behold seven young ladies, a detached guerilla party from a fashionable boarding-school there, well armed with at least five trunks and band-boxes apiece, threw themselves upon us the moment we, provided with only one trunk, stepped on board the Amboy ferry-boat; of course we could only submit, and the result was that we enjoyed two days of delightful captivity, being taken to the Penitentiary at Moyamensing the next afternoon, under a

strong escort, and detained there several hours. Another time, it was in dead of winter after a tedious journey over the Alleghanies. Another—but we will not be too communicative—let that rest in oblivion. Suffice it, that we have then and since spent the happiest and the saddest hours of a changeful life in daily intercourse with these now familiar streets. Many of our readers could no doubt say the same, but their experience may perchance not be so vivid as ours, who have learned in months what grew upon them insensibly with years. But we are getting prolix in personal reminiscences; let us descend to particulars.

New York is not so easily subdivided into quarters and faubourgs as Boston. Still, there is evidently an up-town and a down-town—east side and west side, each of which has a peculiar character; so much so, that if any of us were suddenly transported to any street in either quarter, we fancy we should know by the general aspect of things, (though we might not recognize the street,) or else by some occult sympathy, the up-town and down-town *feeling*, what part of the city we were in. There is as much difference in the sensations excited by Union place and the Battery, and by the river ends of Canal and Grand streets, as there is between so many different rooms; Union place, for example, is to the Battery what an airy and fashionably furnished parlor on the second floor is to a plain old shady drawing room with open windows on the first. Not that the impressions they create at all *resemble* those; only the *relation* is somewhat the same. It is impossible to describe things of which there exists but one of the kind otherwise than by comparison; and even that is not always possible. For instance, how shall we compare the foot of Grand street with that of Canal? We may give all the physical differences, it is true—may paint both places,—but even that will only remind us of the different feelings they excite. We can no more describe them than we can express those excited by two tunes. We can only say we know them apart—we prefer one to the other. To us it seems pleasanter to be at Canal street ferry, than to be at the Grand street one. Why so, is more than we know, unless it is because when there we have always been going to Hoboken for a walk; but then, on reflection, the like is the case with the other. It is considering

too curiously to pry into the reason of all the hues of external objects; enough that they are such as they are, and a part of one's daily life.

Let any of the principal of our thoroughfares be mentioned, and there springs up at once in the mind an image, and with it a feeling. If it is a monotonous street, not differing from those adjacent, we have only the general feeling of the quarter it is in. Thus, the long row of streets between Grand and Houston, from the Bowery to the East river, who could ever tell them apart? Yet one cannot walk in one of them without a different feeling from what he would have in any street the other side of Hudson. But a very insignificant street may have a great deal of character; thus Batavia street—but that is probably known only to connoisseurs—and where “ignorance is bliss,” &c. Some streets have various complexions; Great Jones street, for example, is but a continuation of Third, one of the most loathsome depositories of foreign pauperism in the city. Broadway is however a better instance. No one can think of this vertebral column of New York as one image, any more than he can think of a larger number than his five fingers can cover. We may think of six, or a larger number, as two threes or three twos, and so on; so Broadway naturally subdivides itself, and we are obliged to run the fancy up or down to take it all in. With us it separates somewhat in this wise: From the Battery to the City Hotel is one impression; the street is colored by the Battery feeling; thence to Vesey street is another—the feeling of hotels, strangers, retail shops of the more curious sort, and a continual crowd; thence to the Hospital, the old Park feeling; not all the storms, nor the sadness of time past (and our business was once such, that for the greater part of a year we were obliged to pass up the lower part of this street at three o'clock in the night) have yet been able to wear out the old impression of the Park; the streets around it yet seem full of sunniness and gayety; from the hospital to Canal, a feeling of elegance, handsome stores and customers in carriages; between Canal and Bleeker we think one is apt to meet the prettiest young ladies coming down shopping; thence to Grace church, the street grows more quiet and shady. A volume, and an interesting one too, might be written upon this single street, its natural history, and the phases it assumes under the changes of the weather

and the seasons; the book should be illustrated of course, and the frontispiece should be a bird's-eye view of some grand procession passing through it; at the end, after plates of all its intermediate aspects, should be a page like that in *Tristram Shandy*, showing how it appears to one who walks up two hours before daylight on a stormy night in winter, knee deep in snow and mud, totally eclipsed, (even the corporation moon having set at midnight) buffeted ever and anon by torn awnings, unseen till felt, stumbling over falling signs and distracted boxes, in momentary expectation of being cleft in two by flying slates—one such walk is enough to confute the oft-quoted lines in *Childe Harold*:

“Oh? night  
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous  
strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength,” &c.

But no description or illustration could give a perfect idea of the noise of Broadway, and the three or four hundred omnibusses and innumerable hacks, drays, carts, and vehicles of all sorts that wear its wide pavement all day long. To hear it well, one should stand in the middle of the Park and listen; it is somewhat like the sound of Niagara heard from the Cataract Hotel, not so deep and thunderous, however, but sharper and harsher—a great corroding roar, that seems to gnaw the earth like devouring fire. When, from repaving, or any other cause, the current is turned into a bye street for a few days, it seems as dangerous an operation as tying the great aorta; the subsidiary veins and arteries are not sufficient to carry the stream.

What Beacon street is to Boston, Broadway is to New York; for it is the one which gives character to the city. The beautiful streets of dwelling-houses up town are too numerous and too much alike to do this; Broadway is both a dwelling and a business street, and is the great feature of the city; the fountains and parks are mostly on it, and—in short, what would New York be without it? It is a noble street, one of the busiest and gayest in the world, yet we regret no little that there should not be somewhere up town such a grand one of princely mansions as should bear the same relation to it in effect that the head does to the body. We would like to see Union place surrounded by lofty terraces of white mar-



ble, and Fourteenth street lined with majestic freestone blocks; also, all the adjacent streets and avenues built up in the excellent style now generally adopted in houses of the better order. Our idea is, that the wealth of the city should be symbolized in its repose as well as in its activity; that it should present itself to the common eye under that dignified aspect which it ought to maintain, not displaying itself ostentatiously, but with true grandeur; that so those who are rapidly acquiring it, as many constantly are among us, should feel that their riches were not all in all, but that they had a character to maintain, a standard of respectability to conform to, while increasing their store. And from the present style, so far as form is concerned, this notion is in a process of realization; the business part of the city does not bear the same relation to the inhabited portion that a Pennsylvania farmer's barn bears to his house, but is gradually taking its proper level; indeed, when we consider the many handsome streets that already adorn the upper end of the city, we cannot believe that the hearts of the merchants of New York are altogether, or so much so as is often represented, in their counting-rooms. But we have not yet produced that caste of society which is the highest fruit of civilization; our "upper ten" are still, as they are the readiest to admit, a very ill-assorted body, and Broadway is still a good type of our whole city.

Greenwich street presents almost as much variety as Broadway; so does Hudson, the Bowery, and Third and Eighth Avenue, Grand street, and many others. And how different they each are in character. No sensitive man could walk up the Bowery, for example, with exactly the same step he would use in Broadway, nor can any slouch or elbow himself through Bond street as he might in Chatham, or withstand the sweet influences of Division with the same carelessness with which he might suffer himself to be jostled along Front. The squares and fountains also have each their character; Union place is elegant, and its fountain also; the Park lively, and so too its fountain, after all the fault that has been found with it; the Bowling-green and its waterworks we leave to the daily papers; St. John's square—green, quiet, umbrageous—it is private property, and so are with us its many associations; Tompkins we had like to have overlooked—it has beautiful walks, open and cool at the very verge of

evening; but what a name for a public park! There are also the village-like streets of Chelsea, now a part of the city, but differing from it so widely, that though we may walk there through brick-lined thoroughfares, it seems a town by itself. In short, the city presents so many shades of character, that a series of model walks, or 'Progressive Exercises for Young Pedestrians,' might be devised, like games of chess, or lessons for the piano, which should present a variety for every fair day in the year, with additional combinations in an appendix for those who do not fear a little snow or rain, and difficult and novel studies for advanced pupils; a second volume might be added, including the suburbs within eight miles of the city, and giving ingenious problems and con-arto walks, for the use of professors. Omnibuses and hackney-coaches are an invention of the adversary of men and horses, "the devil luxury;" next to a good conscience, a good stomach is the best possession, and the philosopher who should present our citizens with a "COMPLETE WALKER" ought to be regarded as a public benefactor.

It would be easy to allude to the features of many other of our cities; to the prim white shuttered avenues of Philadelphia, the wide and clean streets of Cincinnati—Broadway, Sycamore, Fourth, and many others; the imposing main streets of Louisville, Buffalo, and Detroit; or in our eastern towns to the beautiful shaded hills of Providence, New Bedford and Newport—but these our readers in those places can study for themselves. It is fortunate for us that we have made our articles so desultory, that we can conclude where we have exhausted our space. If the reader discovers any glimmering of a purpose in what we have written, we assure him it was unconscious—we intended only to amuse him with entertaining gossip. Perhaps he will fancy that we designed to encourage a taste for observation, and to lead others insensibly to cultivate their fancies, and admit natural thoughts to pass through their minds, without always chaining themselves down to the pursuits of business or ambition; but did we not warn away the hard-minded, unimaginative—all who *can* thus chain themselves down and shut their eyes to the influences of the outer world—and expressly declare that we wrote not for them? The only purpose, then, we could have had, has been to gratify the sympathies of those whom we fancy

to have enjoyed a like experience with our own. This is all we can acknowledge. But it will be quite a great incidental object gained, if these very imperfect suggestions shall have the effect to call the attention of the admirers of an exclusively national literature to a de-

partment hitherto overlooked by them, and yet as purely American as that furnished by our woods and prairies, viz.: the Poetry of our Cities.

G. W. P.

August, 1847.

## OPINIONS OF THE COUNCIL OF THREE.

### POLITICAL BIGOTRY—CONSERVATISM—RADICALISM.

It is a common maxim, that "virtue" is necessary to the Republic; as if virtue were a means of which the Republic is the end. Now, when it is conceded, that forms of government are instituted for the protection and fostering of virtue, and are valuable only as they accomplish this, the maxim becomes a mis-statement, and loses its value. It is a Republic that is necessary to virtue, and not virtue to a Republic; the State is for the aid of virtue, and not virtue for the State. Virtue is not the means; it is the end.

When we have discovered that form of government which develops all the virtues of men, both active and passive, it will not be denied that we have discovered the best.

The active virtues of men, enterprise, justice, good faith, require a great field of action, and to be unimpeded in their course; the State must cherish and protect them; it must remove obstacles, and repress hostile energies.

But this cannot be accomplished by the establishment of any unchangeable system of laws and ordinances. The new conditions that appear continually in the nation from increase of population, from the rise of new forms of industry and the decline of old, from relations with other governments and the rivalry of members of our own, require a constant revision of the laws, and of the whole system of the government, that it may continue to accomplish the end for which it was established.

In a word, it is necessary that the PROGRESS OF THE NATION should be attended by an equal *progress* of the State.

It rarely happens, however, that any

change in the system of the laws, however necessary to the general good, can be effected without injury and loss to many.

Hence, in every nation there is a large and powerful class, who, from motives of interest, oppose all changes in the laws, however necessary and salutary. These we propose to name political bigots, and their feeling political bigotry.

There seems, moreover, to be a principle of bigotry in human nature, which appears in politics as well as in religion. By a singular habit of mind, men imbued with this principle hold on to the old opinion, they know not why, even to the injury of their country and themselves. They will rather die than live in a way to which they are unaccustomed.

Amongst an enterprising people, on the other hand, there will always be found a great number who are discontented with the present system of things. By a necessary imperfection even in the most perfect arrangement, they are injured or depressed. To these add those who through mere ambition, or through a peculiar metaphysical craving, or, through attributing to merely domestic evils a political origin, desire change, and a substitution of their own systems; and we have under one view the vast and chaotic party of Radicalism, always active, always destructive, yet acting as a spur to the progress of the State and of society.

In a nation long established, with a mild but sufficient government, without foreign relations, making no progress in opinion, it is evident the party of bigotry prevails, and is the governing party.

But in a nation where all the energies of men are directed toward augmentation and rise, by wealth, territory, knowledge, alliance, and all other means, it is evident the party of change and reform will overwhelm that of bigotry, when the contest is between them alone.

Between these two, rises pre-eminent the party of the State, composed of all those whose intellects are sufficiently comprehensive to understand both Bigotry and Radicalism, and who have the prudence to value them at their true rate. These, for reasons which we shall now assign, we have called the Conservatives, and their spirit, CONSERVATISM.

The Conservative is he who continually returns to the first principles on which his government was established. He understands the spirit of his government, and is able to modify and improve its form without violating its principle.

But the word Conservative does not suggest any particular set of principles; it rather presupposes them. The principles of a government may be of a perfectly elevated character, in strict accordance with humanity and justice. Or, they may be of an inferior spirit, inhumane and oppressive. They may be despotic, sacrificing the liberty of all; aristocratic, sacrificing that of the majority; ultra democratic, sacrificing the individual to the state, and oppressing the one by the many.

Any one of these or other false principles may lie at the foundation of a State, and actuate all its proceedings. It is therefore necessary to believe that a Conservative in one nation might not be a Conservative in another; that a Conservative in America would be a Radical in other countries; that Conservatism in this is not Conservatism in other nations. We seek only to conserve those principles which in other countries are agitated by radical reformers.

Radicals in Italy and Prussia, if they be not mere anarchists, must become conservatives in a State like our own; unless, through ignorance of our constitution, they imagine it to contain the same evil principles which they feel in their own.

Could it be shown to any man of intelligence, that the constitution of his country contained all the principles necessary to human liberty, it is certain he would become a staunch conservative of that constitution. He would not wish to

see its authority weakened by bad precedents and loose constructions; and if any amendments were to be made he would have them made in the spirit of its first founders. "It is necessary," says Machiavelli, "for States who wish to maintain themselves, to return continually to their original principles."

In America only, is a philosophical and sincere conservatism possible; for here, the principles to be conserved are the first principles of liberty and justice.

A conservative in a despotic or aristocratical State is of necessity the enemy of freedom; in ours he is its greatest friend. A conservative in America becomes a radical in England or in Germany, for there he wishes to change the principles of the government; while in his own country he desires only to fix and to confirm them.

The radical reformers of Italy, France, and Prussia, wish to establish in those countries a free representative government, capable of securing liberty to every individual, to protect him against the many and the few, against terrorists and tyrants. But no sooner have they established such a government than they will become vehement conservatives, and will resist, on the one side bigotry, and other radicalism.

The parties of one nation cannot be understood by those of another. To understand our politics, men must know the spirit of the constitution, and what there is in it to be maintained. When in America we declare ourselves conservative, we, in the same breath, declare our adherence to the most perfect possible state, or which embraces all the principles of humanity, liberty, and justice.

Conservatives in England return continually to the Aristocratic, or Feudal Principle—while they seem to be making great changes in the external form of their government.

Conservatives in America also return continually to the original principles of their government; and they believe them to be the highest on which any state can rest. They do not wish to depart from them, nor do they hope to discover any that are more exalted. They do not admit any arguments for any act or law, derived from any others. They believe, them to be those for which our fathers fought, and of which our enemies would be the first to deprive us, and that therefore, they are truly and practically our first principles.

From these considerations it will, perhaps appear, that our Conservatism is not only practical, but philosophical; for it returns continually to the first principles of human liberty;—it favors not only the “life and liberty of the individual,” but fosters his enterprise—his active virtue. It rests in the very centre, and can therefore understand and correct the extremes. It is ready to meet every occasion, and having an infallible rule to fall back upon, is never in danger of a false decision. It respects nothing but the laws of reason and the certainties of experience. It pays no regard to new systems or theories except as they are an immediate induction from the facts.

Radicalism, on the contrary, seeks to do in a day what years only can accomplish; it sees no obstacles until it falls over them. Our Conservatism is the middle term of Politics;—on the one side Bigotry, on the other Radicalism. *It is the Pivot of Progress*; for while it maintains the Spirit unimpaired, it permits and provides for the greatest growth of the body. As in the ascent of a tower by a spiral stair, while the direction and effort changes continually, the principal of progress is maintained about the same centre and towards the same end, so is it with our Conservatism. Radicalism, in the same comparison, attempts a direct ascent, but cannot rise from the ground. Gravitation is its worst enemy. Bigotry, on the other hand, proceeds, but will not ascend.

By the idea of this Conservatism we may attain to a true idea of progress.

Thus, of progress in Religion, we say, it must be sustained by a continual return to the first principles of Christianity.

Of progress in society, by a continual recurrence to the first principles of courtesy and honor.—Of progress in the State, by the perfecting of our institutions according to the spirit of their founders. Our principles remain unchanged, as we received them from our fathers;—we only perfect their expression, and apply them to new instances. Radicalism and Bigotry prevent and destroy the effects of these principles. Bigotry holds on to the old abuses, because it thrives by them, or because it only loves them. Radicalism would destroy the present system, because it does not thrive by it, or is impatient of its

slowness; or because it has imagined new.

Let us balance the one against the other, and say to each;—*you* thrive by the evil and love it;—*you* suffer by the good and hate it; *you* are neither of you in a condition to say what shall be established, or what shall be destroyed.

Bigotry, through ignorance of the first principles, and a great reverence for the forms, refuses to meet the necessities of the times, and will not extend new laws over new conditions and necessities.

Radicalism, through equal ignorance of the first principles, and a great hatred of the forms, proposes others founded in no principles, but only in certain private maxims or abstract theories of its own.

Bigotry, being ignorant of the probability of progress, through a mistaken interpretation of the words, “depravity of human nature,”—confounding liberty of soul, and the love of enterprise, with the love of license and violence—will not hear to the reformation of abuses.

Radicalism, sick with ambition, and disappointed in its private hopes, readily concedes to all men what itself desires, confiding in fortune and in its own ability, to secure itself a fair share of power and profit in the general scramble.

Bigotry, equally timid and uncharitable, neither dares itself, nor will permit others, to make changes in the state; because it knows itself to be perfectly ignorant of the principle of such changes, and therefore, clings for safety to the old form.

Radicalism, bold and careless, delights in a dream of perfect happiness for itself, when all its desires shall be instantaneously gratified, with the delights of fellowship and of equality.

Bigotry, tends always to one extreme. It desires to subject many to the dominion of a few, or of one. This is its first principle.

Radicalism, tends to an opposite extreme; it desires to subject each one to the dominion of many or of all. This is its first principle.

Bigotry would force into the State the Principles of the Church; subordination, classification, the governor, not one in spirit with the governed, and acting rather upon, than through them.

Radicalism, would urge upon the State certain merely social principles—the force of opinion, the power of the many, the coincidence of might and right—the gov-



erned drawn by the governing, and confounded with them in a tempest of ambitious fear, or vain admiration.

Bigotry, is didactic and dogmatical—

Radicalism, eloquent and persuasive.

The virtues of Bigotry are constancy, honesty, and obedience.

Those of Radicalism are variety, plasticity, and generosity.

The intolerance of Bigotry is against change; that of Radicalism against fixedness; both are good haters, and infinitely intolerant. Our Conservatism, on the contrary, has neither the exaggerated virtues, nor the vices of these extremes.

It identifies itself with the present—as Bigotry does with the past, and Radicalism with the future.

It pays no heed to any suggestion, and proposes no laws but such as protect and encourage active virtue, and call forth all the energies of individuals.

To this end, it fosters education, encourages the arts, confirms every kind of property on the person of the acquirer; opens new channels of industry, carries on defensive wars, and watches with jealous care the rights of persons in the family,—finally, and in a word, it goes with the *individual* into all the relations of life, confirms him in his rights, defends him in his cause, encourages his hopes, forwards his plan, and by a silent influence, develops all the better qualities of his soul.

Our Conservatism, it appears, is founded in a conviction, that the Idea of the Republic is perfect, not only in its first *Principles*, but, in great measure, as to its *form*. That these principles, and, *essentially*, this form, are the best that can be imagined for the perfection and progress of human nature.

## THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY;

### SINCE THE DEATH OF THE DICTATOR FRANCA.

THE published accounts in our language of the republic of Paraguay, bring us only to the year 1825. Since then, we have learned nothing save from contradictory newspaper accounts, giving not even a vague idea of the richest portion of the American continent, inhabited by a people cordial and sensible in the extreme, as contrasted with their neighbors of common ancestry, and not only ardently desirous but fully capable of playing their own part among the nations of the world.

Neither the general ignorance concerning this country, nor the absence of all interest in its affairs among us, ought to be wondered at, when we consider that the few years elapsed since the death of the Dictator Don José Gaspar de Francia, and the generally engrossing topics of public affairs nearer home, have not permitted that attention to be devoted to them which their growing importance demands. Now, however, the peculiar aspect presented by the nations of Eastern South America, the intervention of the English and French cabinets in the affairs of the La Plata, and the studious system of deception practiced by the

mendacious press of Buenos Ayres, render it incumbent on those Americans who possess the means of accurate information to speak to the world of what they know and have seen themselves.

The advantages of the present writer are derived from his residence at the capital of Paraguay, in an official capacity, during a portion of the year 1845-6, previous to which time, he is not aware, that any citizen of the United States had ever visited it. And it is his object in the present communication to give his readers a condensed statement of its condition from the year 1840 to the period of his departure, to which he proposes to add his impressions of the true policy of our own government towards that rising people, and of the important results likely to ensue, if just and liberal views in their behalf should happily prevail.

The vast territory formerly known by the appellation of Paraguay comprised all that portion of South America which was bounded on the north by the provinces of Sancta Cruz, della Sierra and Charcas, in 16° South latitude; on the south by the straits of Magellan; by Brazil on the east, and by Chili and

Peru on the west.\* But the country now distinguished by that name, is entirely contained within the shores of the Paraguay and Paraná rivers, from an undefined boundary with Brazil in about 17° South lat., to their junction in 27° South latitude. The maps of these regions are manifestly incorrect, as compared with those of the better-known portions of the world; still they are sufficient to give a correct, geographical idea to the student, of the sources and channels of these noble rivers. The Rio de la Plata is formed by the confluence of the Uruguay with the Paraná, and from thence to the ocean, it is remarkable for its great breadth and shallow waters.

Though the Rio de la Plata was discovered by John de Soles, the great pilot of Castile, in 1516, yet he made no farther exploration. In the year 1526, Sebastian Cabot sailed from Spain, and proceeded up the river Paraná to its junction with the Paraguay, without attempting to make any permanent settlement.† The site of the city of Buenos Ayres was selected by Don Pedro de Mendoza in 1536, but abandoned the following year, chiefly on account of the struggling condition of the infant colony. It was deemed too much exposed to the attacks of the Portuguese colonists of Brazil, who had long been established on her coast, and who were disposed to insist on their claims to Paraguay, against their powerful Spanish rivals, because the century before, their king, Don John, had received the proposals of Columbus with empty compliments, instead of the substantial support which he afterwards derived from Ferdinand and Isabella.

The city of Ascension, the present capital of Paraguay, was founded on the eastern bank of the river near the mouth of the Pilcomayo by Don Juan de Ayolas in 1537. It was then the residence of the viceroy, and was afterwards acknowledged as the capital of the united provinces of the La Plata under old Spain. Attention is directed to this fact, as it has an important bearing upon the title which the dictator of Buenos Ayres has lately set up against the independence of Paraguay. The work of colonizing and civilizing the interior wilderness was now begun, upon a plan that has no analogy in the history of the world. The strong

influence primarily exerted in Ascension as a centre, and diverging from thence in all directions, joined to the power exercised by the Jesuits in Paraguay, has produced remarkable results in a superior degree of civilization, so that no other part of South America, fifty miles from the coast, can boast of an equal advancement in the arts, and in the just principles of social intercourse. This country was erected into a Bishopric by Pope Pius III., and the first Jesuit arrived in 1586, just forty-six years after the establishment of the order, and thirty-seven after the beginning of their labors in Brazil. Truly marvelous was the skill with which the disciples of the astute Loyola converted this wilderness of savages into a source of boundless wealth and power, by organizing a system of political and ecclesiastical government, such as never had a parallel.‡ But it is not our design to enlarge on the history of Paraguay, under the sceptre of old Spain and the far more influential dominion of the Jesuits. The period came at last when the hatred of colonial despotism, stimulated by the victorious example of the United States, and favored by the disorders and convulsions of the mother-country, brought the Spanish colonies of South America to a general effort of self-emancipation.

The revolution commenced in Buenos Ayres in 1810. A few weeks served to bring all the towns and provinces in the ancient viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres over to the views, and under the control of the capital, with the exception of Cordova, Paraguay, a portion of Upper Peru, now Bolivia, and Monte Video, now the republic of Uruguay. An expedition under the command of General Belgrand, was sent by Buenos Ayres against Paraguay. It was met and entirely defeated near the city of Corrientes by two Paraguayan chiefs, Yegros and Cavallero, who were acting under the authority of the Spanish General Velasco, then governor. But though, as Paraguayans, those generals resisted the army of Belgrand, yet when they returned at the head of their victorious troops, they cast off the yoke of Spain, abolished formally, but without bloodshed, the authority of the governor, Velasco, and then established an independent junta. By this act, Paraguay burst the bonds of

\* Charleyvoix History of Paraguay, vol. 1, p. 7.

† Ibid, p. 34.

‡ Robertson's Four Years in Paraguay, vol. 2, p. 33.

colonial oppression much sooner than any of the sister provinces; and some three years before Buenos Ayres was fairly over her struggle, no Spanish enemy could be found within the territory.

The dismemberment of the provinces of the La Plata took place at the close of the year 1813. It began with Paraguay: but, strictly speaking, she could at no time be said to have formed a portion of the "United Provinces," as created by the patriots. She never joined in any confederacy with them, but established at once, in 1811, on the ruins of the Spanish power, an independent government of her own.\* This fact demands especial attention, as the basis of her subsequent history. After the victory over General Belgrand, a treaty was made with Buenos Ayres, recognizing the independence of Paraguay, and stipulating for mutual aid and succor. No action by either government followed this treaty, for the progress of events was such as entirely to preclude it. The truth is, that Paraguay retained her independence from colonial vassalage, more by the advantage of her isolated geographical position, than by any exertions of her own. This same geographical position also has been the cause of the terrible tyranny to which she was afterwards subjected, under the Dictator Francia; and, although, in that instance, it may have operated in favor of her worst internal enemy, yet it must always be a powerful safeguard against the risk of foreign domination.

After the formation of the independent junta, Don Francia was appointed its secretary. In this situation he soon showed a degree of talent, that rendered him superior to all above him; especially in his profession of advocate, he gained much popularity. He was, therefore, elected to the consulate, when that form of government was adopted, in conjunction with Yegros, who was an extremely illiterate man. This joint consulship expired in October, 1814. At this time the schemes of Francia first became apparent. He had summoned to Ascension a Congress of the ridiculous number of one thousand deputies, nominated by himself, and most of them ignorant men from the country, with whom he had much influence. Notwithstanding this, he was compelled, in imitation of other great usurpers in the history of the world, to order out his guards to surround the church where his Congress met, by way

of a gentle hint that he was to be obeyed. By this Congress he was made dictator for three years. From this time he does not seemed to have deemed a re-election necessary, but fortified his position by a system of espionage, which he constantly extended and ramified, and by which he distracted and alarmed every family in Ascension. He encouraged all the lower classes to look to him for favor and advancement, and sowed discord and jealousies among the better portion of the community, by every underhanded means in his power. Moreover, he observed the most rigid economy in all departments of the state, and accumulated treasure very fast. With this he wielded absolute power by drilling, clothing, cajoling, bribing, and augmenting his troops, which he intended should be, what they soon became, the main support of his tyranny.

From this time until his death, which took place on the twenty-third day of September, 1840, he adopted as his established principle a system of perfect non-intercourse with all the world, and his government became, with each day that his miserable life was prolonged, only the more despotic, and still a greater curse upon his country. Churches were robbed; religious sanctuaries were desecrated to pay the hirelings of his nefarious will; contributions were forced from those whom he saw fit to despoil; and imprisonment or death was the alternative presented to the view of the trembling inhabitants, exasperated almost beyond endurance by his cruelty, and yet utterly deprived of all means of redress. The city of Ascension became shrouded in gloom, the houses, with doors and windows always closed—business suspended, and no sounds of domestic comfort or social hilarity to dispel the awful stillness caused by the darkness of despair—seemed only to contain the contemplated victims of the *Supremo*. Ten years before his death, "the prisons were groaning with their inmates; commerce was paralyzed; vessels were rotting on the river banks; produce going to decay in the warehouses; and the insolence of his soldiers was systematically encouraged as the best means of striking terror into the hearts of the crouching and insulted citizens; distrust and fear pervaded every habitation; the nearest relations and dearest friends were afraid of each other, dependency and despair were written on every counte-

\* Robertson's, ub. sup. p. 119.

nance you met; and the only laughter heard in the city was that of Francia's soldiers over their revels in the barracks, or in their exultation over the affronts offered to unoffending citizens as they were openly deprived of their property in the streets."<sup>\*</sup>

These revolting facts being thus established by the testimony of eye-witnesses, how shall we assert, with the hope of belief, that they were but as the opening act in the great drama of tyranny to be enacted during the subsequent period of his government? As familiarity with vice and blood hardens the heart—as man with no earthly affections to soften and guide—to make him, by the hourly anxieties of his own soul, feel for the tribulations of his fellow-man—or, as the tiger, which, having once tasted *human blood*, will have no other, so was Francia in the latter years of his life. Isolated by his fears from all society but that of an old negro-woman, he examined suspiciously his simple food, and even made his own cigars for fear of poison; and he spent his wretched nights in a room, barricaded like a dungeon, with loaded pistols on his pillow, and surrounded by a guard. From the narrative of the brothers Robertson, it appears that Francia had quarrelled with his father long before his elevation to the dictatorial power. "They spoke not, met not, for years; at length the old man was laid on his death-bed, and before rendering up his great and final account, he earnestly desired to be at peace with his son, José Gaspar." The obdurate son refused, and the old man's illness was increased by the horrid apprehension that his soul would be lost if he left the world without a reconciliation with his first-born. He sent some of their mutual relations to expostulate with the heartless tyrant, and they implored him to receive his dying parent's benediction. He refused again. They told him that his father believed his soul could not reach heaven unless it departed in peace with his son. Human nature shudders at the final answer which that son returned: "Then tell my father that I care not if his soul descends to hell."

This fact portrays, with revolting force, the monstrous depravity of Francia, and is sustained by a large variety of other instances related by the same authors, proving him to have been, perhaps, the

most cruel despot which the world has ever known. And yet the inhabitants of Paraguay, with whom the present writer has largely conversed upon the subject, declare with one voice, that the narrative of the Messrs. Robertson falls short of the reality, and by no means represents the tyrant in colors sufficiently dark to be a faithful picture. No wonder that the malediction uttered against his dying parent cleaves to his own name and memory, in the bitterest denunciations of all his countrymen! For in truth, he made Paraguay a scene of bloodshed and of misery, of tyranny more absolute and of slavery more complete, than any ever presented to us in the history of the world. Almost every man of any standing was first robbed of the means of subsistence, then banished, imprisoned for life, or shot—so that no one might remain to alarm his apprehensions, or conspire against his unlimited authority; and the few patriots who survived this reign of terror, fled to the interior, and silently awaited from the hand of Providence an opportunity to rise up for the regeneration of their country. At length their weary hopes were fulfilled. The tyrant died at the age of eighty-two, leaving a tumultuous horde of savage soldiers to prey upon the people; a country impoverished of its precious metals to the last degree; not a dollar in the treasury, or a public or private paper of his administration unburned. Even his silent secretary, though unharmed by the people, and living in security with his family, committed suicide fifteen days after his death.† Thus lived the tyrant, and thus he passed away, leaving a blank indeed in the history and hearts of his countrymen.

His death-scene, it may perhaps be interesting to relate. Attended during his last illness only by an old woman and a native doctor, he was at length told by the physician that his condition was hopeless, and that he had better call on some one to administer to the welfare of his soul. Upon mention of a priest, which Francia hated above all things, he leaped from his bed in a paroxysm of rage, and snatching his sabre, pursued the panic-stricken and retreating doctor to the door of his chamber. Here his strength failed him; he stumbled and fell; that floor was his death-bed, for when

\* Robertson's *Francia's Reign of Terror*, vol. 1.

† The only instance of suicide known in Paraguay for a century.



raised from thence, nothing but the corpse of Francia remained—a fitting and unpitied ending for such a life!

The news of his death spread slowly, as if people feared to believe such welcome tidings, or dreaded that some fresh plot might be devised to ensnare the trembling inhabitants. But while they were in this confused state, like men just awakened from a deep slumber, ere yet they have had time to collect their ideas, the alcalde ordered him to be buried in the accustomed form. A funeral sermon was preached in the National Cathedral, with masses to assist his soul to heaven; when the congregation present, had they given utterance to their thoughts, would have expressed as much indifference about its welfare, as he did, whilst living, for his father's.

It is proper to mention here a fact, strongly characteristic of the Paraguayan people, and which speaks volumes for their character. Instead of following the customary impulse of mankind, who usually indulge their vengeance upon the memory, and even the corporeal remains of their deceased tyrants, the very first Congress after Francia's death, decreed a maintenance for his illegitimate daughter and his sister; that they might not suffer from the poverty entailed upon them by his unnatural neglect. Nor can any state paper or other document emanating from an official source in Paraguay, be found, reflecting in terms of harshness upon his awful administration.

The duty to the dead disposed of, next came to be considered the situation of six hundred starving, naked, and vermin-polluted prisoners, confined in the jails of the capital, victims of despotism. Previously, however, some of the military chieftains had come to the natural conclusion, that as their head had gone, after having set them such a lucrative example, they would strive to perpetuate the system, or at least secure the remainder of the spoils. But at the sight of those poor prisoners, among whom many recognized, even through the filth that clothed them, wives or children, friends, parents, or husbands, many of them unwashed or unshaven through a confinement of twenty-two years—the long tyranny was ended, and the resolution was unanimous among the leaders of the people, that Paraguay should never again be enslaved.

The Alcalde Pereira assumed the reins of government, as the first step in the

new order of things. But some of the soldiers, not liking the arrangement, thought to help themselves to a leader in one of their own captains. Commotions arose in Ascencion on this account, in which there was some blood shed; the prime mover was finally taken and shot, and two influential men, Don Carlos Antonia Lopez and Don Mariana Roque Alonzo, nominated and called together, in 1841, a Congress of Deputies to consider the public welfare. By this Congress the consular form of government was adopted, and two consuls were elected to serve for two years, of whom the first was the Señor Lopez, and the second Señor Alonzo. A general amnesty was declared; public and private confidence were restored; the people again gave utterance to their thoughts and feelings without fear or apprehension, and the stilled and stagnant Nation-heart throbbed aloud its song of joy in the security of freedom. A gradual distribution of the soldiery took place, and they soon lost the feverish impulses of their military character in the peaceful occupations of the citizen.

The first duties of the consuls were to declare the republic free and open to foreigners and commerce, and make such regulations with their neighbors of Brazil and Buenos Ayres as would insure the recognition of its independence; this being imperatively necessary to secure an egress to the ocean by way of the Paraná river, the natural and only commercial highway. To this end, in 1842, Don Andres Gill was sent as a commissioner to Buenos Ayres to make a treaty with General Rosas. He was also charged with an application to the government of the United States to recognize the independence of Paraguay, and proceed thereafter to such measures as would naturally follow; and he was subsequently directed to forward this application by the United States consul in Buenos Ayres. This was the first request of the kind ever made by the Paraguayan government to any independent power beyond the confines of South America, and we beg the reader's especial attention to the fact; because it is our design to point out the danger which the neglect of our government must incur of driving this important and rising republic into the arms of England and France, if they are compelled to despair of our friendship and sympathy.

Every obstacle was thrown in the way

of Señor Gill's success by the arbitrary tyrant of the Argentine Republic, and finally a new and absurd claim was advanced; that Paraguay, by faith of a treaty made in 1811, belonged to the Argentine confederation. It seems enough to condemn this pretence that, from the period when the yoke of old Spain was broken, and during the whole thirty-five years of Francia's administration, no one had ever heard of it. And notwithstanding the pertinacious efforts of the hireling writers, whose talents are under the control of General Rosas, and who have labored of late years to establish this claim, we should assuredly think it deserved nothing better than contempt, did we not know that many sensible persons in the United States, reading only his side of the question, place full confidence in it. It is high time that this glaring imposition should be exposed and he no longer suffered to delude the public.

The only ground for this preposterous claim on the part of General Rosas, is the treaty of 1811, to which we have already adverted. By the treaty itself we learn that it was made during the struggle for independence against the mother-country, and that it was simply for mutual aid and support against the common enemy. The fifth article of this very document distinctly recognizes the independence of Paraguay, and the whole paper is formed in the style and after the manner of treaties between independent powers.\* No other treaty exists or ever has existed between the two countries up to the present period. But it has been said by one high in place in our own country, that Buenos Ayres certainly had an equitable lien upon the territory of Paraguay, because she made no efforts in the cause of national independence, but availed herself of all the results arising from the severe struggle of her neighbor. This is conclusively answered by the historical fact already related, that the only army ever sent against Paraguay was by Buenos Ayres—that it was defeated—and that the Generals Yegros and Cavellero, on their return with their victorious troops to Ascension, by their own act and in a single day overturned the colonial authorities and established a free junta in the place thereof: by which deed Paraguay, though more tardy in her revolutionary movements than Buenos Ayres, in reality far outstripped her in

the race. The object of General Rosas in misrepresenting the matter is perfectly manifest. He is determined, if possible, to subject the navigation of the river Paraná, which is the very life-blood of Paraguayan commerce and prosperity, to such laws and restrictions as he chooses; and compel it to use Buenos Ayres as a port of entry, instead of passing it by for the far superior harbor of Monte Video. But as, by the rules of national law, he cannot do this while Paraguay maintains her national independence, therefore he pretends that she is one of the states of the Argentine confederation, and consequently subject to the despotic sway of the man whom her Rancho hordes have placed at their head.

During these unforeseen difficulties, which Sr. Gill in vain strove to surmount, a Congress of Deputies had reassembled at Ascension, charged with the duty of framing a written constitution, and a conformable system of state government. In the latter part of 1843, this constitution was published at the capital, and under its provisions Don Carlos Antonio Lopez, the senior consul, was elected president for ten years from the first of January, 1844. We must revert, however, to a most important act of the consular government, and from which our paper will derive its chief interest.

By an extract from despatch No. 28 of the then United States consul at Buenos Ayres, and under date of November, 1843, it is stated that "the government of Paraguay, being now consolidated with its president and legislative body, a friendly understanding with the United States is much desired, and will be advantageous to the citizens of the United States, whose trade may be with that country. The government of Paraguay are more anxious that their principal and most friendly relations should be with the government of the United States, as the treaties which exist between most of the South American Republics and Great Britain, give the idea that they look to the latter as their principal support. It was therefore that her Britannic Majesty's envoy, Mr. Gordon, was coldly received, and the government of Paraguay so anxious to cultivate the most friendly feelings with that of the United States, before all other nations." With this dispatch was sent and received the following application of the Paraguayan government.

\* See "Registro Diplomatico de Buenos-Aires," B. Ayres, 1825.

"To the most Excellent Consul General of the United States near the Government of Buenos Ayres.

"FOREIGN RELATIONS,

Ascension, Paraguay, August 28th, 1843.

"The Supreme Government of the Republic of Paraguay has the honor to address His Excellency the Consul General of the Great North American Confederacy, near the most excellent Argentine Government, in order to make known to him that the extraordinary General Congress of this province, which met on the 25th of November last, explicitly declared the independence of the nation, as required by the unanimous vote of the people, and established the flag which is to cover the trade on sea, as well as the other national vessels of this Republic. The government of the undersigned, impressed with the duty of communicating this happy event to friendly nations, feels the utmost pleasure in fulfilling this most agreeable duty with regard to the representative of the most happy and liberal nation of the New World; and they at the same time hope that he will take the annexed document into consideration, and will present and recommend them to the attention of the National Government of the United States, to the effect that we may receive through you, sir, the acknowledgment of our independence, and the other acts which may follow.

"Deign, sir, to accept the sincere sentiments of our consideration and high esteem. CARLOS ANTONIO LOPEZ.

MARIANO R. ALONZO.\*

The foregoing document, so well worthy of immediate attention, was quietly laid upon the shelf, and forgotten by Mr. Tyler and his State Secretary Calhoun; until the request of an unknown and humble individual to be sent to Paraguay removed it from its dusty repose during the first days of the present Administration.

The mention of the British agent, Mr. Gordon, in the dispatch of the U. S. Consul, brings us to an explanation of his mission, and the momentous events to which it contributed. A year previous to the establishment of a constitutional government in Paraguay, the British Minister resident at the Court of Brazil, with the wisdom that so eminently characterizes the diplomatic surveillance of that nation, sent the Secretary of his Legation over land to Ascension, to learn something of the government and productions of the newly-opened country,

and report accordingly. Mr. Gordon consequently went to Paraguay; but his overtures were treated with indifference, and his propositions with neglect, because it was to us, and not to Great Britain, that the hopes and feelings of the young republic were directed. Though treated personally with the hospitality of the country, he made himself so obnoxious, by the overbearing insolence of his manners, and by an injudicious interference with the prejudices of the people, that he was ordered to leave the territory in twenty-four hours, and was kept for five days on board of a small vessel in the Paraguay river, waiting for a fair wind. But Mr. Gordon had gained the information he wanted; and the attention of his government was forthwith more immediately directed to the rich, fertile, and densely populated valley of the Paraná, with a careful eye to the securing this new accession, for the benefit of those manufacturing and commercial energies from which England has so long drawn the materials of her colossal power.

Though it is hard indeed to fathom the mysteries of South American diplomacy, still we will endeavor to decipher it, as connected with the Anglo-French operations in that quarter of our continent bordering upon the La Plata. In 1845, at the opening of Parliament, British merchants of London and Liverpool, and British manufacturers of Manchester and Birmingham, petitioned the Queen of England to force the navigation of the river Paraná, "for the commerce of Paraguay, in a few years, could be made second only to that of Her Majesty's East India possessions." The numerous French inhabitants of Monte-Video had also been petitioning, during some two or three years, for the interference (unlawful though it should be) of the mother country against the attempt of Rosas to conquer the land of their adoption. Consequently, from one motive and another, we find, in the summer of 1845, the Anglo-French intervention and the blockade of Buenos Ayres fully effected, without any cause for a declaration of war: and the old continental system of paper blockade placed on all the circumjacent coasts, to the utter contempt and destruction of neutral commerce. The vacillating and insincere conduct of England and France in these affairs, has rendered those na-

\* We are not accountable for this translation, having never seen the original.

tions obnoxious and ridiculous to the American world; and as yet they have gained no advantage over the subtle and well-sustained policy of General Rosas. It is found that Buenos Ayres must be conquered to get to the China-like wealth of Paraguay: but her people are not opium eaters, nor is she an Algiers, with only the Mediterranean to cross, for the Gaul to find his colonial home. It is, however, a country which, under its present rule, defied the French for three long years, and still defies the combined forces now wasting their treasure upon a bootless mission. Strange that the character of her despotic governor could not have been sufficiently well known to have prevented the scenes enacted there within the last two years! Certain it is, that hitherto the efforts of England and France have produced nothing beneficial to themselves. So far from it, indeed, that the intervention, tired of the useless and interminable expense attending it, seems now about to abandon the blockade, and leave to the future, and to struggling Paraguay, the question of the navigation of the Paraná.

We must not be understood as upholding the cause of General Rosas in any part of his American policy. This, as an adherent of freedom, we would consider treason to justice and to truth. But we must praise his successful opposition to European, illegal and presumptuous interference with his national affairs, under reasons calculated to delude the American world, and which are utterly false and hypocritical. *We only ask Americans to draw the distinction between his acts towards the neighboring American States, and his determination to resist the encroachments of that monarchical system of the balance of power, which seeks to extend itself even here, upon our own Continent.* This is a distinction which letter writers and American diplomatists seem unable to perceive: the one class being so hostile to General Rosas, as to praise the intervention; while the other are so warmly his friends, and so strongly opposed to England and France, that they consider Paraguay, Monte Video, and Brazil all inimical to the interests of the United States, merely because these nations have rights to join and preserve

against the exactions which geographical position\* gives General Rosas power to enforce against them.

But let us revert to the affairs of Paraguay. Señor Gill returned to Ascension from his fruitless mission in 1843. He succeeded in bringing with him a printing press, and some skillful workmen, so that by these means, if none other could be gained, Paraguay might communicate with the world. This gentleman, in reintroducing, after a lapse of nearly one hundred years, this most important means of improvement, deserves the everlasting gratitude of his countrymen.† A periodical, "*El Paraguay Independiente*," was forthwith undertaken, and its first thirty numbers were occupied with a historical narrative of the controversy with Buenos Ayres, from the earliest declaration of liberty to the conclusion of Señor Gill's mission. The whole tone of this periodical, so unlike the lunatic ravings of antagonistic papers in general throughout Spanish America, is dignified in the extreme; and all its statements are fortified by proofs, instead of resting upon mere assertion. From the most careful examinations of these proofs, we have felt abundantly satisfied that the truth and justice of the question are on the side of Paraguay.

We have already stated the unsuccessful results of Mr. Gordon's overtures, and the strange neglect which the application of the youthful republic received from ourselves. In the mean while her government, having become consolidated, was recognized by the Republics of Bolivia, Peru, and Uruguay, and by the Empire of Brazil, which latter has a *Chargé d'Affaires* residing at Ascension. It is an indisputable fact that Paraguay has been, *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, independent for thirty-five years—that she is capable of preserving her independence—and that it has been recognized by all the neighboring nations, except Buenos Ayres. Why then should not our government perform the same act of justice, instead of waiting to receive her example from England and France, in matters strictly American? As to the absurd claims of General Rosas, he might as well advance a title to the contiguous territory of Chili, with which he is always

\* Both banks of the river Paraná, as far as its junction with the Paraguay, belong to Buenos Ayres.

† The first printing press on the American Continent was established at Ascension in 1619, by the Jesuits. The types were of wood.



quarrelling. It is true that we have never acknowledged separately the independence of any of the countries which have arisen into independent powers out of the same state of colonial vassalage; but by the act of making treaties with them, we have done the same thing, and in so doing have assumed a prouder position before the world than we are ever likely to do again. Sad for us—sad and disgraceful to our foreign reputation was the day, when so-called democratic misrule abandoned, from motives of party animosity and mortified pride, the sublime system spread forth to the gaze of wondering Europe by the administrations of Messrs. Munroe and J. Q. Adams. As for the consequences which this determined want of national consistency has entailed upon us, we purpose to state them briefly in the close of our present communication. The picture, we believe, has never before been presented to the public in the same light; but nevertheless it is painfully correct.

The noble rivers that intersect South America in all directions, exceeding even those of our own country, have ever been the bone of contention among them: and we fear that their difficulties on this score will continue to exist, until the principles of a more enlightened policy are understood and adopted. It is for the purpose of introducing and strengthening these principles, which this nation has probably established in a far greater degree than the rest of the world, that we think it devolves upon our government to mediate between them. For considering that, in the earlier days of their struggling, likely, we regarded them as in a manner under our protection and advice, we ought certainly to have the best prospect of proposing our friendly counsels with the highest advantage to all parties.

Brazil has been violently accused by the Argentine prints with being the sole cause of the Anglo-French intervention, which she, by a circular dispatch, has fully denied. But this, so far as it concerns ourselves, is a small matter, for she has not had any influence with Buenos Ayres from the period of her earliest history until the present time; and, for the last four or five years, has been continually on the eve of an open rupture with her. All the neighboring countries of South America are in the same situation with respect to Rosas. Hitherto, England and France have retained a predominant influence; the former, particularly, having

completely taken the place, which we once held, and afterwards forfeited by our own negligence. But now, of course, hardly a trace of this influence of England and France remains. Of the three great commercial nations of the world, the United States alone stands at least uncompromised by any hostile attitude. In difficulty with the other two, it naturally became the object of the Buenos Ayrean government to make the people believe, that the government of the United States was strongly opposed to the blockade instituted by the combined Powers; and to such an extent was this attempt carried, that the United States were even represented as ready to interfere *vi et armis* to prevent it. The grievous disappointment which the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres felt upon the arrival of Commodore Rousseau in Feb. 1846, with only a sloop of war and a small brig, when they had been led to suppose, by more dishonorable means than we care to enumerate, that his instructions were to insist upon the blockade being raised as a violation of neutral rights, and an interruption to American commerce unauthorized by the laws of Nations, caused a reaction of feeling, exceedingly hostile and detrimental to our countrymen. It is said that this delusive hope was carefully fostered and strengthened by the course of the U. S. chargé d'affaires, who was understood to have become strongly attached to the views of the Dictator Rosas.

It is quite notorious, as an acknowledged principal of our government, that the interference of any European power with the affairs of the American continent is to be regarded with a jealous eye. It is also equally certain that this Anglo-French intervention has been particularly so regarded, for it was wanting in justice—the first element to its success. This knowledge led the Argentine government to look to us for our good offices; and, in order to obtain them, to make continually the most extravagant demonstrations of friendship and esteem *on paper*, but sadly deficient in every thing like real sincerity. These our government have listened to, so far as to fail in providing proper security to our citizens residing in Buenos Ayres, by exacting prompt payment of our claims in that quarter, hitherto entirely unsettled; and to throw Paraguay overboard, treating her with neglect, and leaving her without the support which she would morally

receive, if a great commercial nation like our own had recognized her independence, and proceeded to the other acts which would naturally follow, viz : making a treaty of commerce and amity with her, establishing diplomatic relations, and consequently demanding a free passage by the way of the river Paraná to her ports. This would have been a simple act—one easy of accomplishment, and required by justice.

We have endeavored to prove that the well-known richness of Paraguay, as first officially made apparent to the British government after the death of Francia, by the mission of Mr. Gordon, was the *primum mobile*, joined with the petitions forwarded to Parliament, which impelled them to their interference with the affairs of the La Plata : though in reality, Great Britain has turned a longing look in that direction for nearly forty years. This is farther borne out by the fact, that several steamers and other vessels of war ascended the river to Corrientes, a distance of about seven hundred miles. These vessels convoyed, in September 1845, a fleet of some eighty sail of all nations, but by far the greater part under the English flag, by way of giving precedent in favor of the right of free navigation demanded by Paraguay ; still doing so in a round about way, without acknowledging her independence, which was the only proper preliminary. President Lopez, desirous of preventing the influx of spies and agents of the numerous conflicting nations and parties on the confines of his country, removed his custom-house from the Villa del Pilar, (or Neembuco), to an island at the junction of the Paraná and Paraguay rivers ; at the same time professing his ardent desire to see all well disposed foreigners in the pursuit of their lawful affairs in his country. This movement manifested a sound and wise policy, which cannot be too highly commended.

A month or two previous to this removal of the Custom-house, the writer arrived in Ascension as U. S. special agent. What were the results of his mission still remains a profound mystery : for neither has any public mention been made of it, nor any official action as yet been had upon it. It seems to be in the category of many other things imperiously demanding the attention of our government, but as yet swallowed up either in the "war for the succession," or the war for Mexican spoliation.

Paraguay having been neglected through a long time by those to whom she had a right to look for far different treatment, felt herself compelled to resort to such means as were in her power, to accomplish her end. Beholding her just claims to independence, seemingly abandoned by all the world, she saw herself left either to perish within her borders, or some other mode of finding an outlet to the ocean ; but on the eve of signing an offensive and defensive treaty with the province of Corrientes, which had risen in pretended rebellion to the authority of Gen. Rosas, the signatures were delayed by the President, when he heard of the expected arrival of the U. S. special agent, in the present hope that at length some substantial aid was at hand to help them in their desperate situation. But when President Lopez learned that at that late day, the United States had only authorized their envoy to ascertain whether it was advisable to recognise the independence of his country, he hastily, and with feelings of the bitterest disappointment, signed a treaty which our government, as if anxious to throw all possible difficulties in the way of the Paraguayan people, has declared to be a serious obstacle to their success. And yet the event soon proved that the treaty was a mere snare of Gen. Rosas. The province of Corrientes was induced to make violent professions of hatred towards his tyranny, and a consequent display of sympathy in the compulsory durance of Paraguay. Commissioners were appointed to carry these sentiments to President Lopez, and to offer the assurance that Corrientes was ready to make common cause with Paraguay in favor of her independence. The treaty to which we have alluded was the result of this proposition. It ended in a combined declaration of war against Gen. Rosas, and a manifesto was published, setting forth the reasons. Nevertheless, it was declared that this war was not so much against their brethren the Argentines, as against the despotism of one man—their dictator ; for that he, by the arbitrary enactments of his tyranny, had forbidden them the use of their own water for a highway, and had denied them their rights as an independent nation. Far more cause for such a war had Paraguay against Rosas, than ever we had against Mexico.

But it has been stated, that Paraguay, whilst in her transitive state, as it were, had no right to make common cause with

Corrientes, and thus virtually interfere in the domestic affairs of a neighboring state; and hence, it is ingeniously inferred that, while she was thus at war with Buenos Ayres, it would be impossible for our government to recognize her independence without violating our amicable relations with Gen. Rosas. We confess our incapacity, however, to understand such reasoning. For the right of Paraguay to be acknowledged as an independent Republic existed *anterior* to her treaty with Corrientes, and our acknowledgment of her independence neither involves our approbation of that treaty, nor could our disapprobation of that treaty take her right to such acknowledgment away. Suppose that during our own revolutionary struggle, the province of New Brunswick had pretended to sympathize with us, and that a treaty, offensive and defensive, had thereupon been signed: would any man living presume to say that such a compact could have neutralized our causes of complaint, and destroyed our right to national freedom? As little reason can we see in the idea, that our acknowledgment of Paraguayan independence could properly affect our amicable relations with Buenos Ayres. No such result was apprehended, when not only France, but Spain, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, acknowledged the United States, while yet the contest of actual war existed with the mother-country. No such result was apprehended, when our government acknowledged the independence of Buenos Ayres and the other South American states, without waiting for the consent of Spain. No such result was apprehended, when we assented to the independence of Texas, without asking leave of Mexico—and yet the right of Paraguay stands on clearer grounds than any of these, because she never was subject to the jurisdiction of Buenos Ayres, either *de jure* or *de facto*. So that we cannot discover the slightest basis in justice or in reason, for the hypothesis, that her claims must be questioned and virtually denied, because her acting government accepted the offer of Corrientes, and declared war against the despotic power which not only refused to acknowledge her independence, but also deprived her of the navigation of the highway for her commerce with the nations of the world.

But, even if it be granted that Paraguay committed an error in accepting the

overtures of Corrientes, on what principle of justice should this mistake operate to the advantage of her adversary, when there is the strongest ground for believing that Rosas himself caused her to be deluded into the act by the grossest deception? The tale is but one link in the chain that binds nearly twenty-five degrees of latitude under his faithless dominion. The facts are these. In prosecution of the treaty stipulations, troops were sent to Corrientes. We saw them set out with every joyous anticipation, little expecting that they were intended to fall into the tyrant's snare. United to an army of several thousand Corrientinos under Gen. Pax, the troops of Rosas attacked them: when, behold! at the first charge Gen. Don Juan Madariaga, who had signed the treaty at Ascension as commissioner for Corrientes, suffered himself to be taken prisoner, together with all his troops; and his elder brother, the governor of the province, declared for Rosas, leaving the Paraguayans deserted and betrayed to the mercy of their enemies. Happily, however, they were able to make good their retreat without loss. No doubt exists, amongst those immediately concerned, that Rosas, in conjunction with the brothers, Madariaga, concocted this shameful piece of treachery.

It might seem to argue a "want of modesty and duty" if we should discuss, on this occasion, the details of our own mission. We trust that time will bring them before the public in their proper shape, and meanwhile we shall confine ourselves to those topics which involve the character, not of individuals, but of our country, and to which the proprieties of official reserve can have no relation.

It was on the 8th of November, 1845, that we arrived in Ascension. During our stay there, the battle of Obligado was fought in the river Paraná, between an overwhelming force of the Anglo-French intervention and the army of Gen. Rosas. It was decided in favor of the Europeans, after nine hours hard fighting, and the Paraná was at length, by the life-blood of many Argentines, temporarily open to the world. Under these auspices, as we have mentioned, a fleet of some eighty sail, chiefly English, ascended to Corrientes, and the French steamer of war "Fulton," and some agents of the Intervention on board, entered the river Paraguay, and passed to within nine miles of

Ascension. The agents communicated with the Paraguayan government, and also brought with them some agents of the city of Monte-Video. Being wanting in the first requisite to treat, viz: credentials from their sovereigns, President Lopez heard all they had to say, but replied nothing in return. His government looked with distrust upon the Intervention, and steadily refused to hold any treaty with it, until, as a preliminary step, the independence of his nation had been recognised by the sovereigns of England and France. But it was only at this time, when they had sought him in his own ports with flattering promises, that he made the same requisitions of those great nations which, as we have seen, he had anxiously, though vainly presented to the United States, more than two years before. The ministers of the Intervention, Messrs. Ousely and Deffandis, provisionally granted the demand, subject to the ratification of their respective home governments. What action they have taken upon it we are not informed. We presume it will be a stroke of policy for them to confirm it, and thus completely outwit the United States, as, since 1829, they have ever done in their diplomatic relations with all parts of South America.

The French steamer of war, "Fulton," is the only steamboat that has ever penetrated so far into the interior of South America. She, therefore, naturally excited a degree of wonder but little inferior to that of the western Indians, when, overwhelmed with the misfortunes of their race, they thought the Great Spirit had visited them as a Fire King, in his wrath. But let us mention a simple incident very significantly illustrative of the feelings of the Paraguayan government toward the intervention. For the first time in the annals of her political history, the Paraguayan flag had been saluted in their own waters by this steamer; but no member of her government accepted the invitation to visit her, nor did any one belonging to the first families of Ascension so far gratify their longing curiosity. And yet they are perfectly aware that it is only by vessels built after a similar manner that they can ever gain that power and commercial prosperity so ardently desired, the capabilities for which they so eminently possess, and whose returns they so justly deserve. This steamer received on board, however, the Señors Jovellanos and Gonzales, as passengers to the city of Monte-

Video: where they arrived in the last days of March, 1846. They were the confidential agents of the Paraguayan government, to return the civility shown to them by that city; though we shrewdly suspect that the design of sending agents from Monte-Video, originated with the ministers of the Intervention, to ensnare Paraguay. But if it were so, it failed of its intended effect; for they were specially instructed not to enter into any negotiation until after the full recognition of their national independence.

Here ends the writer's personal knowledge of events in that quarter of our continent, as he returned to the United States via Rio de Janeiro at this time. Since then he has received no intelligence except through the medium of contradictory newspaper accounts, in which the wilfully perverse statements of the Buenos Ayrean press form by far the larger share. In reference to this public press it is proper to state that Gen. Rosas, with characteristic acuteness, has made it the organ of his government, and from the amount of talent employed, and the vast sums paid to the writers, it has naturally held much sway over the public mind in every quarter. His "Archivo Americano," is published in Spanish, English, and French, the three different languages side by side; and it is forwarded to all parts of the world as the highest organ of conclusive political information. The minor periodicals, such as the "Gazeta Mercantil," and the "British Packet," the former published in Spanish, the latter in English, are equally and fully under the absolute control of the Dictator. In fact, the press of this unfortunate city, like all things connected with a government founded in bloodshed and anarchy, and conducted by tyranny, has become so wedded to lying and hypocrisy, that they are now but two in one. The amount disbursed by Rosas, during the last year, for the support of his press, appears, by the published account, to exceed the expenses of the whole civil list! No government is too sacred for his low and disgusting abuse, and we regret to say that his method of whipping into the traces resident diplomats is no less effective than original. Much of this have we known within the last eight years, in which the representatives of the United States, forgetting their position and country, have simply become tools and playthings of the despot. It is painful in the extreme to be obliged to revert to these



things, but it is a duty to speak, at least in general terms, that our countrymen may know how they stand abroad. We seem to be finally awaking to a just sense of the blessings of so called democratic rule at home; let us assist the progress of truth, with what we know of its various ramifications in other parts of the world. We are well aware that this system of Rosas has found a foothold in this country, England, France, and elsewhere; and that in all these nations there are public newspapers in his pay, and faithful propagators of whatever falsehood, either in print or by correspondence, may reach them from Buenos Ayres. But notwithstanding this array of the means which a blood-stained despotism places at his disposal, Gen. Rosas must soon learn that others, beyond his control, and independent alike in the maintenance and publication of their opinions, will give a truthful narrative of himself and his administration. The writer has not forgotten the large share of detraction and abuse which has been meted out to himself, because he has refused to submit his sense of duty in behalf of Paraguay to the dictation of Gen. Rosas; and the facts of the case he may feel himself called on to disclose in due time. Meanwhile, the reader who desires to see some account of Gen. Rosas and his government, may be referred to Col. King's "Argentine Republic." We cannot, indeed, endorse all the deductions of this author in the latter part of the work, but we believe the main incidents to be correct; and some of them we know transpired during our sojourn in the Rio de la Plata, in 1840-1-2.

It may be proper to notice, in this connection, a letter which appeared in the New York "Courier and Enquirer," of the 22d of May last, under date of the 25th of March, from Buenos-Ayres. It is there stated that "Paraguay, under the imitator of the tyrant Francia, (Lopez,) will be probably during his lifetime a sealed country;" and the inhabitants, also, have no very polite terms applied to them. Now we do not hesitate to say, that this representation is thoroughly erroneous. So far from seeking to keep Paraguay a sealed country, we have shown throughout this communication that it is the most determined desire of her government to gain an intercourse with the world; and we have ourselves seen and furnished to our State Department a decree, declaring that all

privileges will be granted to foreigners in Paraguay, which are possessed by the natives to prosecute their lawful designs, and publicly inviting them to come to the republic, and instruct the inhabitants by their superior knowledge. The letter in the "Courier and Enquirer," we doubt not, was the work of one of those who are either themselves deceived, or who attempt to mislead the people of this country.

A short narrative of the history of South America, as connected with England for the last twenty-five years, may not be uninteresting, to assist us in illustrating the extent of the guardian care with which our rulers have watched over American interests and property since the commencement of President Jackson's administration.

That the United States, first and far beyond every other nation, felt a deep interest in the success of the Spanish Colonies in their struggle for independence; that she invited England to cooperate with her in recognising the independence of Buenos Ayres as early as 1818; that England was then engaged in playing a double game of deep subtlety with the "Holy Alliance," concerning these same Colonies, and gave no respectful attention to the invitation; that this nation, foremost and unaided, and with the sympathies of the monarchical world against her, in 1822-3 did recognise the Spanish Colonies, under the auspices of those great and patriotic men, Munroe, J. Q. Adams, and Clay, as free and independent; and finally, that Great Britain, envious of our bright fame and ponderous influence in those regions of America, thereupon determined the course of her policy, and instantly followed in our footsteps.—All these are unquestionable historical facts, and need neither elucidation nor comment from us. It is true, the egotistical Canning placed on record a statement of his own, that "he had called a new world into existence to balance the old;" but this has long since ceased to be remembered, save as one of the inflated, self-eulogizing boasts of an Administration desirous to retain its power, and, for that purpose, ready to utter any convenient absurdity.

Though evidently sensible of the extravagance of Mr. Canning's declaration, we propose to show that Great Britain, by actively taking advantage of her immense means, did all in her power (if she could not deprive us of the glory of the

first movement) to render it practically true: in the prosecution of these designs, she has, in all cases, overthrown the superior influence which this nation, prior to the administration of President Jackson, and at the time of the CONGRESS OF PANAMA, universally held with those new and feeble powers; and that she has moulded them, both in diplomatic treaties and commercial relations, almost wholly to her own purposes. In conclusion, we shall present a short summary of our principal argument, in connection with a statement of our peculiar advantages in those regions, and then we shall take the liberty of suggesting how, in our opinion, we can regain an equivalent for what we have lost, by our supineness and utter sacrifice of patriotism to party.

Mr. Canning, immediately after his extraordinary statement that "he had called a new world into existence," ordered abroad through all parts of South America numerous agents, deeply infected with the Foreign Secretary's enthusiasm on this subject, who already, before their outset, were disposed to report favorably, and were also directed to report quickly. Upon these reports, treaties were immediately made with the new nations; commercial energy and capital were employed to an immense amount in all parts of the continent, and, independently of the partial construction of many articles in the treaties, almost countless sums of money were eagerly advanced to the different governments to cement the *bonds of friendship*, while, in reality, with the usual foresight of the British Cabinet, all this was well calculated, when the day of payment should come, to prostrate the weak beneath the strong, the debtors beneath the creditors, and compel them to sue for mercy at the feet of their complete masters. In confirmation of this, witness the treaty of 1826 between England and Brazil, so odiously foreign to the increasing sugar interests of the latter, that she, the weaker party and the immense debtor, has declared it at an end, and will not accept any proposition as yet made by the British Cabinet. But England wants the fertile island of Santa Catharina, abounding in coal, as the payment of her debt; and already speaks of taking it! Let us also adduce the third article of the treaty of 1826 with Buenos Ayres, wherein it is declared, that all vessels of H. B. Majesty shall have liberty to enter, for the purposes of commerce, all harbors, bays or rivers, where other foreign ves-

sels are, or may be permitted to come. Under this article, Brazil, Paraguay, and Monte Video, all *foreign nations*, but all owning extensive possessions on the mighty rivers which form the Rio de la Plata, must either be debarred from their self-evident rights, or England, with her overwhelming financial power, must sweep them all from out their own waters. And it is a fact of great portent that this treaty, unlike all the other British commercial treaties with America, contains no article providing for its termination upon notice of either party. H. B. Majesty's government well knew they would never desire to end it, and if they did, that they could soon find a pretext: a course by no means so easy to the weaker party. Yet, General Rosas, notwithstanding a blockade of two years, the open fight of Obligado, and many other acts of a like nature, dares not retort upon England her own system of declaring all existing relations broken by any hostile act, but leaves *in statu quo* a treaty which must always continue to distract those blood-stained but beautiful countries, that she may reap, sooner or later, the harvest of her politic philanthropy. In fine, there is not an independent nation of this continent, except our own and Paraguay, that is not in debt to England beyond the hope of redemption, or even the probability of paying the interest. Still, pay-day must come sometime or other, and it behooves us to watch the *modus operandi*. Already we perceive the method of these plans in a universally predominant influence of Great Britain over ourselves in all parts of foreign America; and though they have been taught, by sad experience, that in their eagerness to build this fabric of anticipated power, they had reared it on a basis too unsteady for so vast a superstructure, yet they doubtless expect, in due season, to find the reward of their governmental loans; of the millions expended in the mines; and of the manufactures shipped so far beyond the amount required for the consumption of the country.

In another way has this "El Dorado" of British hopes reacted, not only upon themselves, but collectively upon all commercial nations. For they created a feeling of importance much greater than that to which these infant governments were properly entitled. Seeing themselves hurriedly courted with every expression of lasting esteem and confidence,

blinded as they were by the diplomatic intrigue and practiced tact of the greatest nation of the world, they naturally fancied themselves *conferring favors*. Consequently they adopted, in many cases, a high-handed and fluctuating policy; and, by their injudicious and ill-timed laws, hampered commerce, retarded the progress of the public welfare through every section of Spanish America, and violated, without fear of reproach, public and private engagements.

Meanwhile, what has been the course of these free and generous United States? After the completion of the proudest monument yet reared to our fame in the recognition of the Spanish Colonies, and the firm stand which compelled all Europe to regulate their early intercourse with Southern America, by our own maxims, the wheel of party politics took another turn, and our vantage ground was most unwisely abandoned. The CONGRESS OF PANAMA affords conclusive evidence that these nations *then* properly regarded the importance of our early friendship, and deemed us their natural advisers, for we were *invited* to teach and guide them. Whether the long train of evils which, for centuries to come, will leave their traces behind them, would have been averted by carrying out the noble and grand, but perfectly practicable views of Messrs. Adams and Clay, is a question which we leave to the awakening sense of patriotism now happily prevailing among us. Truly we hope, when peace shall again bless our country, that our Government will offer the friendly mediation which was once requested, and which may not yet be too late. The knowledge of a multitude of evils entailed upon all parts of America by disorders which we might have prevented, and for which, to a certain extent, we are fairly accountable, demands an effort, at least, to make the most ample reparation in our power.

In further illustration of our argument, we would ask, whether the United States government has attended to the ordinary interests of our citizens in many parts of South America? Have we a treaty with Buenos Ayres? Have the many claims due to our countrymen in that State been adjusted? Have we had, or do we now hold, a treaty with the republic of Paraguay? Above all things, has our government, in the great majority of cases, sent such men for diplomatic residents, as were qualified by their abilities, patriot-

ism, and wisdom, to uphold the dignity of our nation? It is surely time that these questions should be put to the dominant party. Again, how does it happen that the present Chief Expounder of our constitution, after once plainly *opposing* the principle of Mr. Monroe in reference to the interference of Europeans on our continent, and then, in his inaugural address, as plainly *adopting* it, still fails to carry it out as it was originally intended? It is a melancholy fact, that "the same men differ from themselves at different times. Temporary delusions, prejudices, excitements, and objects, have irresistible influence in mere questions of policy. And the policy of one age may ill suit the wishes or even the policy of another." We cannot be, therefore, one of those who deem mankind infallible, and charge a want of consistency upon a statesman as a crime. Therefore, if Mr. Polk will justifiably carry out the great principle which he formerly opposed, but now admits, we, for one, will rejoice at the change. As for the mischiefs produced by the party to which this gentleman belongs, their opponents are not accountable before the tribunal of history: we may have our part in the miseries—we can have no part in the guilt or the dishonor. We have also another reflection to make for the comfort of our South American claimants, that if "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," Justice deferred and Rights withheld, will always enhance the price at which safety and peace must in the end be purchased.

The advantages we now possess to correct these evils, are numerous and manifest. With Brazil, England has quarreled about the formation of a treaty to replace the one of 1826. The breach is also more bitter, on account of the grand imposition of her attempt to stop the slave trade. The lately-acquired influence of France is against her. The Anglo-French blockade, and the obnoxious treaty of 1826 between England and Buenos Ayres, added to the murder (for no war has been declared) of hundreds of her citizens; these things, if they move not the flinty heart of her Tyrant, have at least rendered the name of Englishman most obnoxious to her people. Contrast with all this the ardent devotion which Paraguay feels towards our institutions, and the proportionate dislike of the snares of monarchical influence, which the sad experience of her neighbors has given her: consider, in addition, the hopeless

debt and consequent oppression in one form or another, under the apprehensions of which all the nations of South America, except Paraguay, so heavily labor, and our view into the future of what we can and ought to do, becomes clear and distinct.

It seems very evident that the true policy of our government towards Paraguay, is to grant, without delay, her request to be admitted into the family of nations. For declining to enter into the ordinary bonds of friendship and commerce with her, we surely have no reasonable pretext whatever. In fact, by our suicidal delay, we are only depriving ourselves of that strong position which her application to us, first of all the Powers of the world, undoubtedly gave us; and which her liberal feelings towards us would easily enable us to retain. Should she from necessity be compelled to shield her weakness and inexperience under the strength and knowledge of the monarchies of England and France, she must do so under their own grasping restrictions, and at a serious sacrifice of independent feeling. Then, as with her neighbors, if we are ever to recover the ground of which European policy will have deprived us, it must naturally be through a long struggle with our determined rivals, and a full return to the system so clearly set forth in the instructions

of Mr. Adams to Mr. Anderson. Indeed, we can neither imagine nor desire a more thoroughly noble exposition of our duty to these still struggling nations, than is found in that sublime state paper. The beneficial results which must naturally accrue to us from the entertainment of just and liberal views in their behalf, are perhaps with many a subject of but little interest, through lack of information. We purpose, therefore, in a future communication, more fully to explain the present system by which Paraguay is governed, and also to mention the chief points of commercial importance to us in her natural productions and social position.

Though upon the Procrustean bed of so-called Democratic principles, the policy of our country hitherto has in vain sought repose; yet we look with hope to the future. There are still many who remember that "Government is a practical thing made for the happiness of mankind, and not to furnish out a spectacle of uniformity to gratify the schemes of visionary politicians. The business of those who are called to administer it, is to rule, and not to wrangle. It would be a poor compensation that we had triumphed in a dispute, whilst we had lost an empire; that we had frittered down a power, and at the same time destroyed the REPUBLIC."\*

## A MORTO AT ROME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NOTES BY THE ROAD.

—I AM sitting in my little room on the Corso.

The Corso, you know, is the principal street of Rome: nothing like Broadway or Regent street, but narrow and long—gay enough in the sunshine, and gayer than the gayest in the Carnival, but dreadfully dreary at night.

Tall palaces with iron grated windows, flanked with brown, dusty cherubs, rise up here and there; and between them, are gray and dirty shops, with balconies above them. The pavement is rough, and a narrow side-walk—the only side-walk in Rome—stretches along, under the eaves of the houses and under the shadow of the palaces. Sometimes the little side-walk has a creditable breadth, so that four may walk abreast; then,

where some cumbrous old house leans out of the line, the side-walk is narrowed to a foot breadth, and you would have to step into a door-way, to let a lady pass.

The house I lived in, crowded out into the street, in just this awkward way, and I could step from the door stone, straight into the carriage-track. And at the Carnival time, (I have done it often) I could drop a handful of Confetti from my balcony, straight down upon the bare necks of the riding girls; and they would look up, half angry—half smiling, and shake their little fingers at me, in a way so prettily threatening, that I would fling my best flowers at them.

Well—I am sitting in my room on that very Corso—have finished my evening cigar, and the clock at Monte Citorio has

\* Burke *apud* Story.



struck three times after the Ave Maria. It is dark; a few sticks from the Albanian hills are burning smokily on the hearth, and my landlady is arranging the curtains, when the quick ear of little Cesare detects the hoarse music of a death-chant, and he comes running in, crying, *Un Morto,—un Morto.!*

Directly we go through into my bedroom, that looks upon the Corso, and opening the windows, see the great train approaching from far down the dark and narrow street. We are in the third story, and hear windows opening below us, and in the dim old palace opposite, and on either side. And we see heads thrust out of the houses down the street, standing out in bold relief, against the red torch-light of the moving and mournful train. Below, dim figures are gathering each side the street to look at the solemn spectacle.

The hoarse chant comes louder and louder, and half dies in the night air, and breaks out again, with new and deep bitterness.

Now, the first torch-light shines plainly on faces in the windows, and on kneeling women in the streets.

First, come old retainers of the dead one, bearing long, blazing torches. Then comes a company of priests, two by two, bare-headed, and every second one with a lighted torch, and all chanting.

Next, is a brotherhood of friars, in brown cloaks, with sandaled feet—they too bare-headed, and the red light streaming full upon their grizzled heads. They add their heavy, guttural voices to the chant, and pass slowly on.

Then comes another company of priests, in white muslin capes and black robes and black caps, bearing books in their hands, wide open, and lit up plainly, by the torches of churchly servitors, who march beside them; and from the books, the priests chant loud and solemnly.

Now the music is greatest, and the friars take up the dismal notes, from the white-caped priests; and the priests before, catch them from the brown-robed friars, and mournfully the sound rises up between the tall buildings—into the blue night-sky, that lies between Heaven and Rome.

"*Vede—vede,*" says Cesare; and in a blaze of the red torch fire, comes the bier, borne on the necks of stout friars—and on the bier, the body of the dead man, habited like a priest. Heavy plumes of black, wave at each corner of the bier.

*Hist!* says my landlady. The body is just under us. Enrica crosses herself—her smile is for the moment gone. Cesare's boy-face is grown suddenly earnest.

He could see the pale, youthful features of the dead man. The glaring flambeaux sent their flaunting streams of unearthly light over the face of the sleeper. A thousand eyes were looking on him, and his face, careless of them all, was turned up straight towards the stars.

Still rises the chant, and companies of priests follow the bier, like those who had gone before. Friars in brown cloaks, and prelates, and carmelites come after—all with torches.

Two by two—their voices growing hoarse—they tramp and chant.

For a while the voices cease, and you can hear the rustling of their robes and their foot-falls, as if your ear was to the earth. Then the chant rises again, as they glide on in a wavy, shining line, and rolls back over the death-train, like the howling of a wind in winter.

As they pass, the faces vanish from the windows. The kneeling women upon the pavement, rise, mindful of the paroxysm of Life once more. The groups in the door-ways scatter. But their low voices, do not drown the voices of the host of mourners, and their ghost-like music.

I look long upon the blazing bier, trailing under the deep shadows of the Roman palaces, and at the stream of torches, winding like a glittering scaled serpent.

The notes grow more and more indistinct, except a little gust of the night air catches up the hoarse sound, and brings it back with a fearful distinctness.

"It is a priest," say I to my landlady, as she closes the window.

"No, Signor—a young man, never married, and so by virtue of his condition, given the robes of the priest-hood."

"So I," says the pretty Enrica, "if I should die, would be done and have flowers scattered over my body, and be followed by the nuns as sisters."

"A long way off may it be," said I.

She took my hand in hers, and pressed it.

An Italian girl does not fear to talk of death; and we were talking of it still, as we walked back—my hand still in hers, and sat down by the blaze of the alder sticks brought from the Albanian hills.

## U N A.

THY cheeks, with tints like summer's even,  
 Thy lips, that weave thine artless wiles,  
 Blue eyes, with depths divine as heaven,  
 Lit with a sunny glow of smiles,  
 And, peerless Una, soul-lit flushes  
 Beamed o'er that winning face of thy,  
 Thy dream-like thoughts and spirit's gushes,  
 Have all be-charmed this heart of mine;  
 Yes, thou hast charmed me with thine eyes,  
 Thy golden smiles and happy fancies,  
 I dream of thee like one who lies  
 Rapt from earth in gorgeous trances.

Dream back that eve, when low winds lifted  
 The white sails of thy fairy bark,  
 And, like a snowy swan, we drifted  
 O'er sunset gleams and shadows dark;  
 Thy beauty, thralling all my seeing,  
 In my dark soul shed light from thine,  
 And changed the dull sounds of my being  
 To diamond sparkles in its shine;  
 While, guileless Una, earth and sky,  
 Steeped in twilight's slumberous splendor,  
 Seemed all entranced by thee to lie,—  
 The south winds murmured wildly tender.

We sailed past mirrored groves and meadows,  
 Midway betwixt two rosy skies,  
 Where the dark cedars flung their shadows  
 Across the evening's crimson dyes;  
 The green earth, lapped in dreamy pleasure,  
 Heightened in thee, thy beauty more,—  
 Each joying in the other's pleasure  
 Woke joy in me unknown before;  
 Like one who hears a chime of bells  
 From golden minstrels up in heaven,  
 And speaks not, lest he break the spells,  
 I watched thee by the waning even.

Thou seemed'st, when twilight blushed above thee,  
 So like a seraph fringed with fire,  
 I dared not murmur, "May I love thee?"  
 Lest there were sin in the desire;  
 And when the shadows chequered faintly  
 That halo of the sunset dyes,  
 Thou wast so mystical and saintly  
 Thou awed'st me with thy mysteries;  
 For such a charmed atmosphere  
 Hallows from earth thy stainless spirit,  
 That I, with my dark faults, must fear  
 A love my heart may never merit.

The queenly moon came through the heaven,  
 The stars and their quaint pageantry,  
 Orion with the Sisters Seven,  
 To win thy thoughts from earth and me;  
 But I, where wayward gleams and flashes,  
 Like a rapt sybil's, sink and rise,  
 Sought love's bright star-rise 'neath thy lashes  
 Lighting the deep heavens of thine eyes.  
 O, spiritual, pure looks are thine,  
 Where no wild passions flame and quiver,  
 Yet love may beam there so divine  
 That earthly signs reveal it never.

My past life shamed me while, beside thee,  
 I watched thy loveliness and thought,  
 For all the gifts which glorified thee,  
 How little I had ever sought!  
 But, since that eve, to higher beauty  
 And purer truth my soul hath striven,  
 And marked the dawn of nobler duty,  
 Led by Love's morning-star of heaven.  
 O, radiant Una, thoughts of thee,  
 With holy impulses shall move me  
 To truth and vestal purity,  
 Until thy sinless heart shall love me.

D.

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*C. Lauman*

THE HERMIT OF AROOSTOOK.

THE AROOSTOOK COUNTRY.

I WAS ON my way down the river St. John, in New Brunswick, and having heard that the Aroostook, (one of its principal tributaries,) was famous for its salmon and a picturesque waterfall, I had taken up my quarters at a tavern near the mouth of that stream, with a view of throwing the fly for a few days, and adding to my stock of sketches. I arrived at this place in the forenoon, and after depositing my luggage in an upper room, and ordering a dinner, I proceeded to arrange my tackle and pencils for an afternoon expedition. This preparatory business I performed in the sitting-room of the tavern, where there happened to be seated at the time, and reading the New York Albion, an oddly-dressed but gentlemanly-looking man. In form, he was tall and slender, appeared to be about fifty years of age, and there was such an air of refinement in his appearance and manners that he attracted my particular attention. I said nothing, however, and quietly continued my snelling operations, until summoned to dinner. While at the table, I sent for the landlord,

to inquire about the stranger whom I had noticed, and his reply was as follows:—"His name is *Robert Egger*; he is a strange but good man, and lives the life of a recluse; his house is above the Fall, on the Aroostook, and about four miles from here. He has been in this part of the country for many years, but I seldom see him at my house, excepting when he wants to read the news, put a letter in the office, or purchase a bag of flour."

With this intelligence I was quite delighted, for I fancied that I had discovered a *character*, which eventually proved to be the case. On returning to the room where the stranger was seated, I introduced myself by offering him a cigar; and while fixing my rod, asked him a few questions about the surrounding country. His replies proved him to be an intelligent man, and as he happened to express himself a lover of the "gentle art," I offered him the use of some fishing tackle, and invited him to accompany me. He refused my offer, but accepted my invitation, and we started for

the Aroostook. He officiated as my guide; and when we approached the river, which was from two to five feet deep, about one hundred yards wide, very rapid, and filled with bridge piers in ruin, we jumped into a Frenchman's canoe, and were landed on the northern shore. Here we came into a road which passed directly along the bank of the river; this we followed for one mile, until we arrived at a flouring-mill, located at the mouth of a large and very beautiful brook, where the road made a sudden turn towards the north. Directly opposite the mill, on the Aroostook side, was a narrow and rapid rift, where, my friend told me, I was sure to hook a salmon. I did not like the appearance of the place, but took his advice and waded in. I tried my luck for some thirty minutes, but could not tempt a single fish. This, my friend did not understand; he said there were salmon there, and thought that the fault was mine. I knew what he wanted, and therefore handed him my rod, that he might try his fortune. He fished for nearly half an hour, and then broke the fly-tip of my rod. As I was cherishing an earnest desire to take at least one salmon, *under the Fall*, which I thought the only likely place to succeed, and towards which I had set my face, this little accident made me exceedingly nervous. My friend attempted to console me by remarking, that as it was getting to be toward evening, we had better return to the tavern, and take a fresh start in the morning. But this proposition did not suit me at all, and I promptly said so. Just as you please, replied my companion, and so we repaired the rod, and continued up the river. Very rapid, with many and deep pools, was this portion of the stream; and our course along the shore, over logs and fallen trees, through tangled underbrush and around rocky points—was attended with every imaginable difficulty, and so continued for at least two miles. On coming in sight of the Fall, however, I was more than amply repaid for all my trouble, by the prospect which there presented itself. It was, perhaps, one hour before sunset, and there was a delightful atmosphere resting upon the landscape. Directly before me, in the extreme distance, and immediately under the crimson sun, was a narrow rocky gorge, through which foamed the waters of the Aroostook, over a precipice of some thirty feet; and just below the Fall, rose a perpendicular rock,

to the height of nearly a hundred feet, dividing the stream into two channels. The entire middle distance of the prospect was composed of a broad and almost circular basin of very deep and dark water, skirted mostly with a rocky shore, while directly across the surface of this pool, winding down the stream, was a line of foam, distinguishing the main channel; while the foreground of this picture consisted of a gravelly beach, two bark wigwams, several canoes, and some half dozen Indians, who were enjoying their evening meal by the side of an expiring fire.

We held a brief conversation with the Indians, and found out that they had visited the basin for the purpose of spearing salmon by torchlight; and while my companion sat down in their midst to rest himself, I jumped into one of the canoes, and paddled to the foot of the fall, to try one of my fancy flies. I fished for about thirty minutes—caught one small salmon—lost two very large ones, and returned to the Indian camp, where I had previously concluded to spend the night, provided my guide did not insist upon returning to the tavern by moonlight. It so happened, however, that my interesting plan was vetoed by my companion, who told me that his dwelling was only a mile off, and that I must go and spend the night with him. I willingly assented to this proposition, and having picked up the salmon, we engaged the Indians to ferry us across the basin, and proceeded on our way. Our path was somewhat narrow, crooked, and intricate, and as I listened to the roaring of the waterfall, and thought of the mystery which hung over my companion, I could not but wonder what I was about, and to what strange place I was going.

In due time, however, we emerged from the woods, and came out upon the side of a gentle hill, which sloped to the margin of the Aroostook, and was sufficiently open to command an extensive view of the river. Here, my friend told me to tarry a few moments, for he had a canoe hidden among some willows, and wished to hunt it up, that we might recross the river once more. I heard his words, but neglected to assist him, for my whole attention was riveted by the scene upon which I was gazing. The sober livery of twilight had settled upon the world, and the flowing of the river was so peaceful, that I could distinctly



hear the hum of unnumbered insects, as they sported in the air. On the opposite shore was a lofty forest-covered hill, and at the foot of it a small clearing, in the centre of which stood a rude log cabin—the dwelling-place of my friend. On my left, the river presented the appearance of a lake: and apparently in the centre of it were two of the most exquisitely foliated islands imaginable. The valley seemed completely hemmed in with mountains, and these, together with a glowing sky, were all distinctly mirrored in the sleeping waters. Charming beyond compare was this evening landscape, and the holy time “was quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration.” But now my companion summoned me to a seat in the canoe, and we passed over the stream in safety; he hauled up his shallop, laid aside his paddle, and, slapping me on the shoulder, led the way to his cabin, repeating, in a loud clear voice, the following words:

“Alone I live, between four hills,—  
Famed, Roostook runs between;—  
At times, wild animals appear,  
But men are seldom seen.”

On entering the hut, which was now quite dark, as it only contained one window, my companion turned abruptly round, and after making a frolicsome remark about my being in his power, he exclaimed—“That poetry I repeated to you just now was a home-spun article, but as you might fancy something a little more civilized, I would say to you, my young friend, in the language of Wordsworth’s *Solitary*,

“This is my domain, my cell  
My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—  
I love it better than a snail his house.  
But now ye shall be feasted with our best.”

Soon as these words had fallen from his lips, my friend proceeded to collect some wood for a fire, and while I was left to kindle the flame, he seized a tin-pail and went after some spring water, which he said was some distance off. In a few moments, I produced a sufficient quantity of light to answer my purpose, and then took occasion to survey the room, into which I had been thus strangely introduced. Everything about me seemed to be oddity itself. First was the huge fireplace, rudely made of rough stones and filled with ashes; then the blackish appearance of the log walls around, and

the hemlock rafters above. In one corner stood a kind of wooden box, filled with blankets, which answered the purpose of a bed,—and in front of the only window in the cabin was a pine table, on which stood an inkstand and some writing paper, and under which sat a large gray cat, watching my movements with a suspicious eye. In one place stood a wooden chest, and a half-barrel of meal and the only things in the room, to sit upon were a couple of wooden chairs. The crevices in the walls were stopped up with rags and clay, and from various rafters depended bundles of mint, hemlock and other useful productions of the wood. A rusty old gun, and a home-made fishing rod occupied one corner; and on every side, resting upon wooden pegs, were numerous shelves, of every size and form, which were appropriated to a variety of uses. On one or two of them were the cooking utensils of my friend; on another, a lot of smoky books; and on others, a little of every thing, from a box of salt or paper of tea, down to a spool of thread or a paper of needles.

In a few moments my friend re-entered the cabin, and immediately began to prepare our evening meal, which consisted of bread, fried pork, and salmon, and a cup of tea. Plain was our food, but it was as nicely cooked as if it had been done by a pretty girl, instead of an old man, and the comic pomposity with which every little matter was attended to, afforded me much amusement. One thing I remember, which struck me as particularly funny. My host was talking about the conduct of Sir Robert Peel and the British Parliament, and, while in the midst of his discourse, opened a trap-door leading to his cellar, and descended therein. I knew not what he was after, and waited his re-appearance with some anxiety, when suddenly he bobbed up his ghost-like head, resumed the thread of his remarks, and held forth in one hand a huge piece of fat pork, and as he became excited about the conduct of the Prime Minister, he occasionally slapped the pork with the remaining hand, and then shook it in the air, as if it had been one of the bloody Irishmen to whom he was occasionally alluding. He reminded me of one of Shakspeare’s grave-diggers. I also remember, that when my friend was kneading his bread, the idea entered his head, from some remark that I had dropped, that I did not comprehend the

meaning of a certain passage in Shakspeare, so he immediately wiped one of his hands, leaned over for his ragged copy of the Mighty Bard, and immediately settled the question to our mutual satisfaction.

Supper being ended, I pulled out of my pocket a couple of cigars which I had brought with me, and we then seated ourselves comfortably before the fire and entered into a systematic conversation. The greater part of the talking was done by my companion, and in the course of the evening, I gathered the following particulars respecting his own history:

He told me he was a native of Hampshire, England, and had spent his boyhood in the city of London, as a counting-house clerk. He claimed a good name for his family, and added that Mr. Jerden, editor of the London Literary Gazette, was his brother-in-law, having married his only sister. He avowed himself about sixty years of age, and had been a resident of New Brunswick ever since the year 1809. He first came across the Atlantic as a government agent, for the transaction of business connected with the Fur Trade; and when he settled in the province, the whole country was an untrodden wilderness. Since that time he has followed a variety of employments, had acquired a competence, but lost it through the rascality of friends. He told me he was a widower, and that he had one son, who resided in Fredrickton, and was rapidly acquiring a reputation for his knowledge of engineering. "It does my heart good to remember this fact," continued my friend, "and I do hope that my son, will not disgrace his family, as some people seem to think I have done. The God-forsaken inhabitants of this region have a habit of calling me a crazy old man. God be praised,—I *know* they over shoot the mark in that particular; if I have lost my reason, I can tell the mocking world, that I have endured trouble enough to make even a philosopher, a raving maniac. By patient and unwearying toil, I have won two small fortunes, but both of them were snatched away and I was left a beggar. The Home Government took pity on me, and offered to make me a present of land, adding that I was at liberty to make my own selection. I accepted their offer and selected five hundred acres on the Aroostook, making the Fall we visited this evening the centre of my domain. I duly received a deed for the property,

and having concluded that my fellow-men were as tired of me as I was of them, I bolted for the wilderness and have lived here ever since. Yes, sir, for twelve years have I been the only human inmate of this rude cabin; I ought to except, however, 'a lucid interval' of some nine months, which I spent in England, about four years ago, visiting my friends and the favorite haunts of my childhood. To enjoy even that little luxury, I was compelled to sacrifice a portion of my land."

"But why do you not sell your entire property," I remarked, "and take up your abode among men, where your knowledge might be made available."

"Knowledge indeed!" replied the hermit philosopher; "all that I possess, you might easily hide in the bowl of an acorn. I do know enough to cast my eyes heavenward, when crushed by misfortune, but the same knowledge was possessed by the worm upon which I accidentally trod this morning. What is man, at his best estate, but a worm? But this is not answering your question. My only reason for not selling this property is, that I cannot find a purchaser. Most gladly would I jump at the chance, and then I *would* mingle with my fellow-men, and endeavor to be of them. Travelers, who sometimes pass through this region, tell me that my property is worth \$5000; I know it to be worth at least that amount, but I should be glad to sell it for \$3000, and that too on a credit of ten years. The interest would indeed be a meagre income, but I have schooled myself in the ways of poverty; and though it once cost me \$2000 to carry me through a single year, I can tell you that my expenses for the last five years have not averaged more than *twenty dollars*, which I have had to obtain as best I could. But you must not misunderstand me. The little clearing which surrounds my rookery, contains six acres, and as I cultivate them with all diligence, they keep me from actual starvation."

"But it strikes me, my dear sir, that you ask rather an extravagant price for your uncultivated land?" I asked this question with a view of obtaining some information in reference to the valley of the Aroostook, and was not disappointed. The reply of my friend was as follows:

"I can convince you that you are mistaken. In the first place, the water privilege which my land covers, is acknowl-

edged to be the most valuable on the Aroostook, and I may add that it is abundantly fertile. And then think of the valley, at the very threshold of which I am located. It is one of the most beautiful and luxuriant in this northern wilderness; and the only thing against it, though I say it, that should not, is the fact that nearly five miles of its outlet belongs to the English government, while the remainder belongs to the United States. The whole of it ought to be yours, but if it were, I would not live here a year; I am near enough to you now: directly on the boundary line between your country and mine. The Aroostook, I verily believe, is one of the most important branches of the St. John. Its general course is easterly, but it is exceedingly serpentine, and, according to some of your best surveyors, drains upwards of a million acres of the best soil in Maine. Above my place, there is hardly a spot that might not be navigated by a small steamboat, and I believe the time is not far distant when your enterprising Yankees will have a score of boats employed here, in carrying their grain to market. Before that time comes, however, you must dig a canal or build a railroad around my beautiful waterfall, which I am sure could be done for \$20,000. An extensive lumbering business is now carried on in the valley, but its future prosperity must depend upon its agriculture. Already are its shores dotted with well-cultivated farms, and every year is adding to their number and the rural beauty of those already in existence. The soil of this valley is rich, and composed principally of what is called *alluvial* (not interval) land, together with the quality known as *upland*. In many portions, however, you will find some of the most charming intervals in the world. The trees of this region are similar to those of your northern states. The staple crop of the Aroostook farmer is wheat; owing to the shortness of our seasons, corn does not arrive at perfection, and its cultivation is neglected. Rye, barley, and oats, all flourish here, but much more buckwheat is raised than any other grain besides wheat. Grasses flourish here in great perfection, and the farmer of Aroostook will yet send to market immense quantities of cattle. As to the climate, it is not so severe as is generally supposed. Snow falls early, and continues late, which prevents the ground from freezing very deep. And

when summer comes, as you may testify, the weather is sufficiently warm for every necessary purpose. Now, sir, do you not think I have made out a clear case?" I answered in the affirmative, and thanked him for the information he had given me. Like *Oliver Twist*, however, I was anxious for "more," and therefore endeavored to start him on another subject. In this laudable effort I fully succeeded, and by merely expressing the opinion that he must lead a very lonely life in this remote wilderness.

"Not at all, not at all," replied my friend. "It is my good fortune to belong to that class of men who depend upon books, the works of nature and themselves for happiness, and not upon a selfish and heartless world. As to my books, they are not very abundant, nor are they bound in fancy morocco, but the substance of them is of the right sort. Foremost among them all is the Bible, which tells even a poor devil like me that he is a man. Perfect in their generation are the truths of this glorious old book; they have an important bearing upon every thing; and they should be studied and cherished with jealous care. But the earth-born men, with whom I hold daily communion, are the mighty Shakspeare, the splendid Gibbon, the good and loving brother poets Thompson and Wordsworth, the gifted but wayward Burns, the elegant and witty Addison, and the ponderous Johnson. These are the minds which always afford me solid satisfaction. As to the immense herd who keep the printing-presses of the present day constantly employed, I know nothing about them, and care still less. And how as to the pleasures which are brought to me by the revolving seasons. They are indeed manifold, and it is pleasant to remember that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." The hills which surround my cabin I look upon as familiar friends, not only when crowned with a wreath of snow, but when rejoicing in their summer bloom; and a more peaceful and heart-soothing stream can no where be found, than the one which flows along my door, and you know from experience that it abounds in the finest of salmon and trout. The surrounding woods furnish me with game, but their greatest treasures are the ten thousand beautiful birds, which make melody in their little hearts, and afford me unalloyed pleasure for at least one half the year. I seldom have occasion to kill these feathered minstrels for food, and the consequence is,

whenever I go out into my fields to work, they gather around me without fear, and often come so near, as to be in my very way. The quail and the wren, the jay and the blue-bird, the mocking-bird, the partridge, the fish-hawk, the eagle and the crow, and also the swallow, the owl, and whipporwill, all build their nests within a stone's throw of my door, and they know that the friendless old man will do them no harm. And then what exquisite pleasure do I continually enjoy in watching the ever-varying changes of the year! First, when the primrose tells me that the rains are over and gone, and I go forth in the refreshing sunshine to sow my seeds; secondly, when the glorious summer is in its prime, with its dewy mornings and lovely twilights; also in the sober autumnal time, when I thoughtfully count the leaves floating on the bosom of the stream: and then again when the cold winds of winter are howling around my cabin, and I set in my pleasant solitude before a roaring fire, building palaces in my mind, as I peer into the burning embers—Yes, sir, I have learned to live without excitement, and to depend upon myself for the companionship I need. I do indeed occasionally steal out of my beautiful vale, and mingle with my fellow-men, but I always return perfectly contented with my lot. After all, I do not believe that the world *could* add greatly to my stock of happiness, even if I were a worshipper of Mammon, a brawling politician, or a responsible statesman."

"But, Mr. Egger, it strikes me that your manner of life is not in keeping with the Bible, for which you have expressed so much reverence."

"That may be true," was the reply, "but I make no sanctimonious pretensions. I do but little to promote the happiness of my fellow-men, and I congratulate myself with the idea, that I do as little to make them miserable. The influence of my example amounts to nothing, and I give no bread to the poor, because I have none to give. But let us drop the subject; I feel that your questions may so annoy me, that I shall be compelled to abandon the glorious old wilderness, and become a denizen of the busy and noisy world."

A breach having thus been made in our discourse, I examined my watch, and found it to be near twelve o'clock. My companion took the hint, and immediately proceeded to fix a sleeping-place that would accommodate us both. This was

done by spreading the clothes of the wooden bedstead upon the floor. While going through with this little operation, he held high above his head a ragged old bed-quilt, and asked me what I thought Queen Victoria would say, if she had such an article to rest her royal limbs upon? He then pointed to the particular spot which he wanted me to occupy, giving as a reason for the request, that there was a hole on the opposite side of his mansion, where toads, rats, and weasels were frequently in the habit of entering, and he was afraid they might annoy me, though he had never been disturbed by their nocturnal visits. This information appeared to me somewhat peculiar, but did not prevent me from undressing myself to lie down. When about half through this business, however, I was actually compelled to take a seat on account of a laughing fit brought upon me by one or two stories, which my host related for my special benefit. *What a strange man indeed!* thought I, and making another effort, I tumbled into bed. In the mean time, my companion had stripped himself of every thing but his shirt, and in spite of the frailty of his "spindle shanks," was throwing himself into the attitudes for which Kemble was distinguished, whose acting he had often witnessed in olden times. I was already quite exhausted with excess of laughter, and I verily believed that the queer antics of the anchorite and philosopher would be the death of me. But I felt that I must go to sleep, and, in self-defence, partly covered my head with the end of a quilt, and almost swore that I would not be disturbed again. I did not swear, however, and was consequently again disturbed. I had just fixed my head upon the pillow, as I thought for the last time, when I was startled by a tremendous yell proceeding from without the cabin. I rushed out of the house, as if the old Harry himself had been after me, and beheld my spare and venerable friend,—sitting upon a stump, gazing upon the rising moon, and listening to the distant howl of a wolf, with one of his feet dangling to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock. "Was n't that a musical yell, my boy?" were the first words spoken by the hermit mad-cap; and then he went on to point out all the finer features of the scene spread out before us. Silently flowed the stream, grand and sublime looked the mountains, clear and very blue the sky, spirit-like the moon and stars, and above the neighboring wa-



terfall ascended a column of spray, which was fast melting into a snowy cloud. After enjoying this picture for a reasonable time, my companion then proposed that we should enjoy a swim in the river, to which arrangement I assented, even as did the wedding guest of Coleridge to the command of the Ancient Mariner. Our bath ended, we returned to the cabin, and in the course of half an hour, the hermit and the stranger were side by side in the arms of sleep.

On opening my eyes in the morning, the pleasant sunshine was flooding the floors through the open door, and my friend, who had risen without disturbing me, was frying some trout which he had just taken in the stream. I arose, rolled

up the bed, and prepared myself for breakfast, which was particularly enjoyed by the giver and the receiver. I spent the forenoon rambling about the estate of my old friend, and enjoying the surrounding scenery; I then proposed to him that he should go down and be my guest at the tavern on the St. John for a day or two, which invitation was accepted. On my return, I took a sketch of the secluded vale where stands the cottage of my friend, also a profile of his own handsome face, and a view of his waterfall. The time of my departure having arrived, I left my friend with a heavy heart, I for my distant city-home, and he to return to his solitary cottage among the mountains.

## HISTORY AND INFLUENCE OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.\*

THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE is, in great part, the history of Progress in the Human Mind. It is the history of the development of the laws of nature, and of intellectual growth. What is developed, we know; what is not developed, we do not know. The mind has no laws to work with, and no material to work upon, but, on the one hand, a consciousness of its own thinking and reasoning powers, and on the other the visible and tangible elements of nature. This internal spirit, and this external world, constitute that glorious creation of God, whose uses, whose beauty, and whose wisdom, it is the business and delight of human intelligence to develop, to illustrate, and to magnify.

The METHODS of Science are full of excellent discipline. There are three modes, corresponding to the three ways of human improvement, by which Science enlarges its bounds. The first is to observe particular facts; the next, to generalize these facts into laws; and the

last, to combine those laws into systems. The first may be called Observation; the second, Science *par excellence*; or the use of Judgment; and the last, Theory, or the act of Philosophizing. These three exercises are all required in developing the Laws of Nature; and they include, in their most comprehensive sense, all the functions of the human understanding. The process, by which progress in Science is made from man to man and from age to age, strengthens the powers of the mind, and expands its vision; extending its dominion over all the elements of nature. The History of Science is, therefore, the real history of the progress of human intelligence.

Among Sciences material and intellectual, we find included every species of human knowledge, from that of minerals to that of the attributes of Deity. But among all these, not the least influential are those of quantity. The Mathematics have been defined to be the "Science of Ratios," but it is rather that Science

\* DAVIES' COURSE of Mathematics, in three parts:

I. The Arithmetical Course, embracing First Lessons in Arithmetic for beginners—School Arithmetic—University, or higher Arithmetic.

II. Academic Course, embracing Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Mensuration, and Drawing and Surveying.

III. Collegiate Course, embracing Davies' Bourdon, Davies' Legendre, Analytical Geometry, Descriptive Geometry, Shades, Shadows, and Perspective, and Differential and Integral Calculus.

† The word is here strictly used.—Ed.

which compares, and expresses by comparison, the relation between quantities, either real or only possible, positive or negative. The vastness of this Science can only be comprehended by considering the immeasurable elasticity of that mind which contemplates the variety of the material universe, and the yet more immeasurable extent of that imagination which, proceeding from the real to the possible, passes outside, as it were, of this world, and dwells on a region of its own creating. Johnson says of Shakespeare, that he

"Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toiled after him in vain."

What is there said of the Poet, is in another sense equally true of the Mathematician. He begins by expressing, in dry and abstract signs, the relations of units to one another, as in reckoning one's fingers. The very child can do this: and, as to that relation, the man can do no more. He aggregates these unities, and ascends one step higher by expressing the relation of aggregates to one another. One step more, and he classifies units and aggregates them into compounds, and expresses again these compound relations. Thus he continues to express, in his abstract language, the unities of all things in nature, till he has numbered the very particles of the earth, the globules of water, and the stars of Heaven. Again, he begins with the relation of extension. He takes a unit of measure, as simple as the length of a hand, or the first joint of an arm; he repeats it, by the relation of numbers, till he can express, in his symbolical language, the extent of a field, or the breadth of a continent, or the circumference of the globe, or the distances between systems of stars. Thus, too, he applies his Science of Rotations to surfaces, to the greatest solids, to the most complicated motions. Thus the true, the understanding student of Mathematics, writes down, in a few simple signs, the relations of the remoter universe, and the history of events in generations yet to come! Such are his dealings with realities. But Mathematics leads him yet farther. It conducts him beyond the real into the possible—into creations which *might*, but do not exist;

it supposes a possible existence: expresses the relations of its imaginary elements, and deduces consequences: reaches the reality of unknown quantities, and brings up to light the laws which must govern invisible existences; it grapples and brings up a substance out of mere probability. Nor is this all. It gives an utterance to non-entity itself, and an expression to formless infinity.

The range of Mathematics thus extends to all the conditions of intelligence, and is thus connected with all other Sciences. It requires the exercise of all\* the intellectual faculties, and the use of all their methods. These are the most sublime functions of that elastic and immortal mind, which is thus able to comprehend, within its glorious circle, the earth and its fellow-orbs, the stars, and distances of their journey in a mysterious future. It is this grandeur of range which gave Mathematics its name: from the Greek word *mathesis*, signifying *discipline of the mind*. It presents not merely a system of principles, but a connected series of developments of the laws of nature, from the observations of the first ages, to the accumulated learning of the last generation who shall live upon the earth. It is a rapidly enlarging series of disclosures till the world ends.

The History of Science is, as we have remarked, more completely the history of intellectual progress, than is the history of society in general. We may note, for example, some remarkable epochs, in which the mind made vast progress, and produced new forms of civilization, but in each of which, the influence of the single Science of Mathematics, either positively or negatively, is so great and so remarkable, that to take it away would be to disfigure the portrait of the age. The ultimate development, the final causes of these civilizations, depended, doubtless, on the character of their religious philosophy; but in their intellectual growth, and in the interpretation of all forms of art, science ruled supreme.

One of the epochs, to which we refer, is that of Memphite Egypt—the land of pyramids and hieroglyphics. To that land, when the sciences of learning could be traced no farther, it was the custom, alike of Greek and Roman, of Jew and

\* We are obliged to dissent from this opinion of our contributor.—Ep.

Gentile, to refer the origin of knowledge. In substance, this was true. But, the important question is, not where the stream begins, but how much there is of it? How much of solid science did the founder of our civilization bring from Egypt? The minute, accurate, and long-continued researches of modern savans, into the monuments and knowledge of the Egyptians, has made their history, and even their modes of life, quite familiar to us. The result, to a mind of close investigation, is, that they had many arts, and great manual skill, but knew very little exact science. Their monuments and paintings disclose this fact, showing a gross, or rather, a sensuous civilization. But their monuments show, positively, that they did not possess the higher Mathematics. There are, in all the constructions of Egypt, none which required the solution of complicated problems. There is no perspective in their paintings; there is no evidence, in the numerous drawings, descriptive of their manner of life, that they even possessed any of the higher astronomical instruments, or any of that fine machinery in the arts, which, in itself, denotes the exercise of high scientific powers. The simpler forms of Geometry and Arithmetic are all of Mathematical Science which can be distinctly traced to that country. How monstrous, and how grotesque,—how gross, and how merely tangible, are all the outward developments of a civilization, in which the higher Sciences are wanting!

Between the epoch of the sciences in Memphite Egypt, and their brilliant rise in Greece, they had no recorded development in Athens. But, in the periods of Hellenic cultivation, we find a new, more lively and various activity of mind; and with the arts, the abstract science reappeared in a new splendor. The names of Pythagoras, of Euclid, of Plato, and of Archimedes, remind us of vast intellectual activity in this direction. It was, for Mathematical genius, the most brilliant era in the middle period of history. It is remarkable, that the great Mathematical discoveries of that time—such as those of Archimedes and Apollonius, were discoveries in Geometry,

and that it was, in Geometry, applied to art; that Greece exhibited, in her outward forms, the greatest progress; her architecture has never been improved upon, her statuary is still unrivalled, and in various arts of life there was demonstrative evidence that Geometry had made a vast advance.\* There was an intimate connection between the Mathematical studies and discoveries of the times, and the outward arts and general improvement of society. Mathematical discipline is observed in the symmetry of proportion and in the acuteness of reasoning.

The next epoch, in which the same effects from the same causes are observed, is the age of the Reformation. This had been preceded by a new taste for science, as fresh, strong, and peculiar as that which attended the growth of Geometry in Greece. Algebra had been cultivated in the brilliant days of Arabic literature. The study of Algebra is abstract and analytical. It turns the mind more completely in upon itself. It did not address itself to any relations to be observed or determined by the eye, but to investigations remote from matter, in the highest recesses of transcendental\* thought. It was metaphysical, and therefore refining and spiritualizing. Its tendency was to excite and quicken the thinking powers. It would make the teachers and students of the age more curious, more active, and more investigating. This was the rise of a Mathematical taste, the last step in progress to the reformation.

The epochs succeeding, were marked by a series of the most brilliant Mathematicians who have ever lived. Tycho Brahe, Napier, Briggs, Galileo, Kepler, J. Bernouilli, Huygens, Leibnitz, Hadley, McLaurin, and Newton, surrounded by others scarcely less brilliant, formed a constellation of brilliant intellects, which belong exclusively to the reformation. What was the character of this new and extraordinary illumination in science? The great and brilliant feature of it was, unquestionably, analysis; Descarte, Bernouilli, McLaurin, and others, continued the Algebraic inquiries, Napier invented Logarithms, and the geniuses of Newton and Leibnitz were crowned with

\* This must be taken with allowance.—ED.

† The word is here accurately used. All science and philosophy ends in certain transcendental ideas, which, though expressible by symbols, are not expressible by description. The idea, for example, of an infinite series.—ED.

the invention of the Calculus. Even the Geometry of the day ran into analysis; and in the investigations of Mathematics, and the logic of Theology, there was manifested an acuteness of reasoning, and an activity of intellect, which was peculiar and extraordinary. There was a strict analogy between the Mathematical development and the philosophical spirit of the age. They were associated together, and the history of Progress in Mathematics would be parallel with the history of the intellectual growth of society in those, as in other ages.

The fourth and last epoch, to which we refer, is our own. Since the date of the American Revolution, a new and extraordinary movement has been given to all civilized societies. Change, motion, loco-motion, intense commercial activity, a greater nearness of nations, an approximation to a greater harmony of interests, spring from the fountains of inventive power and social interests. Estimating, at its full value, the excitement given to the mind of nations, by an enlarged liberty, it is impossible to tell the facts of current history, and note the influence of each, one by one, and not admit that science\* is the intellectual machinery, though not the moving force, by which society is propelled, in its new and rapid action. The peculiar development of our era is in social arts. Those in which Art is offered, not merely to machinery, or to monuments of strength, or beauty, but to the comfort and prosperity of society, are in the means of inter-communication, by person, by traffic, and by thought. They are those which bring men and nations more closely together. The arts of cheap printing, of cheap manufacture, of rapid loco-motion, and telegraphic transmissions, with other kindred and minor inventions, are those which furnish the material and the motive for the movement of the masses, and for the commerce of minds. What are they all but *applications of Science*? Neither Watt, nor Fulton, nor Arkwright, nor Moore could have completed the inventions which signalized their names, unless science had reached the point it

had just then attained. Nor would it be hard to prove that when science had attained that point, such inventions must inevitably follow. These results are necessarily connected with the laws of nature previously developed,—as we see the magnetic telegraph follows immediately upon the discovery of certain principles of magnetism and electricity. In this progress, Mathematics† was the leader and the founder. Mechanical Philosophy made little or no progress till the great arms of Mathematical strength, Algebra and Geometry, had attained nearly a full growth. Chemistry, and its attendant sciences, we know, scarcely had an existence till within a century—till, in other words, Mathematical Analysis, which led the mind into more recondite and refined researches into the invisible elements of nature, had attained a nearly complete development. When the last inventions of Analysis, its applications to Geometry, had been completed by the followers of Newton and Leibnitz, there was, apparently, no new movement to be made in that direction. The student of Mathematics then applied his instruments to many curious and practical problems. He followed the analysis of Geometry into a new field of elaborations and combinations. He introduced his series of problems and combinations into a vast number of business arrangements, to all of civil engineering, to steam machinery, to architecture. The Mathematicians of France and England extended the bounds of their science in the direction of these applications. We may infer that this direction of mind was a chief cause of the sudden and most extraordinary advance in the Social Arts, in this period of the world.

In this history, then, of the Sciences, and especially of Mathematics, might be traced by an accurate and philosophical hand, a parallel history of those social improvements which characterize an age or a nation, as advancing. These are the evidences,—that man has extended his dominion over nature,—enlarged the boundaries of his knowledge,—provided new means of comfort and support,—and furnished new proofs that his nature is

\* It seems necessary here to remind the reader, that a very perfect instruction in the mathematics will not prevent men from becoming atheists or lovers of despotism. Other things must be added, or the mathematics are as nothing, or worse than nothing.—Ed.

† It will be necessary again to differ from our contributor. The sciences of chemistry and electricity have received very little aid from the modern Mathematicians. A few simple arithmetical formulas are all that they employ.—Ed.

‡ From this we are again compelled to dissent.—Ed.



immortal, and his spirit endowed from Heaven.

If such be the influences of science, the extent and methods of teaching it, are not matters of indifference. The intellectual growth and power of the nation depends on the strength and nutriment derived from the solid sciences. That strength and nutriment must come through teachers and teaching,—but the stream cannot rise higher than the fountain, nor a nation rise higher than the books and teachers, from which it receives instruction. We must look, therefore, to the elementary books and teaching of a nation to know what that nation will become.

With this view we have taken, as a test, the course of Mathematics prepared by Professor Charles Davies for the Colleges and Schools of the United States.

The publishers inform the reader in their Prospectus, that they were originally prepared for the United States' Military Academy, at West Point, and that they have since been adopted in many of the colleges of the Union. They may be regarded, therefore, as the highest order of elementary books on the Mathematics in this country; and the standard, by which we may compare our progress in the past and our prospects for the future, in this department of human knowledge.

To do this effectually, we must note the particulars which constitute progress in the art of teaching, and the degree in which each of these particulars is found to exist in our highest institutions.

1. This progress may consist in actual increase in the quantity of knowledge taught, and recorded for the use of teaching. In this case it is an actual progress in knowledge.

Or, 2. It may consist in new aids to teaching, either instruments or methods.

As, for example, in new Text-Books, more methodically and logically composed, with more instructive examples; and with more easy and natural steps.

The history of instruction by books, whether in ancient and modern times, has exhibited almost as many vicissitudes, as the form and institution of governments. It has sometimes progressed in one of these modes; sometimes in another, and sometimes receded from what we deem just and enlightened methods of indoctrination. Yet, there has been, on the whole, not only an increase of knowl-

edge, but an increase of the facilities by which it is acquired. After the invention of the higher forms of a science, it is taken up by a class of intellects who skilfully reduce the folios and quartos of the original discoverers into elementary treatises and systematized text-books,\*—which, if not for the million,—are for the ten thousand who seek a good and intelligent education. This has been well exemplified in the late progress of mathematical teaching both in Europe and America.

The positive additions both to the knowledge and the mode of teaching mathematics have been considerable. Take, for example, the Analysis of Geometrical Problems. For a long time after the method of Fluxions, or the Calculus, was perfected by the great mathematicians, no applications of analysis to Geometry appeared, except in a few learned essays. The application of Algebra to Geometry first appeared in a brief and simple form. Then followed the application of Algebra to Trigonometry, and then the Analytical Conic Sections. Short treatises on this subject were given in the simplest forms without an attempt systematically to teach analysis, either in England or America, till so recently as thirty years since. Till within that period, no text-book could be found in the English language on Analytical Geometry; nor was any attempt made to teach it in the colleges of Great Britain or the United States.

Another addition to what may be called the practical literature of mathematics was made in the invention and introduction of Descriptive Geometry. Now a new mode of representing geometrical figures, by showing them as parts of a solid body, has given rise to new and valuable aids in the solution of problems. It gives views of the relations of an object, which could not be had by the old method. It shows a method by which we may represent the geometrical properties of solid bodies. And, finally, it gives a *realizing sense* to the student, of certain figures and relations, for which he was formerly obliged to trust his imagination. The invention of this method was by Monge, a French Mathematician, born in 1746, and died in 1818. He was one of the eminent men of the Napoleon era, and died partly of grief on the return of

\* Which if any man thinks an easy or inferior operation, let him not attempt it.—Ed.

the Bourbons—by whom he was excluded, not only from employment, but from the Institute itself, which he had adorned with his genius.

Almost an inevitable consequence of the *descriptive representations* of Geometry—the consideration of the mathematical solutions of shades, shadows, and perspective, rise to the importance of a separate department in a complete course of mathematics. Perhaps nothing could illustrate better the practical improvement which has been made within a few years in the extent and methods of scientific teaching—than to compare the elementary work of Professor Davies on this very interesting topic, with the numerous notes published in the 18th century, intended to teach the principles of Perspective. The student has now in all this subject a flowery path, which leads him directly to the beautiful and attractive figures of Painting, of Sculpture, and of Architecture,—neither of which could any more do without Mathematics, than a world of organized beings could subsist without the attraction of its particles.\*

These instances may serve as illustrations or additions to our systematized elementary knowledge.

In addition to these aids, new methods of instruction have been invented. In mathematical teaching, we may observe several of these simple steps taken within a few years. It is not a very long time since, in teaching mathematics in the colleges of the United States, the student recited his proposition from the *diagrams and letters of his text-book*. It was a great improvement to make the pupil draw his own figures, substitute new characters, and depend on his own resources. This is done in most, if not all, of our higher institutions of learning. Another improvement, made within thirty-five years, is the introduction of the *Black Board*, as a means of illustration. It is now almost universal in the schools, and of a utility as general as its use. Another improvement is in the introduction of the *analytical principle* (as it may be called)—in the methods of teaching which now prevails almost universally. It teaches the student to separate the parts of a complicated subject, or thought, into

its elementary parts or units, and to examine his solutions. It is thus, that not merely knowledge, but the method of conveying and distributing knowledge from mind to mind, have advanced in the order of progress very rapidly in the present period of the world.

Another mode of progress, in teaching, may be observed in new text-books,—more logically arranged, and in more easy and natural steps. We do not mean to say that books have been invented which save the labor of thinking; such being impossible to compose, or even to imagine; but that those now in use conduct the mind by *natural steps*, in a straight road—instead of requiring the student continually to surmount his own ignorance. A traveller does not make his journey with less certainty or speed, because the road is smooth and solid before him. The thinking faculty of a pupil must be brought out by the teacher, who, if he be a good one, will lead him beyond his book.

But, though both the text-book, and the teacher should lead the mind to *think*—it will be conceded, that there is no absolute necessity that the book should be one of riddles, or that it should not point out clearly, where the student might with safety, begin his own speculations.

Previous to the year 1820, the only text-books in Mathematics, which could be found, were old English books, written for those already acquainted with the subject, or new books, in every way unsuited to the purpose; either because they were too simple, or unmethodical.

In the year 1836, the course of Mathematics, prepared by a Professor in the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, England, was the best book. There were treatises on profound subjects, written by the learned, too deep for the pupil. Hutton's course was the best. A slight reference to the contents of the two octavo volumes, in which it was contained, will explain all that we have said on the progress of teaching, as to the Mathematics. These volumes contained no descriptive or analytical geometry, or any treatises of shadows and perspectives. These topics were to be found treated in many French works; but we in America saw

\* The eye of the artist is doubtless very much *aided* by a geometrical education, but the perspectives of geometry are *not*, as yet, the perspectives of nature. We have not seen Professor Davies' book, but all other treatises which we have seen, represent perspective lines as *straight*, while in nature they are *curved*; or, as we say, *sagging*, having the property of logarithmic curves. Let the geometers look to it.—ED.

and thought only through the English mind, and that was too proud to acknowledge itself under any obligation to France. English and American books in schools, were without the better systems of science, and the better methods of learning, which had been introduced into the schools of France, full twenty years before! This was the *pupillage* of England, to which we voluntarily subjected ourselves, although we had declared our political independence forty years before.

It remained for a Professor at West Point, whose high duty it was, in fulfilment of the purpose for which the Academy was instituted, to take the lead in elevating scientific instruction, and introducing a new era in that important department of American Education. A slight reference to the unwritten history of this subject, may not be uninteresting. In the year 1817, Colonel Sylvester Thayer, of the corps of Engineers, was appointed Superintendent of the United States Military Academy. A new organization of its officers commenced, with a view to give it higher discipline, and higher scientific instructions. About the same time, Claude Crozet, who had been educated at the French Polytechnique, and served with Napoleon in Russia, was appointed Professor of Engineering, at West Point. The writer of this article belonged to the first class taught by him. He found the class totally unacquainted with those modern improvements in practical Mathematics which were deemed by the French officer essential to the science of Engineering. He endeavored to supply this deficiency, by teaching these branches himself. The writer was one of those whom he instructed in Descriptive Geometry, *without a text-book*, by oral instruction on the black-board. The mode in which this was done, is worthy of note. The Professor drew the figure on the black-board, and demonstrated it. The figures were then left on the board; the class proceeded to draw the figure on paper, and study it; they then demonstrated it to the Professor, and thus it was utterly impossible for any one of the class to fail of knowing the proposition, or not

have his failure discovered. This was a hard method of teaching for the Professor, but for the pupil, no better has ever been invented. In the year 1818, the Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Astronomy, of the Academy, introduced as a text-book, Gregory's *Mechanical Philosophy*, an English work of high merit, but very severe in its demand on the student. The purpose was gained, however, by placing the study of Mechanical Philosophy much higher than it had previously stood, in any institution. The consequences of these improvements by the Professor of Engineering and Philosophy, were that Hutton's course of Mathematics was found inadequate to furnish that preparation which was required by the student to attain the knowledge of the higher branches in the advancing classes. It became necessary, then, to find and introduce some complete text book in Mathematics. This was gradually done. The first French book introduced, was we believe, Lacroix's *Algebra*; after a time, Legendre's *Geometry*, and subsequently Biot's *Analytical Geometry*. It was several years before any text-book in English, or Descriptive Geometry appeared. The first was, we think, by Professor Crozet. We need not recite more of these details, which are curious, as a part of the scientific history of this country, but are unnecessary to the present article. We have said enough to show, that there was both room and demand in the learned Institutions of the United States, for a much higher and more complete course of Mathematics, than any one which, so far as we know, then existed.\*

Professor Davies, whose books we have made our text, was a Professor, or an assistant Professor, in the Mathematical and Philosophical Departments of the Military Academy from 1816, to 1837—as we have found by reference to the catalogue. In his time, the present methods of instruction there were completed, and the present text-book adopted. It seems, from the contemporary history of the Academy, that his works were written in that time, and make, with one or two exceptions, the best books at West Point, to the present time. They

\* In gratitude to the venerable Ex-President of Yale College, we gladly mention here his admirable Treatise on Algebra, a book which we remember to have studied with the greatest profit and pleasure. We believe it to be one of the best elementary works ever composed. The language is worthy of Newton.—Ed.

do not profess to be original, in all respects; but to be selections from the vast body of Mathematics, adopted by the aid of experience and criticism to the wants of the student in science. The Algebra is an improved and condensed form of the French one of Bourdon; the Geometry from Legendre. The Descriptive Geometry, as prepared by Professor Davies, is the first, and the only complete work, on the subject, written in this country. It is not, however, our purpose to criticise books, upon which criticism, to be valuable, must be very minute, and which, at least, would be only understood by the scientific reader. We have penned in this article, enough of the outline of Mathematical progress, and especially of its progress in this country, to prove how great that progress is, and how much this country

owes to the able and profound researches, teachings, and works of the Professor at West Point.\* One idea only, we would add. The progress of the world is now in the direct line of God's Revelations. What are these Revelations? His laws of Physical Truth and his laws recorded in the Holy Scriptures. Both surely are "Revelations" for man's instruction, and in both, he will find wisdom, strength, and consolation. But what does this teach? It teaches, that we should no longer rely upon the Oracle at Delphos. In one word, we are made free, and we have escaped the bondage of mere Antiquarian Learning. It is necessary henceforth *to rely upon ourselves*—with no rule but to search nature, for that is the handiwork of God; and to search the Scriptures, for out of them are the issues of life.

#### HORACE—BOOK II.—ODE 2.

"Equam memento rebus in arduis  
Servare mentem."

In arduous times an equal mind to bear,  
But most when Fortune, with a brow serene,  
Smiles on thy path, O, Delius, be thy care  
That no unmanly joys thy bosom stain.

For we are mortal, Delius, and to die,  
The common lot of all, is surely thine;  
Then let us here the sad remembrance fly,  
And drown the thought in sweet Falernian wine!

Here the majestic pine and poplar pale,  
Wreath with their friendly boughs a cooling shade—  
Here lingers on its idle wings the gale,  
And trembling rivulets dance adown the glade.

And here let wines and sweet perfumes be spread,  
Roses and fairest flowers that soonest close,  
While Destiny reserves our lengthening thread,  
And Time permits on earth a short repose.

Soon wilt thou leave thy rich paternal halls,  
Now gay with mirth and love's voluptuous lay,  
Thy gardens, where the yellow Tiber falls,  
With murmuring flow, and gently glides away.

\* We are sorry at this short notice, that we cannot present our readers with an account of the labors of other distinguished gentlemen in this department of science. A great deal has been done at Cambridge and at Yale. The eminent services of President Day and Professor Farrar may be mentioned, besides others less conspicuous; to which we allude without wishing to disparage those of Professor Davies.—ED.



Why build the pile, and heap the golden store?  
 Call villas thine, reared for the heir alone?  
 Fell Orcus gapes alike for rich or poor—  
 Equal they slumber 'neath the mouldering stone!

Onward we haste, from Fate's subverted urn,  
 Each destined lot or soon or late will come;  
 The Stygian bark awaits, and we are borne,  
 Eternal exiles, to the silent tomb!

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN RUTLEDGE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

### PART SECOND.

THE fall of the city of Charleston, though, at the time, an almost fatal blow to the strength and resolution of South Carolina—exhausting her *materiel*, and greatly lessening her *personnel* for war—did not diminish the hopes nor paralyze the exertions of Governor Rutledge. The first effect of the disaster was to discourage and disappoint the militia of the interior. Failing, as we have seen, in consequence of the sickness in the capital, to collect them in sufficient numbers for its relief, he was perforce compelled to attempt a stand against the enemy on the north side of the Santee. But circumstances still fought against his purpose of performance. The rapid transit of the British light troops through the interior—the murderous and wretched tragedy in which the wanton and savage partisan, Tarleton, butchered the contingent of Col. Beaufort—the surprise of the American Cavalry under Cols. White and Washington—and other similar disasters occurring about the same time, completed the panic among the militia, which the surrender of the metropolis had begun, and most effectually defeated the exertions, however earnestly and honestly urged, by which the Governor endeavored to give them consistency and form. The progress of the British, eagerly urged, and in a force too powerful for any serious opposition, found the province prostrate. The spirit of the country appeared subdued, the energies of the people lay dormant, and patriotism, crouching in the thicket and the swamp, held its breath for a time, imploring, but waiting, a more auspicious season.

There was but one course of action in

this gloomy interval. That was, to raise troops in the States of North Carolina and Virginia. To this work, Governor Rutledge addressed all his great abilities. He proceeded to the former state as soon as he became hopeless of present action in his own; but he did not take his departure before he had shown himself a sagacious judge of endowment and resource in others. His first act before leaving South Carolina, was to promote to high military rank, and to the special guardianship of particular localities, three of the most remarkable of the military characters by which the revolutionary warfare in the South was illustrated. The admirable discernment which singled out Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, among the first, and conferred upon them the highest discretion, was of itself a most admirable service to the cause of the state and nation. It alone, would suffice to indicate the judgment of Rutledge, his singular discernment of character, and his just appreciation of the constituents of first-rate military endowment. It is equally in proof of his unselfish desire and honorable anxiety to employ the capacity wherever it might be found. The career of Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, forms a valuable and vital portion of American history. They contributed greatly to the establishment of our military character, in proof of the national genius for war, and of its ability to render secure the vast interests for which it was then making the first great struggle. But never did men commence their labors at a more discouraging period. As, perhaps, no man but John Rutledge would have so readily perceived their

merits, and so frankly confided to their discretion, so, perhaps, none but he could have encouraged them to persevere in the hour of the state's extremity. The disasters already mentioned, succeeding the surrounding of Charleston, the destruction or dispersion of the state cavalry, the defeat of Buford, &c., were soon followed by another and a more fatal disaster, that seemed to put a final extinguisher upon every hope that patriotism had entertained. This was the mortal defeat of General Gates, at Camden, on the 16th August, 1780: decidedly the most unmitigated disaster of the whole war, and due almost wholly to the rashness and morbid self-esteem of the commander. On the 3d October, six weeks after this event, a letter from Governor Rutledge, shows him to be at Hillsborough, N. C., whither General Gates had fled, and where he was busy in collecting the debris of his scattered forces. Here, mournfully contemplating the wreck of a gallant army, which, properly conducted might have rescued the country from the grasp of her enemies, but which was wretchedly sacrificed by the hot haste of arrogance, Rutledge patiently waited the arrival of a very different captain. General Greene had now been designated by Washington for the command of the Southern army, and the recommendation had received the sanction of Congress. Greene was a cool, resolute, energetic, but cautious chieftain, whose resolves were not the less certain because they were tempered by discretion. He reached the encampment and took command early in December. His arrival was distinguished by several unlooked for and highly encouraging symptoms. Sumter had beaten Tarleton at Woodstock, Morgan had given him another severe drubbing at the Cowpens, and the battle of King's mountain had been gloriously achieved by the native guerilla forces of the neighborhood, at the cost of a select body of Bright's troops, under the lead of a most able officer. The spirit of the land had shown itself fast recovering from its recent prostration, not only in these performances, but in the frequent beautiful little partizan successes of Marion, and other captains of militia. But the resources of the country were not of a sort to improve these prospects. They were wholly inadequate to the most absolute necessities of the war. Greene writes, immediately after the battle at the Cowpens, in the following lan-

guage; "the situation of these states is wretched, and the distress of the inhabitants beyond all description. Nor is the condition of the army more agreeable. We have but few troops that are fit for duty, and all those are employed upon different detachments, the success of which depends upon time and chance. We are obliged to subsist ourselves by our own industry, *aided by the influence of Governor Rutledge, who is one of the first characters I ever met with.* Our prospects are gloomy, notwithstanding these flashes of success," &c.

This slight paragraph will suffice to show what were the difficulties in the way of patriotic, civil, or military performance in the South, at this melancholy period, and will equally indicate the wonderful merit which could yet succeed in spite of them. The honorable tribute thus passingly paid to Rutledge, was honorably deserved! Never was public man more constantly, or courageously or ingeniously busy, in all this time, to meet the emergency, to clothe and encourage the militia, to stimulate the officers to exertion, and to bring out all the resources of the state. He was particularly and eagerly on the look out, always, to secure and employ persons of talent and courage, and showed himself, as we have seen, singularly discerning in the choice of favorites, assigning to each the performance of just such duties as lay most properly within the sphere of his ability. One of the letters which he wrote about this period, relates to a person who afterwards proved himself one of the boldest and most hardy partisan captains of the time; who, in fact, occupying but a moderate rank, acquired a high local celebrity, and has become, in some degree, an historical personage. It is in a letter to Marion, which now lies before us, that Mr. Kittredge recommends that Capt. Snipes be honored with an independent command, his men to be raised south and west of the Santee.

Governor Rutledge seems to have most-ly accompanied the army, from the moment he joined the broken cohorts of Gates, to the arrival of Greene at the camp, and his subsequent and admirable manœuvring against Cornwallis, in North Carolina. It was now deemed necessary that he should employ his energies in other quarters, with the view to his procuring for the army those supplies, without which it was scarcely possible to keep the troops together. A letter which

we give, addressed to Marion, is dated from "The camp at Haw River, March 8, 1787."

"DEAR SIR: The present situation of affairs rendering it impracticable for me to return immediately into South Carolina—not seeing any prospect of being able to go thither very soon, and it being impossible, if we could penetrate the country, to re-establish the civil government, for some time—and my remaining here being of no service to the state,—I have determined to set off, in a few days, for Philadelphia, with a view of procuring, if possible, some supplies of clothing for our militia, whose distress for want of it gives me great concern, and of obtaining such effectual aid as may soon restore both the town and country to our possession. My utmost endeavors for these purposes shall be exerted; and I flatter myself that I may succeed by personal applications. I am persuaded of the continuance of your utmost attention, and hope you will cultivate a good understanding with Gens. Sumter and Pickens, and do every thing in your power to forward the former's views. I shall be glad to hear from you when any thing material offers, under cover, to Gen. Greene; and shall write to you, under cover, to him, when I have any thing material to communicate. I have not yet received the blank militia commissions, which I expected. If I do not get them before I arrive at Richmond, I will have some printed there, and transmitted to you. In the meantime, you will give brevets; and, in order that you may carry sufficient authority over the several officers in your brigade, you may remove any of them, and appoint others in their stead, from time to time, as you think proper. I have sent some linen to be distributed amongst the militia of your, Gens. Sumter's and Pickens' brigades, as a free gift, from the states, according to their number and services. I wish it was more worth their acceptance. Without doubt, you must want many articles of clothing, &c., for your own use. I therefore request that you will send me a list, per express, to Gen. Greene, and you may depend on my obtaining them at Philadelphia; but don't delay this matter, as I perhaps, may stay but a little time there. I hope it will not be necessary for me to remain long. I am, with great regard, dear sir, Your most obedient servant,

J. RUTLEDGE."

This letter justifies and shows the reason for the journey to Philadelphia, which has somewhere been censured. There is no doubt that the matter was urged by General Greene himself, and the commission undertaken by Rutledge, from whose personal influence with Con-

gress, much was hoped in the way of obtaining supplies which were quite too frequently promised, to be often provided. It may be proper to mention that he had experienced this influence, satisfactorily, but a little while before, in urging successfully the claims of Col. Morgan, to be made a Brigadier. The effect of Rutledge's journey was soon apparent. A large supply of clothing was expedited from Philadelphia; but its progress was disastrous. Twelve wagon loads were captured by a British detachment, and a large portion of the militia in Greene's army remained for some time longer, *almost as naked as the hour they were born. Green moss, wrapped about their loins and shoulders, protected them from the galling effect of knapsacks, bayonets and belts.* Yet, with these soldiers, the American General penetrated into South Carolina, through the province. Everywhere was still in possession of their enemy. Assailed by this naked soldiery, and by the partisan militia who were quite as destitute, the British forts, one after another, were yielded to their enterprise and courage. Such were the successes of the separate commands of Marion, Sumter and Lee, while the main army under Greene kept the superior strength of the enemy in check. To the policy of Greene, Rutledge accorded his counsels, and the sagacity which dictated the progress of the former, was in some measure due to the wisdom of the latter.

Meanwhile, the drawn battle of Hobkirk's Hill had taken place, and this and preceding conflicts, though seldom decisive of the final victory, were yet significant of a continual rise in the moral and numerical strength of the patriots. The siege of the British post at '96 followed, and resulted in failure. The place, after a very spirited attempt by assault, was relieved by Lord Rawdon with superior forces. The war gradually descended to the lower country of Carolina, leaving the country, however, in commotion everywhere. Traversed by opposing armies, the people, more or less in arms in every quarter, on one side or the other, gave each other but little respite from a strife which had now become too familiar, to offend by its bloody and merciless exhibitions. To bring order into this chaos, to restore harmony, and bring peace to follow in the footsteps of war, was the arduous task to which the energies of Rutledge were now chiefly direct-

ed. We find him in Carolina early in August. Here the first resumption of his civil authority was by a proclamation issued on the 5th of that month. This document was meant to arrest the career of mere plundering and marauding parties, by invoking against them the whole vengeance of the community. But the spirit of rage and retaliation were abroad, and not easy to be pacified. Carnage desolated the face of the land, and, in the day of his declining power, the enemy contributed still farther to darken the horrors of the scene and times, by wanton and peevish persecutions of his victims. The citizen prisoners, taken at the capitulation of Charleston, and who, till this time, had been left in partial possession of their property, were now, after their exchange as prisoners, ordered to withdraw with their families from Carolina. This measure necessarily left their possessions to the considerate keeping of those whose interests lay in despoiling them. The wrong called for a remedy. Governor Rutledge was prompt in the application of a stern one. He instantly employed a measure of retaliation, the severity of which was due wholly to the wanton aggression of the British authorities. He ordered all the families of Loyalists to repair to Charleston, which was in possession of the enemy. They were thus crowded upon the British, leaving their plantations in the interior, in a condition precisely parallel to that which the proclamations of the invaders had forced upon the patriots. Retaliatory measures are matters always of very doubtful propriety. It is only in particular cases, and for the correction of some enormous evil, that they can be resorted to,—and it is then proper to know that they will be reasonably productive of the results aimed at. It is difficult, at this late day, to say, in how far the proceedings of Governor Rutledge availed for his objects. It is enough, however, for his justification, to know, that the provocation was one of great bitterness and of pernicious and ruinous consequences; and that something was necessary

to be done to satisfy the enemy that they could not trample with impunity upon the people whom they had so unsuccessfully striven to bring to their knees. The following letter of Rutledge will relate this proceeding. It is addressed to Marion, and dated at Camden, Sept. 3, 1781.

"SIR: On full consideration of the matter, I think that justice to our friends, whose wives and families the enemy have sent out of the state, and policy, require that we should send into the enemy's lines the wives and families of all such men as are now with and adhere to the British. I lament the distresses which many innocent women and children may probably suffer by this measure, but they must follow the fate of their husbands and parents. Blame can only be imputed to the latter, and to the British commanders, whose conduct, on the principle of retaliation, justifies this step,—which, all circumstances considered, is an indispensable one. You will, therefore, give the necessary orders for enforcing this measure, within the district of your brigade, without delay or exception. I am much dissatisfied with the present allotment of the several brigades in this state, and think that a fourth might be formed to the southward, and that the other three might be better divided. I wish you would consider this matter well, and give me your sentiments, as soon as convenient, on the best manner of establishing four brigades. I also request that you will furnish me, as soon as you can have it made out, with an accurate alphabetical list of all persons, having property within your brigade, who come under the following heads or descriptions—distinguishing under which head they respectively fall. 1st. Such as have held, or hold, British commissions; remarking what the commission is. 2d. Such as have gone over, and adhere, to the British government, or whose conduct has manifested them to be notorious and dangerous enemies to their country. 3d. British subjects residing abroad."

Three days after, another letter occurs on the same subject, which concludes with certain queries, the satisfaction of which would greatly help the progress of the modern historian.\*

The measures of British wrath which

\* A sample of these inquiries, which were desirable to the Executive upon which to justify and ground his proceedings, may be given:—"1. When did you begin, and what methods did you take, to form a party? 2. What public measures increased and what decreased your force? 3. How did you get ammunition? How support your troops? 4. What are the particulars of your late action; the prisoners; and your leaving the state after the battle of —? Your return to it? House burnings and murders, how many on both sides? What particular expedition have you undertaken when alone—your force when co-operating, your number at different times," &c.



provoked the retaliatory proceedings of Rutledge, and, as we claim, justified them, were followed up by one instance of atrocious judgment which furnishes an appropriate catastrophe to their career of wantonness and crime. This was the execution of Col. Isaac Hayne, an event well known in our annals, and forming, with the case of Capt. Hale, of Connecticut, the off-set to that of Major André. On the 7th August, Governor Rutledge writes to General Marion, from the High Hills of Santee. He has still, since his return from Philadelphia, kept pace with the movements of the army. The Congaree lay between the British forces and those of Greene, soon to be crossed by the latter, seeking the opportunity for battle. The enemy having destroyed Georgetown by fire when abandoning it, Rutledge writes thus :

"DEAR SIR: I am very sorry for the affair of Georgetown; and am inclined to think that if the enemy leave Charleston, they will serve that place in the same manner. The orders you have given respecting the inhabitants who have suffered by the destruction of Georgetown are very proper. It is our duty to alleviate their distresses as much as possible. I will speak to General Sumter about adding the Lower Regiment to your brigade, and write you shortly on the point. . . . If your information about the embarkation at Charleston be well founded, I think it probable that the enemy will soon leave this part of the country, and go to town. However, I hope we shall not suffer them to do so. I entirely forgot, when I saw you last, to mention what I intended before we met, that, if a little hard money, 30 or 35 guineas, would be useful for getting intelligence, or other service, I have this sum ready for you," &c.

Hard money was, indeed, a *desideratum*. We smile, in our times, at the idea of a governor of a state supplying a favorite general with 30 or 35 guineas, as a special boon; but we must remember that these 35 guineas were worth as many thousands just then, in the famous continental currency. Rutledge brought with him from Philadelphia the scheme of those financial operations, by which Mr. Morris hoped to raise cash and capital together, in order to meet the wants of the nation. But the hopes built upon these speculations were soon dissipated. The people of North and South Carolina had suffered much too painful experience in previous issues of paper promises, and

not a shilling of money was raised by the expedient. Greene writes to Morris :

"I am sorry to inform you that the governor met with none who were willing to interest themselves in the bank. His route was through a tract of country where the inhabitants were little acquainted with commerce, and therefore not likely to become adventurous in a measure of that sort."

But the governor, satisfied of the inadequacy of the scheme for raising money, but fully conscious that money must be raised, if it was designed and desirable that the Southern States should be rescued from the invader, proceeded to the adoption of measures much more decided, and which the dictatorial powers which had been confided to him by the assembly, were made to sanction. He determined to impress for state service a quantity of indigo, the produce of the middle country, of which a large amount had been stored away in different places, awaiting the opportunity for secret sale and transit. This was an instantaneous means of raising money—it was so much hard cash—and the indigo was immediately placed to the credit of the army. A timid man would have never ventured upon a measure so likely to result in hideous outcry, and to bring odium upon the authority by which it was attempted. But Rutledge was not the man to shrink from any responsibility in prosecuting the work of the country. He writes to Marion from Camden: "I have appointed Captain Richardson to procure indigo and specie for public use, and request that you will give him every assistance in your power, to aid him in this business. If he should want an escort or any military aid, you will be pleased to furnish him," &c. Another letter to Marion is dated at the High Hills of Santee, August 13, 1781. It relates to matters of considerable local interest, including the affairs of Col. Hayne :

DEAR SIR: We really want a press so much, that I request you will lose no time in getting the paper and all other requisites for Walter, and sending him up here with them and his press, that he may go to work as soon as possible. It would be best to get the oil and lampblack where you procure the paper; but if they cannot be got there, I am told the latter may be made here; and so may neat-foot oil, which I suppose will answer the purpose. I have heard of Mr. Lewis Dutarque passing this way. He is one of the addressors to Clinton on the reduction of Charleston.

I think we should be very cautious how we admit such people to join us. I dare say there are many of them who would gladly do so; not for our sake, but their own. However, I wish to know from you upon what footing this man stands, in consequence of any thing that may have passed between you. You will consider the militia between Charleston and your brigade as annexed to it; but I would not have any appointment which General Sumter may have made, of officers, revoked while they behave properly. The Governor of North Carolina writes—but with what truth I know not—that 2500 (men) had embarked in Virginia for New-York (where, Yorktown ?); which was closely besieged. A man arrived at Camden last Friday, who landed at Jamestown in Virginia, with several other prisoners of war, who had gone thither from Charleston; so that we may soon expect to see several of our friends from thence. I request that you will send immediately to Colonel Harden, and get a full and authentic account of the execution of Colonel Hayne, with every material circumstance relative to that unhappy affair. I am told that his son is possessed of copies of letters which passed between the Colonel and Balfour. Pray have them all transmitted to me as quickly as possible, with that account, and copies of Colonel Hayne's speech to his regiment—which, I understand, was the matter laid to his charge; and of the petition to the commandant of Charleston, for his pardon, with the names of the petitioners. I think of appointing, immediately, an Ordinary in each district, by whom wills may be proved, letters testified, and administration granted, and other business, within the Ordinary's jurisdiction, transacted. The constitution directs that this shall be done; and I think it a measure absolutely necessary for a number of reasons. I wish you would recommend proper persons, who will undertake the office of Ordinary for Georgetown, Cheraw, and Charleston districts."

These extracts show that nothing escapes him in the way of business. His vigilance sees all necessities—his courage and intelligence prepares him instantly to apply the requisite agency. Here follows another proof of his decision. The "addressors to Clinton" were those residents of Charleston who, after its capitulation, addressed certain adulatory congratulations upon his successes, assuring him, at the same time, of their loyalty.

DEAR SIR: I understand there is at Georgetown a Mr. William Wayne, who, I find, was one of the "addressors" to Clin-

ton after the surrender of Charleston, and that he has brought a quantity of goods from thence with which he is trading at Georgetown. I really am amazed at the impudence of these people, to dare, after such an atrocious act, to come out and reside amongst us, without making their applications to proper authority, and without knowing whether they would be received or not; as if they had really been guilty of no offence whatever; though, in my opinion, they have acted in the most criminal manner. For my part, I do not desire to have any of them with us, and will not receive any of them; for I should not believe them to be sincere, even if they pretended to conversion. They only come out to serve their own or the enemy's purpose, and even if they are sincere, I would not have them. We can do very well without them. Every one of us should lose all his property for such infamous conduct. I therefore desire that you will have this Wayne taken and sent up to me under a proper guard; that you will make the necessary inquiries, and having discovered what property he has with him, or which may be come at, take the whole of it; let it consist of whatever it may—money, goods, negroes, boats, or any other article whatever; and send to me all such as may be conveyed hither, and dispose of all the rest for the public account. Be pleased to inform per safe hand quickly what is the result of your conduct in consequence of this order."

Another letter of the same date relates to another addressor. We pass from these to more important matters. Two days after date of this letter, was fought the celebrated battle of Eutaw, which virtually broke the arm of the British power in Carolina, and compelled them to fall down upon the metropolis with their shattered forces. Governor Rutledge still attended the army, and was in the staff of Greene during the action. His pride was amply gratified at the behavior of the state troops and militia on this occasion; and when he could write of the latter, that though in front of the battle, they were yet cool and resolute enough to deliver seventeen rounds before yielding to the pressure of British bayonets. This battle prompted the following letter to Marion, which was dated at Congaree on the 15th September, 1781. It opens the door of amnesty for the repentant Tories:

"DEAR SIR:—I think, after the glorious victory of Eutaw, it would be expedient to issue a proclamation, offering to all who have joined, and who are now with the

enemy—excepting such as signed the congratulatory addresses to Clinton and Cornwallis, or have held, or hold commissions under the British Government—a free *pardon*, and permission for their wives and families to return to, and re-occupy their possessions; on condition that such men shall appear at our head quarters, or before a brigade, or the colonel of any regiment, and there subscribe an engagement to serve the state, faithfully, as militia-men, for six months; declaring, in case of their deserting within that time, that their wives and families shall be sent into Charleston, or the enemy's lines. . . . I apprehend that such a measure would be well timed at this juncture, and might induce some—perhaps many—to return to their allegiance, and behave well; which would not only deprive the British of their services, but turn those services to our advantage. However, this is a nice point, and I don't know how it will be relished by our friends. You know, mankind generally judge of the propriety of measures from events. These we cannot foresee; but it is our duty to consider what they probably will be, and take such steps as are most likely to produce the best effects. I now request that you will favor me, by bearer, with your opinion on these several points:—1st, Whether you think it advisable to issue any proclamation or offer of pardon? 2ndly, Would it be best to make any condition at all of the pardon: if a condition is made, should it be that all persons [accepting should] enter the continental service for a certain time—(that I am afraid they would not like)—or would it be sufficient to require them to serve as militia for a certain time? After the expiration they would be liable to do duty as the other inhabitants. Are six months service long enough? I think a time ought to be limited for their coming in,—suppose twenty days; would that be long enough? would it not be best that they should appear, and subscribe the agreement at one certain place,—say the head quarters of the army,—or should it be either there, or before any brigadier, or colonel, or before a brigadier only? Pray, give me your sentiments fully and freely on this matter: also with respect to the allotment of the brigades, (about which I wrote to you yesterday,) by return of the bearer, and dispatch him as soon as you can, for I keep Gen. Pickens only till I hear from you on these points, and he is very anxious to get away."

Of his unremitted attention to the always difficult subject of militia organization, we have the following, dated the 17th September, at Congaree:—

"DEAR SIR: I have allotted to your brigade the following regiments—viz: Col-

onels Tates, (?) McDonald's, Richardson's, Ervin's and Benton's, and the regiment formerly Maybank's. You will receive, herewith, a number of blank commissions. Be pleased to have the regiments fully and properly officered, mustered and classed, or drafted, as soon as possible; and march one-third of them, with the utmost expedition, to head quarters, or such other places as the Hon. Major-General Greene shall direct;—to do duty under his orders, for two months, from the time of their arrival thereat. Inclosed, are such extracts from several laws, as are necessary to be made known to the militia. You will have each colonel furnished with a copy of them, and order that they be publicly read at the head of his regiment, and a copy taken by each of his field officers and captains, that none may pretend ignorance of them. The militia laws may certainly be made much better than they are generally supposed to be. You will therefore appoint the most proper men in your brigade for officers, and have the laws carried strictly and steadily into execution. You will direct that the men come on foot, for they are to do duty as infantry; and their horses cannot be kept in camp, nor can any drafted men be spared to convey them back. If the number of commissions herewith sent are insufficient, let me know how many more are wanted, and I will send them as soon as they can be printed. In the mean time, you will give brevets to officers for whom there are no commissions. I have written to Capt. A. Vanderhost to come and take command of the regiment, formerly Maybank's; and will keep the commission of colonel open until I hear from him. You will appoint a lieutenant-colonel, and other necessary officers, for that regiment. I will send you printed copies of the three proclamations which are inclosed as soon as a press can be got to work. In the interim, pray have a copy taken and delivered to each colonel, with orders to have it read at the head of his regiment, and circulated through the district. Pray have the inclosed letter to Col. Hugh Horry, and the papers, forwarded. My proclamation of this date suspends, until ten days after the next meeting and setting of the General Assembly, the acts which make continental and state money a tender in law. All fines must therefore be paid in specie. By the militia laws of 1775 and 1779, offenders are liable to be fined in sums not exceeding those which are therein mentioned. As they are imposed in current money, and the fines hereafter to be levied, are to be paid in specie, it is necessary to ascertain to what amount in specie the court may fine. In 1776, militia were entitled to ten shillings current money a day. There was, at that time, no difference in the value of specie and paper money.

In March, 1778, the pay of the militia continued the same. It is, therefore, to be presumed that no difference had then taken place between paper money and specie; at least there is no legislative acknowledgment of any depreciation. But, in February, 1779, the pay of the militia was raised from 10s. to 32s. per day; the paper money having, and being admitted by the legislature, to be depreciated in that proportion. From these observations we may fix the following rule, as the most just and equitable for determining how far the country may fine in specie—viz: for fines imposed by the act of 1778, to the amount of the sums mentioned in the law. Thus 100*l.* in specie (according to the old current rate of gold or silver) for 100*l.* current. But for fines under the act of 1779, they must not exceed, in specie, the sums therein mentioned; as 150*l.* specie (according to the old current rate of gold and silver) for 500*l.* currency. You will order all offenders who may be *condemned to the continental service*, to be sent under a sufficient guard to head-quarters. Persons, against whose bodies executions issue, are to be committed to the gaol at Waxsaws. You will give orders that no person be suffered to pass from this state into any other, thro' the district of your brigade, without a permit from me;—the general commanding the continental troops;—one of his aids,—or a brigadier of militia;—and that all persons taken prisoners, or stoop on suspicion, be thoroughly searched to prevent the enemy's carrying on a correspondence by their means."

We pass over numerous letters, which, in a work specially devoted to our subject, would possess undoubted interest. We propose to furnish samples only. These letters relate to suspected persons, to abuses in the militia, to their organization, to the gradual establishment of the civil authority, the supplies of troops, and the appointment of officers. Here we find an authority granted to a favorite partisan, for the impressment of dragoon horses—next, letters complaining of the abuse of this privilege, and inveighing against the impressment of "plough horses, breeding mares, two year old, and yearlings." "I should not," he writes to Horry, "have given a press warrant for procuring horses for your regiment, if I could have conceived that the power would have been so abused by any of your officers; who certainly, upon reading the warrant, must have known better, if they did not before. The warrant extends only to horses *fit for the dragoon service*, which the creatures above described are clearly not," &c. The letter

from which this extract is made, is alluded to in the following to Marion, which is interesting on many accounts, and, not less so, as showing how wide was the extent of territory, and how numerous the objects, which the vigilant eye of Rutledge had to keep within its survey.

"Oct. 10, 1781.

"DEAR SIR: I received yours yesterday, by Mr. Boone, and wrote in the most pressing terms to Col. Williams, (Gen. Greene being not yet returned from Charlotte, for which place he set off last Friday, for a supply of ammunition,) sending, at the same time, an extract of such parts of your letter, as were material on that head. I am sorry to find, by Col. Williams' answer, inclosed, which he sent open, for my perusal, that it is absolutely out of his power to comply with your request, immediately. *I wish to God* it was within my power to send you ammunition instantly! but it is not. I shall not fail to have it sent to you, as fast as any arrives at head-quarters; and, you will observe, Col. Williams says he expects a sufficient stock, every hour. Our situation, in this respect, being unknown to the enemy, they will not profit by it; nor can I say that I expect they will attempt any measure against us. I rather think they will be apprehensive for their own safety. However, I wish this circumstance had not intervened, to prevent your crossing the river, as I think your doing so, with your people, would have a good effect. This, I imagine, in the present situation of affairs, you can't attempt; however, I know you will do all that you can. If Mr. Withers had sent the schooner, which was [at] Patterson's, to Savannah, agreeably to my directions, which I sent to him immediately, on receiving your letter, by Patterson, we should have had a large stock of ammunition, for you and others, long ago; but he has delayed the matter, I think, very long. However, I am taking, and shall continue to take, steps, which I hope will be effectual, in several directions, for procuring ammunition for employ, without depending on the Continental stock, which I find is, in general, small, and often exhausted. You certainly may clothe all the Continental soldiers of your line, who join you.

"From something I have lately heard about Dutarque, I am more anxious than formerly to have him taken. Lest he should escape, he pleased, therefore, to order this matter to be effectually and speedily attended to.

"I am also devising means for a supply of arms. However, you know it is an old trick, for men, coming to camp, to pretend they have none. I need not give you a hint, that it would be well to be sure that



men really have not, and that they cannot provide arms, before they are discharged for want of them. Indeed, although men without arms are not of use in the camp, yet they may occasionally be detached from it, on service, with the arms of some who remain in camp.

"Inclosed, is a Brigadier's Commission. I do not recollect the date of the former, but I dare say you do: be pleased, therefore, to insert it. I think Col. Horry's conduct very extraordinary, and have inclosed a letter to him, upon the subject you mention. I send the letter open, for your perusal. When you have read it, be pleased to seal and forward it. He is not yet a Continental officer, and his regiment is not yet on the Continental Establishment; but if he were, I know of no authority that any Continental officer, or any other person (whoever he may be,) has, to impress, in this state, without a power from me. Gen. Greene, it is true, did, before my return, direct him to impress, but he has never, (I believe, and indeed I am well persuaded of it,) since my return, given any such power to any one. He knows better. So far from it, that he requested me, if I approved the power which he had ordered Col. Horry to exercise, of impressing horses, and articles necessary for the equipment of his regiment, to confirm what he had directed. I accordingly sent him a press-warrant, in which the power was particularly confined to horses, fit for the Dragoon service, and not in public service; informing him, also, that your regiment are to do duty on horseback. This, therefore, would give him no power to take breeding-mares and yearlings, (in order to exchange them for horses,) such not being fit for his regiment, nor the only horse that a man has, who is required to do militia duty on horseback. I am afraid, if all plough-horses were impressed, . . . an exclusion would prevent our getting any horses at all; for all may be brought under either description. However, it is certainly extremely hard, and ought not to be suffered, that the plough-horses, being necessarily employed, to raise bread for the poorer kind of people, who use horses as a kind of substitute for negroes, should be taken. This would be very oppressive. I find every authority may be abused, and perhaps that which I have given on this head may be also. Therefore, to cut the matter short, wherever you find that it is wantonly exercised, and an oppressive and improper use is made of it, within the district of your brigade, I give you full authority to order the officer, attempting to impress such subjects, to cease from it, or to have them restored, if impressed. It would give me great pleasure to redress every encroachment on the liberties of the people; and I shall certainly do so, as far

as my power extends, in any of the cases which you say you will mention to me when we meet. Col. Lee went to Virginia last Friday. If he were here, I should immediately inquire into Mr. Ravel's case, and have it redressed. However, pray inform me, if you can, where the mare is, and I will endeavor to have her taken and restored. I shall, before I hear from you, and as soon as I see Gen. Greene, or any of Lee's officers, inquire into this matter.

"I daily expect to hear, officially, of Cornwallis being reduced, and hope Charleston will be the next object of the combined army. It is not improbable that Count De Grasse may have sent, or will send, some ships, to block up the harbor. Pray, give us what intelligence you can from below, that you think may be depended on. I will send you that from Virginia, if good, (as it must be,) as soon as we can get it.

"I am, with great regard, Dear Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. RUTLEDGE."

A letter of the 11th Oct. relates to militia penalties, and the right construction of the law upon this subject. Another, of the 12th, may yet furnish hints, equally to the romancer and the historian. It relates to a sort of *picaroon* business, which has not been much noticed by the chroniclers.

"DEAR SIR: The captains of several vessels, with commissions or letters of marque from Congress, having some time ago made a practice of landing on our islands and sea-coast; and others of coming up the rivers, and taking away from plantations, negroes, and other property, under pretence of their owners being Tories, though several persons whose property has been so taken, are well known to be friends of the United States; and this practice being highly illegal and unwarrantable, even as to Tories, whose property (if they have been guilty of a capital offence), is forfeited to the state, and not plunder to any freebooter who can lay hold on it, I desire that you will be pleased to give the necessary orders, and have the most effectual measures taken (within the district of your Brigade), for having all masters of vessels, and their crews, who shall commit, or attempt to commit the offence above described—apprehended and sent under a sufficient guard to me, with the witnesses to prove the fact, that they may be properly tried for it. You will have the vessels in which such captains and mariners come, with their cargoes, secured until you shall receive directions from me what is to be done with them; and make reports to me of what the cargoes consist."

Another of the same date, proposes to abridge the amount of aid and comfort which may be given to the enemy. Another of the 25th of September; on the subject of militia substitutes, deserves to be put on record, as useful to future history.

"SIR: I am informed that several persons liable to do militia duty, have found substitutes to perform it for them, and that others have paid money to officers, to procure men in the continental or state service, by which means, such persons have been excused by their officers from militia duty. As this practice has introduced, and must occasion great irregularity and confusion, I think proper to issue a special and particular order on this head, and to give reasons against the practice above mentioned, and for the propriety of this order. The law does not allow every man the privilege of sending a substitute; nor does it exempt him from militia duty by paying such a sum as his officer may think proper to receive, either in lieu of personal service, to find a continental or state soldier, or for any other purpose. Therefore, any officer taking on him to give an exemption from militia duty, to one who provides a substitute, or pays money to procure a regular soldier, acts illegally and unwarrantably. Such conduct never did, nor ever will receive my sanction or approbation. The militia are to be divided into three classes; in one or other of which, every man must appear. Each of these classes is liable to be called out for two months. This makes every militiaman liable to march twice a year. (I mean those who are above 80 miles from the enemy—for, if within that distance, the draught may be greater, and the term of service longer.) If he refuses, or neglects to march, he is liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred and fifty pounds, specie, being about the specie value (at the time when the militia act of the 13th of February, 1799 was passed,) of five hundred pounds, current money; and to a further fine, not exceeding a third part in specie, of treble the amount of his tax; such third part being about the comparative value (upon the principle laid down), between specie and paper money; in the latter of which, he was liable to be fined, not exceeding treble his tax. The only alternative then, is to do militia duty, or undergo his trial by a court-martial, and pay such fines in specie (not exceeding the amounts above mentioned), as they may adjudge, for his neglect or refusal. You will give the necessary orders for observing this rule, within your brigade. No other regard is to be had to those who have found substitutes, or paid money to procure men,

or for public purpose, than if they do not choose to perform militia duty, to allow them credit on account of their fine, for the specie value of what they paid to procure a substitute, or for public purpose. You will order a regular account to be kept of all moneys received, or to be received, on the score above mentioned; which is to be paid into your hands, by those who originally received it. Be pleased to make a return to me of what money has been thus received; and every two months, of all which may be received, that a proper disposition of it may be ordered. I hope these instructions, and those of the 17th instant, are sufficiently clear and extensive. I will endeavor to make them so if any doubt should remain, or arise, or any explanation be requisite, upon your communicating them to me."

A note to this letter, covers a proclamation in which pardon is offered to the Tories; in preparing which, Governor Rutledge admits that he has "been very much puzzled." He concludes to make certain exceptions, which probably governed the Legislature at a subsequent period, in the indulgencies which they accorded to the more favored, and the denials of favor which they deserved, to the greatly odious, among the offenders. On the 6th of October, he again wrote to Marion about the organization of his brigade, and of the militia.

These letters are all valuable, as they grew out of the experience of a time which tried militia-men's souls quite as much as other men's.

"DEAR SIR: I received your letter of the 2d instant, the day before yesterday, and should have answered it sooner, but have been disabled by sickness. The order respecting the militia marching on foot, was general to all the regiments; but as the movements and employment of your brigade, are different from those of any other, I think the reasons good for your continuing to act on horseback. You will therefore order them to do so. By your order of the 2d instant, to Col. Richardson, I perceive you have mistaken my intention, which was not to bring to trial, by court-martial (in order that they may be fined in specie), such persons as have refused to do duty. My desire is that the regiment be mustered and classed or drafted, and the extracts of the militia law, my orders respecting the militia, and the proclamation suspending the *Tender Acts*, be read at the head of each regiment, in order that they may be publicly notified, and no person hereafter pretend ignorance of them. This being done, the instructions are to operate against all future of-

funders, whether they have found substitutes in the militia, provided regular soldiers, or paid money for those or other purposes; but until this be done, persons who have refused to do military duty are only finable in paper money, and I am rather of opinion that it is most expedient not to inquire into past offences, but to begin upon the new plan which I have laid down. As to persons who have found substitutes, or done any other acts which they were made to believe would exempt them from militia duty, and who have therefore refused to perform it—the bringing them to a court-martial for such past offences, would be extremely hard, if the court should fine largely; and might give umbrage to many officers who probably conceived they had a right to receive money or substitutes for exemptions from duty, and that in so doing, they were rendering the most effectual service to their country. But it is likely that, under such circumstances, the court would either acquit, or fine them in a very small sum. For these reasons, I would recommend the overlooking all past offences, or neglect of duty: and you will therefore alter your orders to Col. Richardson, and any other similar orders which you may have given to other colonels, and make those orders conformable to this explanation; but enjoin the strictest and steadiest execution of these orders in future.

"Gen. Greene informs me that he is much in want of a more choice corps of militia to patrol in the vicinity of his camp, and prevent the soldiers from strolling, or offering any injury to the inhabitants. You will be pleased to order Colonel Richardson to go to the general, know from him what number of men he will want, and furnish them for that purpose out of his first draft. The performance of such a duty will exempt the men employed in it (whilst they are so employed) from any other. My idea is, though I presume no doubt has arisen with you on the point, that no man that is within the district of any regiment, out of Charleston, shall be excused from militia duty, under a pretence that he is on parole, or a British subject; unless the former has been fairly taken in arms, and paroled as an officer. Any other men who are on parole, or insist upon being British subjects, and therefore refuse to do militia duty, may take their choice either of doing it, or going into the enemy's lines; and if they will not go, and refuse to do duty, they must be tried and fined as it is directed with respect to other privates. You will not, however, consider this instruction—it being a general one—as any prohibition to you to suffer such persons in either of the redicaments last mentioned, as you may think proper to permit, to remain out of the

British lines, without doing any militia duty at all, for some more valuable purpose—this being a matter which I leave to your discretion. I find there are many gentlemen riding about the country under the description of volunteers, who render no service to it. This practice being very injurious, should be immediately suppressed, and no man is to be excused from doing militia duty in the district of the regiment to which he belongs, unless he is actually enrolled and obliged for some certain time to serve in some regular corps of cavalry; not merely as a volunteer, but to do the same duty, and subject to the same articles, as the rest of the corps are obliged to do or are subject to. The blankets and cloth you mention will certainly be wanted for public use; you will therefore have them safely kept somewhere under your orders, and indeed we shall want more than you can procure. I shall therefore be glad that you obtain all that you possibly can, and have that also kept in the same manner. Be pleased to forward the inclosed letters to Colonels Horry and Mayham. There are several other matters which I will write to you about, as soon as I can consider and arrange them. I am unable at present to do so. Captain Richardson informs me that he has not above three bushels of salt left. As three barrels, or twenty-four bushels, will be absolutely necessary for the use of myself and the gentlemen of the Council, whom I daily expect here, I shall be much obliged to you to send, in your first letter to me, an order on any person who has the charge of any salt of yours (the nearest to this place) to deliver that quantity to such person as I may send for it."

We pass over many letters of minor importance, and come to one of the 16th or October, 1781, which is of exceeding interest, betraying a considerable exigency in state affairs, and showing at the same time the strong understanding and energetic resolves of the Governor.

DEAR SIR: I have just now received yours of the 13th inst. by the bearer. You were misinformed with respect to young Allston's business with me; but had it been what you were told, the Waccamites would have been disappointed; for my sentiments corresponded exactly with yours on the point you mention. The orders that no substitutes be admitted will answer the end you propose, and make them, as well as others of the same stamp, either go into the British lines to militia duty, or pay such fines as a Court-martial may inflict—unless you think proper to make use of my private instructions with respect to them. I am told that an offer is



to come from the Wiccamaw men about furnishing a quantity of salt, in order to be excused from militia duty. If it should, I shall refer it to you to fix the matter with them. Dr. Neufville was taken sick at Salisbury, on his way from the northward. He may probably be recovered ere now. I will write to him to come on directly in order to be your surgeon, and in the mean time will endeavor to get you one from camp; though I fear I cannot, as the troops are exceedingly sick, and in want of doctors. Yours of the 15th is also just come to hand by Captain Greene, with Mr. Dutarque, whom I have sent to sheriff Kimball. You will be pleased to consider the directions respecting Belin's estate, as extended to Dutarque, and give the same orders about the latter, as you have done about the former. You will either confine Mr. Walter where you think proper, and he will be safe, or send him, with the proofs of the charge you mention against him, under guard to me; and pray send Mr. James Sinclair into the enemy's lines, and do the same with every man who is taken at home. I would make the rule general as to every man so taken. But it may happen that good men will sometimes be taken at their own houses, and it would be hard to send them in to remain. This is no time to be trifled with. We must be in earnest. Therefore all men thus taken, who are reasonably suspected of not being friends to the state, are to be dealt with as above mentioned. I wish Mr. Peter Sinclair could be exchanged. General Greene is to be here to-day, and I will speak to him on the subject, though I fear it cannot be done, as Major Barry is come up. He cannot, though a favorite, get exchanged for Washington; and I presume from that circumstance the cartel is suspended for the present. I have the pleasure to inform you that Congress have at last, on the 18th ult. ordered the Board of War to have the mines at Simsbury, Connecticut, prepared for the reception of five hundred British soldiers, to remain there as prisoners unexchangeably, until the American soldiers who were forced into the British service at Charleston and elsewhere, are returned to the United States. This measure, or the putting these men on board the French fleet, as marines, is what I have often and strenuously recommended long ago; but it could never be effected sooner. It is, however, better late than never, and though so long postponed, will, I hope, produce good consequences. The general writes to me that he has received a letter from the President of Congress, informing him that the French fleet had sunk a 74 gun ship, disabled five more, and drove the rest of the British fleet into the Hook at New York. We have no later intelligence from Virginia than to the 25th ult.; when

General Washington had twenty-six thousand men, and half of them regulars, and was to begin his operations by regular approaches on the 27th. God grant that he may be successful there, and soon give us peaceable and quiet possession both of our town and country!"

Letters follow in relation to the seizure and storage of indigo, and minor details relating to fines, exemptions, and militia duty in general. A long letter to Marion discusses several topics which might be tributary, in small respects, to our general history, but which is quite too long for our limits. The behavior of some of Horry's officers in the matter of impressments, is again the subject, and prompts a sharp letter to the Colonel, which is followed by others in a more indulgent temper. Meanwhile, the progress of events and of the American arms, had been gradually contracting the British operations to the immediate precincts of the capital. Charleston, and the isthmus called the Neck, was all that now really remained to them of their extensive conquests; and this almost complete recovery of the state to the American arms, naturally suggested the resumption of the business of government, by a call of the legislature to their duties. Writs of election were accordingly issued. A letter to Marion, dated November 23, relates to this subject, and covers *writs* for him to distribute. The legislature was appointed to convene at the village of Jacksonborough, on the 18th January, 1782. The army of Greene, meanwhile, was set in motion to take post between this position and the British post below. In the interim, Governor Rutledge writes to Marion, under date of December 4, 1781. The subjects are interesting—the militia, the tories, and the decline of British ascendancy. We omit some portions of this letter.

"I am much of your opinion," says the writer, "that several scoundrels will quit the town and surrender themselves, in order to obtain a pardon, by serving six months in the militia; but it does not follow that they will be pardoned. Those whose conduct and character have been so infamous that they cannot, consistently with policy or practice, be admitted to the privileges of Americans, may, and probably will be sent back. As General Greene set off last Tuesday for Four Holes, and the lower part of the country, I am in hopes you have seen each other before now, and I am inclined to be-



lieve that his position will be such, even before the reinforcements arrive at headquarters, that the enemy will not think it safe to venture far into the country. After the reinforcements arrive, I think he will keep them below the Quarter House, unless Charleston should be reinforced, which I do not think it will be immediately. The surrender of Cornwallis must perplex Clinton, as well as the Ministry; and I apprehend he will wait for their directions what step to take next. I do not, think, however, that the enemy will evacuate the town, until they see a force on our part sufficient to compel them to do so. They are under great apprehensions, (and I hope with good reason for them) for their West India possessions."

With another interesting letter, dated the 15th December, we conclude our extracts from this collection of original correspondence.

"DEAR SIR: You will consider the Charleston regiment of militia as annexed to your brigade, and make the necessary appointments. I am told that the troops which are coming from the northward bring eight hundred stand of arms. If you apply to General Greene for arms, it is probable that on their arrival, he may spare some of them to you. I have written to Philadelphia for arms and ammunition for the state's use, and expect them by return of the wagons which carried indigo thither, and, which I think must be now about setting off to come back. On their arrival I hope to give your brigade a good supply. I wish to procure twelve barrels of rice for the use of the Assembly at their intended meeting on the 8th of next month. Be pleased to have that quantity procured, as high up Santee River as it can be got, and let me know, *as soon as possible*, where it is, that I may order wagons down to fetch it from thence to Camden in time. I purpose setting out for General Greene's camp on the 7th of next month, and request that you will send me an escort of twenty-five men with a proper officer from Mayham's corps. Let them be here the day before, and well mounted, as I shall travel pretty expeditiously."

With these selections we close our review of a correspondence which throws much light upon the domestic history of the South at a very difficult period, and sufficiently exhibits the devotion of the writer to the most various interests of his country. These letters, useful in themselves, were too much addressed to mere details, to suffer the writer to rise to the exercise of those peculiar powers of gen-

eralization and utterance, which constituted the foundation of his acknowledged eloquence. His speech at the opening of the Assembly, so long suspended, will serve as a specimen of the compactness of his statements, rather than as a sample of his oratory.

The Jacksonborough Assembly, as it was popularly called, presented the appearance of a Parliament of feudal barons. Most of the members were drawn from the army, or had seen service at one time or other in the camp. Many of them hurried to and fro between their commands and the Assembly,—now to strike at the enemy, and now to give a vote in civil affairs. It was a body highly distinguished by its talent, and, with one exception, by the moderateness of its measures.

This was an act for amercing and confiscating the estates of some of the most obnoxious of the loyalists, and for banishing others;—a measure highly and generally disapproved of, when the exigencies of the war were over; and when the tempers of the people had been mollified by the most ample concessions from their enemies. Governor Rutledge countenanced and probably counselled this measure. It was carried by a large majority of votes, so that the odium of the proceeding, if deserved by any, must be shared amongst the many and not cast exclusively upon the one. But censure was entirely undeserved. When the act was passed, the foreign enemy was still in possession of the metropolis. Their troops still assailed the country; still plundered the whig inhabitants; and the loyalists still served, in considerable numbers, in the British army. They still gave aid and comfort to the foe, and deserved to suffer, particularly as, by similar processes of confiscation, they had robbed and ruined the estates and families of the brave men who were fighting the battles of the country. A want of means for the continued maintenance of the continental army, in South Carolina and Georgia,—both of which states were on the eve of emancipation—justified the measure; even if the wrongs done by the loyalists, and the provocations endured by the patriots, had not given it the fullest sanction.

The term of office for which Mr. Rutledge had been elected had now expired; and as, by the rotation established, it became necessary to choose a new governor, he yielded up his commission to

the hands that gave it. He retired from his high and most responsible position, with an immense increase of popularity. He had amply justified the choice and confidence of the country. His exertions, to repel invasion—in the defence of Charleston—in procuring aid from the neighboring states, and from Congress—in stimulating and encouraging the people—in sustaining their leaders—in rolling back the tide of British conquest,—in reviving the legislative and judicial authorities;—exhibited powers equally large and various; and a courage, decision and industry, which had never been surpassed. We have shown that these services were gratefully acknowledged by the assembly. In the termination of his executive duties, he was not suffered to retire from public service, but was immediately elected as a Delegate to Congress.

Here he was called upon to perform an extraordinary duty. The surrender of Cornwallis, in Oct. 1781, threatened, for a time, to be quite as unfortunate for the conqueror, as for the conquered. Assuming the emergency of war to be at an end, by this event, the states sunk into apathy and indifference. Victory had begun to paralyze their exertions, ere yet they had fully secured the fruits and trophies of the field. They acted no longer with energy and vigor. Their contributions to the common cause were withheld; and, it became a subject of great and reasonable apprehension, lest Great Britain, encouraged by this languor and apathy, should determine upon new exertions, and, at the last moment, withhold from the nation the great prize of independence. The renewal of war would have been an entire, though temporary, loss of all that had been gained. To prevent so dire a result, Congress sent deputations from their body to the different states, to arouse them, by proper representations, of their danger, to a sense of their duty. In this character, John Rutledge, with whom was associated George Clymer, was commissioned on the 22d May, 1782, "to make such representations to the several states southward of Philadelphia, as were best adapted to their respective circumstances and the present situation of public affairs, and as might induce them to carry the requisitions of Congress into effect with the greatest dispatch." In the performance of this duty the delegates were permitted to address the Virginia Assembly, and

the result was a triumph highly honorable to the eloquence of Rutledge. So happy was his portraiture of the condition of the country,—so vivid and forcible the argument by which he urged the necessity of a prompt and vigorous performance of their trust, as guardians of a great state and constituents of a vast empire,—that the impression which he sought to make was complete. His object was gained, and the Virginians, who, even in that early day, were proud, and with good reason, of their orators and statesmen, were not unwilling to admit the eloquent Carolinian to the same platform with their own deservedly renowned, Patrick Henry.

Mr. Rutledge served in Congress till 1783, and was soon after appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Holland; but he declined the appointment; and, the year following, was elected a Judge of the Court of Chancery in South Carolina. The necessity for this court had been greatly increased by the events of the war just ended. Mr. Rutledge framed the bill for its organization on a new model, and introduced several of the improvements then recently made in the English court of similar jurisdiction. Hitherto his duties had been rather legislative or executive, with some considerable connection with the military. They were now to become judicial. He was destined to occupy all the rounds of responsibility. Had his performances not been singularly fortunate in his previous career, we should, perhaps, have said that the judiciary was his true field. He was born a lawyer. His studies, in this profession, had been pursued *con amore*. He had wrestled with the law as one wrestles with a mistress, and had taken her to his heart as well as to his lips. His knowledge of principles was profound—his appreciation of details accurate and immense; and that large grasp of judgment—that comprehensive reach of vision—which enabled him to take in, at a glance, not merely the central proportions, but all its several relations and dependencies; eminently fitted him for the new career before him. With the facts fairly within his survey, his *coup d'œil* was instantaneous. His mind seemed to leap to its conclusions at a bound. He loved pleadings—could listen, with rare delight, to the eloquence of the specious advocate; but, while these gratified his sense of the ingenious and the beautiful,

they failed to persuade his fancy, or to mislead his judgment. His sense of justice was invincible. He threaded, with ease, the most difficult avenues of litigation—speedily resolved the subtleness of special pleading—steadily pursued, and finally grasped, the leading principle of the case, and rendered his judgments so luminously and forcibly, as, in most cases, to satisfy even those who suffered from his decision.

In the year 1787, Mr. Rutledge was again called to the service of the nation. He was required to assist in framing a national constitution, in place of the advisory system of the Confederation. In arranging the provisions of that bond of union, and in persuading his countrymen to attempt it, he was eminently successful. Under the new constitution, he was selected, by Washington, as the first Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. This was a distinction sufficiently showing in what estima-

tion his judicial talents and virtues were held by the President and by the nation. It was because of this appointment, we may presume, that the Senate of the United States were recently presented with the scheme of honoring his memory with a bust. In this office he served till 1791, when he was called to the chair of Chief Justice of South Carolina. Subsequently, he was made Chief Justice of the United States. He was thus for more than thirty years—continually in the harness—always in stations of difficulty and great responsibility, and passing through the ordeal, in every instance, without a scratch upon the ermine of his character, and to the constant increase of his reputation for wisdom and ability. He closed his mortal career on the 23d of January, 1800, in the sixty-first year of his age; full of honors to the last, and leaving a name among his people, which they should not “willingly let die.”

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## THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### REMINISCENCES.

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“Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures;  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The lab’ring clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.”

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My pen has rested for three months. The interval has been agreeably filled, and I return to my solitary study in a mood of contentment and readiness.

August has retired southward with her sultry days. The sun enters Libra, and is reminded, by that sign, of moderation. He gradually slopes his beam, and communicates to the vegetable world a tinge of brown and gold. The fallows become gray, and the lawns acquire a russet tinge. The rains of Autumn have begun, and the channels of the shallow brooks look brown with fallen leaves. Mount Gaia, rising in the north, mingles

his pyramidal summit with the blue: his first snow has fallen. The white mist ascends his barren breast; and the slopes of his sides are sprinkled with nibbling flocks. With clear sharp outline his form ascends,—ascends in majesty and companionable silence, no mere emblem, or symbol, but rather embodying and expressing the high reaching ethereal vigor of the soul—unchangeable, cold, colorless, or tinged only with the hue of contemplation; receiving first the snows of age, yet ever fertilizing, with a radiated warmth, and with nourishing moisture, the humble vallies, whose

meadows never cease to send up incense of warm mist from their brooks; nor does the Coulon, who goes widening from his cataracts to the sea, fail of due tribute. The mountain receives their moist prayers, and returns them enriched with the earthy principles of life. \* \* \*

In September and the following month, I suffer a peculiar melancholy. Whether caused by the warm colors of the landscape, or by coolness, or merely by some periodic change of nature in the body, or by all these together, I know not, but I observe that it steals upon me in the evenings of Autumn, and in solitude. And even if any friend is near, especially a thoughtful one, our conversation takes the hue of the season, and leans to sadness. \* \* \*

Allow me to recur to some incidents of my life, which should follow the description in the seventeenth chapter of this Autobiography.

The excellent Pantologus, whose memory (for I count him among the dead, though I am not certainly informed of his fate,) is dearer to me than even the tender impressions of infancy, began to teach me as an own son, when he came to know my qualities; for he found me apt, and though of a jealous nature, in no sense ungrateful. He took me with him to the city, at the close of our savantical excursion, and there permitted me to aid him in the re-arrangement of his library and museum, which he was beginning to systematize upon principles peculiar to himself, but since then universally recognised by the learned.

Becoming an inmate of his house and a special favorite, I enjoyed an unexpected happiness; for here I was enabled to resume my studies and extend my knowledge of sciences and languages. Here, too, I learned the ways of men, and became familiar with an immense variety of life; for the city where we dwell is properly the capital of all the world: Seated on a point of land, at the confluence of two immense streams, which open to its traders a free communication with all parts of the North and East, their union forming a magnificent bay, through whose openings enters the commerce of all nations; it already embraces a population composed of all, and who find in its limits a liberty the most perfect in the world.

Here, the children of the English freedom—the sons of the Puritans—have founded a system of laws which extend equal liberty to all who bear the name

and character of men. Hither the German flies from his aristocracy, the Italian from his papacy, the Austrian from his emperor, the Englishman from his taxes, and the Irishman from himself: all find a refuge and a friend; all are permitted to live and to prosper. Even the miserable African escapes hither from his master; and from an abject savage, or a slave, tastes something of the sweetness of liberty, though he avoid not a servile condition;—so that one may say of this city and of this land, that not man, but God, is its governor, seeing that only His laws, implanted in the heart, are recognised as the principles of its code. Here, then, I learned that liberty is not merely an idea, but a possibility, and an actuality; that all its conditions are fully given, and that it remains only for men to value and to use it as it deserves. Here thought I, and still think, if there is any greatness in man, it must in time become apparent.

My friend and instructor often talked with me, while we walked or rode together, on these topics. He led me through the streets of the city, showed me the multitude of ships, the heaps of merchandise, the splendor of palaces; he explained to me the method and principles of trade, and lest I should form a contemptuous opinion of the trader, showed me that by him alone the principles of equity are maintained and flourish; for he adjusts every transaction by a law as universal and as sacred as the first of the Decalogue.

My friend did not hesitate, by all the means in his power, to inspire me with respect and admiration for his country. Here, he would say, and here only, the first desire of the human mind—the love of freedom—is satisfied. Reverence is inherent in the human soul, but its objects are exalted by knowledge. We cannot be taught to revere; but only, what to revere; by observing the effects of liberty, we learn to revere only what promotes it; and that is—justice,—the

The perfect toleration of all sects, while it destroys organized superstitions, leads to a recognition of all that is truly divine. common right.

The passions of men make them enemies or friends; imagination creates opposite opinions; selfishness gathers for itself; science analyzes or systematizes; but reason alone confers liberty.

I soon discovered that this rational liberty, however delightful in theory, had



in practice many defects. The people, though not hard or cruel, appeared to me insolent and selfish. Each man seemed to be resolved that his neighbor should have no hold upon him. None would acknowledge obligations. I looked everywhere for traces of a superior order of men, such as I had sometimes imagined, but could find none. If any gradation of ranks existed here, it was that which nature, or the necessity of business, had created for the moment. Evidently all men were peers, and the strongest, even, ruled only while he advanced the common good, or could persuade others that he did so. There was a natural reverence for the strong, and the great, but the ostentation of greatness drew after it only laughter and contempt.

My protector called my attention especially to the common prints and newspapers of the city; assuring me that through them I might become thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of this and other countries. In this country, he would say, every thinking man must be a politician.

At a somewhat later period, while my attention was occupied with the literature of the Germans, he remarked in regard to this that as the best writers of that nation had labored to separate poetry from poetry and Belles Lettres, and with good success; giving to their writings a merely domestic character, they had not the value of the great writings of antiquity, these being of a public and universal character. Philosophy, according to Socrates and Plato, is the science of the Republic, and its sole end to fit men for public office. Modern philosophy, on the contrary, with few exceptions, looks only to the satisfaction of the intellect and of the individual. Its promoters labour with admirable genius to rectify and harmonize the individual life. They teach much that is valuable, and perhaps indispensable. They place us in a true intellectual relation with nature and with our intimate selves. But the great idea of the state as it lay in the mind of a Greek, a Roman an English Puritan, or a citizen of this land, lies quite out of their sphere. Good and great though they be, this immense idea has been denied to them. Hence the prevailing weakness, distortion, extravagance, and sentimentalism of the German writers. The first principle of a manly existence, in them, instead of appearing foremost and triumphant,—lurks always in some

metaphysical or conventional disguise—is the sign of a privilege, not a divine right; and like the Catholic freedom of conscience, must not go out of the individuals. Let us beware, then, he would say, how we entertain these philosophers, and if we use them, (as, faith! we must,) let us take care to keep them in their proper place; else there is danger they may divorce us from our inherited truths.

My instructor conversed with me continually touching my studies, though he never attempted to guide or control them. In the morning he gave me stated occupations, in his library or museum, or intrusted me with business which I quickly learned to execute. I became expert in many things, in book-keeping especially, which has since been serviceable. During the four years of my residence with this admirable person, my intellect and health acquired strength, my knowledge and energy increased,—from a boy and a simpleton, I became, or seemed to have become, a man.

These four years passed away like a dream. I remember them as an epoch, not as a succession of seasons and years.

Inheriting a large fortune, which fell to him on the death of his parents at the age of twenty-one, my protector had thrown himself with ardor into the pursuit of science. Already master of the Classics, and acquainted with several modern languages, he gave the whole force of a cultivated intellect to the study of nature, both living and inanimate. His father's mansion, that had been a palace, became a museum. He converted the rich furniture into chests and cases for the preservation of minerals and skins of animals. He expended a considerable fortune in the collection of such rarities, as served to illustrate the several departments of science. He embraced in his design the whole kingdom of nature. I shall be content, he would say, if the system of nature at length dawned upon me. I seek only for the germ, or first principle of its order; others may then pursue it to its conclusion.

With such ideas, it may be believed, Pantologus chose his friends chiefly among the learned. People of fashion declared him to be insane. He in his turn pronounced them to be idiotic. If a ship arrived from any remote region, he had an emissary to purchase all her curiosities.

## DOCTOR VIERUS.

Among the friends of Pantologus I chiefly remember one whom he used to call Vierus. This man was a physician, and such another savañ as himself. During the interminable conversations carried on between this learned doctor and my master, I came gradually to realize the extent to which the human intellect may stretch itself, and the immensity of knowledge which it is possible for one poor understanding to embrace.

Of the different forms of their knowledge my protector used to say :

The understanding has three functions, Memory (the classifier,) Judgment (the faculty of relations,) and the Analytic (or scientific,) Vierus has the better memory and analytic power, but I am his superior in judgment. I know the relations of things, or, as the vulgar say, 'I know what's what',—which he fails in, and so you observe, I should always have the better of him in argument, if he did not give me more facts than I can stomach at once. He triumphs, but I remain unconvinced.

By only listening to these conversations, by the help of a strong memory I acquired some knowledge of medicine, though this was very much increased by my later reading and observations.

To form a true idea of the wonderful learning of this Vierus, believe me, when I tell you, that he carried in his head almost every important fact and principle relating to his art, that is to be found in books. That he had moreover reduced and classified all this mountain of learning into a most regular and beautiful order, so that no condition could arise in the human body, but he knew instantly its name, character and indications. All this knowledge he had verified, corrected and simplified by a long experience in diseases of every name and species. Only one defect my protector noted in him, that he would not indulge in speculations; that he was a man so strictly and purely truth-loving, his adherence to nature and reason became inconvenient and painful. For my own part, I should have loved him better had he been less learned, though to this Pantologus made not the least objection; but his interminable Greek and Latin names, his exact and bitter castigation of small linguistic errors, make me tremble in the recollection. Surely it was a weakness in him; it did less good than

harm; it annoyed the judicious, frightened the weak, insulted the proud, affronted the vain, and for poor Vierus himself, brought curses and neglect.

"Oh, most small fault !

How ugly did'st thou in Vierus show ?"

Yet did I love the man, for that he loved truth, even to the hem of her garment; was exact even in the shoe-ties, and lesser folds of truth, nor would allow the dust to lie an instant on her robe. A martyr to small facts, O most incomparable doctor, most admirable Vierus, how did'st thou limit thyself ! What availed thy chests of manuscripts, containing the pith of all medical learning from Hippocrates thy master, but not thy superior, even to myrionomous Wilson, and gentlemanly Bell ? What availed thy exquisite analysis and theoretic of all plagues and fevers, which put Linnaeus and Father Good to shame ? What thy admirable *materia medica*, the most scientific, the most thorough, the most indispensable, were it only accessible ? What availed thy multifarious knowledge and truly valuable experience ; or that acknowledged skill that brought thee acquainted with all the dying and desperately ill ; if thou had'st not the politic art also, to discuss a slander, or to extirpate a calumny ?

When the sick lay at death's door, and already the hinges creaked and the grim visnomy of despair appeared at the threshold ; when the light flickered in the socket with a feverish glare, and the parting soul struggled at the throat, then did your treacherous brothers, send for you, and commit to your famous hands the danger and the shame. You, unthinking, would humanely assume the desperate office, and take up the burden of *their* homicide ; expiate for them the loss of credit, of honor, of means, of influence, the crime of ignorance, and incapacity ; impolitic, short-sighted Vierus ! To be always in at the death, unfortunate savañ, was the reward of all your skill. If the dying wretch received life at your hands, your predecessors took care to reap the honor. If he perished, they would swear you killed him. There was no verdict of death by the visitation of God, or of the quack, or of the ignorant,—but always the old lie, of which the very devil in the shape of a calumniator delighted in the echo,—'Death by the visitation of Vierus !

## THE DILLETANTI.

Among the many extraordinary men whom Pantologus drew about him, and made free of his house, was one, whom he named Lomatius, a man of many accomplishments, but especially a connoisseur, and master of decorative arts. To make you respect him, let me tell you, it was he who planned the great church in the middle of the city, which I have described to you. This edifice exceeds all others in the beauty of its decorations, though in size it be not comparable with the great cathedrals of Europe. The architecture is of mixed order, like that of the Milanese cathedral, but much more singular. Externally, you observe the buttresses and pointed arches of the Gothic; internally, the form approaches the Byzantine. In the interior, everything is sacrificed to the effect intended, which is, to impress the observer with a feeling of religious awe. While this singular edifice was in process of erection, Lomatius, who loved the company of listeners, (and I was a good one,) explained to me the principle which guided, or seemed to guide him, in its erection.

"Churches," said Lomatius, "are now erected for the benefit of worshippers; formerly, for the ostentation of priests and princes." We were standing together, under the dome which covers the centre of the building. He pointed with his cane to a bit of olive wood, from Jerusalem, in the compartments of the church, frescoed with, allegorical representations, and continued:

"The Puritans, when they discovered the arts of the priests,—and that the decorations of their churches, their magnificent Latin masses, and their ceremonial habits, were but snares for the popular imagination, while they cherished the pride of kings and prelates,—with a just indignation rebelled; tore off the rags of Popery, and would none of these poisoned gifts: but now,—I desire your attention—the people, themselves, not the priests, have chosen to adorn their house of worship.

"They did this to testify their veneration. In this building they assemble, under a pastor whom they have themselves elected, for his piety and sacred unction; they behold about them the testimony of their own respect, the work of their own hands, a temple for the worship of the Most High God. They are

in no fear of being deceived by priestly fraud; there is no machinery hidden from their eyes; all is obvious, simple, understood.

They have placed the pulpit behind the altar, the place of authority, for here the preacher recognises no authority but God. He appeals not to a Head above the altar, but to his Scripture, that lies before him. He need not quit the place of honor, and mount a chair among the people, when he addresses them: his place is honorable, and he, himself, is honored. It is necessary that he be possessed by a great and a contemplative spirit.

"His dress is a simple robe, with full sleeves; white, in token of truth, or black, on occasions of mourning.

"Resting in the sacred promise, he has not thought it necessary to deny himself the lawful happiness of this life. His wife and his children enable him to practice all the virtues; through them he learns much that he communicates. He is no mere intelligence, a spirit detained in a body; but a true minister of mercy, teaching men, what he has himself learned, *how to live*. In this life he beholds a *real* symbol of the future.

"His religion is not a solitary agreement, between himself and an interfering Power, an imaginary Head of the Church, which cuts him out from the society of men, and drags him to the gloomy confessional, to the room of torture, or the closet of unholy suicide; it rather springs from that comforting spirit, whose bond unites all men in perfect and delicious fellowship. Its raptures do not enervate, but elevate. Forgiving and forgiven, the fortunate souls who are so united pass through existence, enjoying the communion of good works.

He considers, that a religion which isolates the worshipper is a curse to men, and by an irresistible certainty, enslaves the individual, and disorganizes society. He therefore meddles not with the private conscience of his flock, but rather strives to bind all together, in a knot of sympathy, and by one affects another. He finds that men are best instructed and elevated, by an appeal to what is universal and common in them, and not by tampering with their private hopes and fears.

"In a mixed and barbarous society, broken into warring orders, when the sympathies, which act on many, were merely violent and corrupt, the priest

found it necessary to separate the convert from the society in which he moved; but now all is changed, and humanity, from the exception, has become the rule. The people are not barbarians, and are not ashamed or afraid of excellence.

"Here is no resort of beggars and rogues, to be intoxicated with superstitions; here are no cunning mendicants, preying upon the conscience of the poor; here are no inventions to try men's souls, by fasting, and unnatural abstinences, contrary to the prayer of Christ, that desires to be delivered from temptation. Men are at peace with nature, for, by true knowledge, they have discovered that she is the faithful, though sometimes erring servant of Divinity. They no longer believe that a desire is a sin, and they have learned at length to govern untimely impulses, not by lamentations and ecstasies, or by slow self-destruction, but by the simple avoidance of their causes, without fear or cowardly remorse.

"They are not afraid to gratify every sense according to the demands of reason and of virtue. The eye, the ear, are alike opened to the entrance of the most sublime realities.

"They know that there are three modes, by which religious truth is communicated to the soul. By the announcement of the word—by reasoning—and by effects of imagination.

"The preacher accomplishes the first; the theologian, the second; and the sacred artist, the third. But the two latter they regard only as aids and supporters to the first.

"They have imitated the Hebrews in their poetry; but their music and paintings are a creation of modern art. Instead of covering the roof of their temple with plates of gold and silver, in the Jewish manner, or converting it into a hall of terror, by images of martyrdoms and crucifixions, they have covered it with symbolical figures, conveying the sublimest lessons."

Pointing to the compartments of the dome, which was hemispherical, the enthusiast continued:

"In these compartments are depicted the unchangeable energies, the principles, and the instincts of man.

"Observe that the edges of the hollow dome seem to rest upon a broad ring or band, beneath which is a similar ring, of less depth, the inner surface of the

dome and its two supporting bands forming a series of three surfaces.

"The lower ring, which corresponds with the plinth of a pedestal, and the architrave of an entablature, is of marble, and divided into twenty-five compartments, each bearing a bas relief, in which the figures are left white upon an azure ground. The whole circle of figures, running about the edge of the dome, forms a connected line of bas reliefs in the simple style of the Etruscans. The figures are those of infants engaged in such actions as represent the *instincts* of man. Some are occupied in the chase; others are quarreling; others seem to indulge the pleasures of the palate. Some are subduing wild animals; others play at hide and seek. In a word, there is no instinct or propensity of nature that is not here exhibited in a manner at once pleasing and remarkable. The figures, though small, are sufficiently visible from below, and the attitudes of all form a beautiful succession of contrasts and transitions, as the eye follows them in circle.

"The circle above this first one, corresponds with the die of a pedestal and the frieze of an entablature. It is also surmounted by a flat, but deep, cornice.

"This circle, also, is a series of groups; but the compartments are only five in number—each one placed above five of the lesser divisions of the first circle. They contain frescoes, painted in strong colors, of figures in the Greek taste, of a very pure outline, robed, and in action. The first group is one of a family. It shows all the relations of love: that of the parent, the brother and sister, the friends, the husband and wife. Its figures are five in number, representing infancy, youth, and old age. You may study it at your leisure, and will, I think, find it inexhaustible. The second compartment represents cunning, and the destructive passions, in their purest forms, and by their proper actions in human figures. The third compartment represents invention and the acquisition of wealth. The fourth, the arts of music and painting; the fifth, geometry and the sciences. Each of the figures, by action and circumstance, and even by dress and feature, expresses, in some manner, the kind of intelligence which inspires it. You may see that the hollow of the dome is not a perfect hemisphere, but somewhat flattened, in order that the figures may be visible to a large circle below.



Above the cornice, its hollow is composed of three great windows, divided by as many heavy ribs. These let in very little light, being of stained glass of the darkest colors, subdued to be agreeable to the eye. In all the variety of the splendidly colored draperies of the figures painted on the glass, there is no glare nor oppressive effect, even under the noon-day sun. In order to soften the light, the glasses are double, the outside layer being colorless ground glass, letting in a diffused ray through the colored layer; for nothing can be more ridiculous than to pain the senses with violent colors and lights, when we mean, rather, to sooth and gratify them. The principles observed in sacred music should also be attended to in the painting of the windows of sacred edifices. All effects should be grand, mild, and simple.

The window over the dome represents Inspiration,—in the figure of the warrior, in that of the king, and in that of the prophetess. All are known subjects; you will recognise them by their emblems. The prophetess is Miriam; the king, David; and the warrior, Joshua. They represent all that belongs to inspiration. They are grouped in such a manner as to form a whole by the effects of color, light and shade, and expression; but this elevated species of representation does not admit of any violent gestures or action.

"Of the two other windows, one represents all that belongs to law and government. In this there are but two figures, and between them a throne, on which rests a casket, and, inscribed on the casket, the unspoken name of God in the Hebrew sign.

"On the left hand of the altar is Moses, in the attitude of judgment. On the right, St. John the Evangelist, dictating the words of faith. This, you will perceive, is the principal compartment, and rests over that group of frescoed figures which represents the selfish desires.

"The third compartment is of divine knowledge, or of the Word, and rests over the frescoes of the intelligences of art and science. It contains a group of three figures; the central representing Christ; the one on the left, St. Peter; and on the right, St. Paul; the one discovering reason, and the other, belief.

"Observe the placing of these superior groups over the frescoes, and of the frescoes over the bas reliefs. The groups of instincts are beneath their proper govern-

ing intelligences, and the intelligences beneath their governing rational principles; and thus the scheme of human reason and intelligent nature is painted to the eye."

Lomatius continued his description of the interior of his church—of the pictures on the walls, in the angles of the ceiling, between the arches, over the pulpit,—he had designed or assisted in the design of all, and being wealthy, paid for the greater part out of his own purse. The church was his hobby; every thing connected with churches and their history, was interesting to him. His library teemed with ecclesiastical histories, works of theology, and works of architecture. He theorized on art, and was a perfect dilettanti. Delicious hours have I spent in the dim alcoves of his library, turning over his wealthy portfolios, stored with the choice etchings and engraved works of all the great painters. Here, also, were the works of Callot, of Da Vinci, of Lomazzo, of Lairesee, of Pausanias, of Pliny, of Lanz, Le Brun, Vasari, with hundreds of magnificent folios stored with the choicest works of the French, German, and Italian schools. I became, at least externally, familiar with them, and read much that was valuable. Hence my present enjoyment of pictures and art generally.

Lomatius was a short, uncouth, little man, a precipitate talker, but imaginative and critical. His affections shaped themselves by his intellect: he did not love those who took no interest in his favorite studies. While you would listen and look, he loved you, and no longer. To him I am indebted for a better direction of my taste. Though my eyes are not quick, I can, even now, judge of a picture, or criticise an engraving; I even have a small, but choice, collection of prints, visible only to the judicious. Among them I will only mention the great "Assumption" of Schiavoni, a "Battle of the Standard," and a set of the "Battles of Alexander"—all clean impressions, and very black.

#### A NONDESCRIPT.

Why, among this circle of worthies, should I hesitate to place thee, Cosmus—thou singular and agreeable union of extremes—whom nature made a man of letters, and necessity, a merchant. In thee were united, calculation and criticism—letters and the ledger. It was thy fate to keep books—thy ability to make

them. With you, my speculative friend, to speak and to think were the same action. Your brooding intellect hatched conclusions out of all that it rested on; your wit, a perpetual lambent fire, played over the object, without burning or even warming it, yet forced the eye, constantly, to follow and admire. Your inexhaustible sociality delighted in numbers. It was no lover's partiality—of this one, and no other—but spread itself generously through a group—warmed on multitudes, lived in variety, and rose with the occasion. On what topic would you not converse? The lightest, the gravest.

An agile and sharp logician, a terror to dogmatists, an able advocate, a just adjudicator, interested in many things, but chiefly in elegancies and rare products of the mind; nay more, a humorist, a storyteller, a boon companion, a judge of the bottle—of every thing but—! In my dark and miserable hours, thou didst me the good office of a consoler; but now thou art gone; and, by these gray locks, I am reminded that I, too, must soon depart. I have lived, and, in a brief experience, made up the sum of good and evil. My joys and sorrows, weighed against each other, seem to balance evenly.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

I HAVE given you an account of my infancy and boyhood. You are pretty well acquainted with the principal turns of fortune that befel me until the latter part of my twenty-first year; only I neglected to say, that, by special invitation from the most learned Vierus, during the absence of my patron, I passed two years of my life in his office, in the capacity of attendant—Vierus' poverty forbidding any other arrangement. Thus, in both instances, I was enabled honestly to earn my living, first as assistant to my patron, and afterward to his friend. During the whole of this period, living mostly in a constant round of study and occupation, nothing happened sufficiently remarkable to distinguish one day from another. I lived regularly, learned rapidly, conversed, thought, and meditated. Then followed my practice in the country, with the adventure which I have related. Had I intended, at the first, to write a regular history of my life, I should have adhered most faithfully to that resolution; but, on the contrary, my plan was to have no plan, but to follow the humor, and compose just such a desultory, broken affair as it might please accident and fancy to make it. The results are so far in your hands.

To make this volume of our history complete, I have now three things to accomplish; namely: the story of Egeria, which, you may remember, was left unfinished by Clementine, but since completed by herself, to my great joy;—the account of the wedding, to which I hastily invited you some time ago, before I had quite determined whether to let you go with me or not. The thing having

happened so recently as not yet to have acquired in my fancy the character of a history; and last, not least, the account of that infernal expedition of the adventures Von Slawkenburg, which I promised years ago, and introduced to you with vast preparations, most part thrown away.

With which of these three things—the tale, the wedding, or the expedition—I had best begin, is just now a thing quite impossible to be decided by any principle of order, save that of the natural succession of events, which at present I shall neglect, and forthwith begin with the adventure.

It was in the evening of the third day after the marriage, when a circle of guests and friendly neighbors were assembled in my hall, that Egeria related to us the story of her adventures. Passing lightly over the period of her childhood, and leaving the misfortune of her father unexplained, she went on to relate as follows the causes of her sudden disappearance from the city at the time of Clementine's search for her.

"Soon after the last visit which Clementine made me at my lodgings in the city, there came to the house a young gentleman of fortune from England, a Mr. Blancmange, who represented himself as a younger brother of the great house of Blancmange, which traced itself backward to a certain French money lender of the last century, who had married the daughter of an English Earl, and by certain revenue services secured to his son the title and honors of the earldom. Of the truth of this history no one raised a doubt, and as the gentle-

man represented that his brother the Earl had no children, and that he himself was the heir at law, we thought him a very admirable person.

Mr. Blancmange made himself at ease with us, and was especially agreeable to my mistress, with an intent, as I soon learned, to make her a party in a little design touching myself.

One day my mistress came to me with a sad countenance, and inquired whether I could bear to be told of a very great misfortune which had just befallen me. She then handed me a letter in the hand-writing of Clementine, in which he was made to say, that as his last hour had come, at the close of a sudden and dangerous illness, he could only leave me his blessing, and recommend me to the care of Heaven, and of the good lady with whom I was residing. As I opened this letter, the good woman showed me another in the same hand, directed to herself, which seemed to solicit her, with every expression of regard, to take care of me, and even to adopt me as her daughter.

You may imagine the effect of these contrivances on one so tender and unsuspecting. I felt like one dead, and remained I know not how long in a perfectly insensible state. On my recovery from the shock and fever which ensued, I found myself lying in the cabin of a packet ship, sailing toward Europe. Mr. Blancmange, and a coarse-looking person, in the dress of a seaman, were seated in the cabin playing at cards with my mistress. Looking through the door of my state-room, which stood ajar, I saw the Englishman rise and leave the cabin, and in his absence, which lasted only a few moments, the other person used some remarkable expressions which I did not understand, but which seemed to be in allusion to myself. I noticed at the same time a disagreeable familiarity of manner between the two, which was equally incomprehensible. Blancmange presently returned with a bottle in his hand, and the following elegant conversation ensued, while the lady filled their glasses with what seemed to be brandy, as I judged by the odor.

"Well, Mr. Earl, we shall be in Paris in less than a forty-eight hours; what do you mean to do with your pet there in the berth?"

"Egad, madam! I'll leave my intentions to your sagest conjecture. A woman of your judgment and experience

need not ask such a question. Finish the brandy, captain. No heel-taps.

"We must have another hundred pounds, Mr. Earl. It's a delicate business, you know, if it should come out."

"Oh! you think you have me now," replied the gentleman, with an oath; "but no," he added, "the trifle is at your service—the prize is worth it."

"There," said he, throwing a heap of gold pieces upon the table. "Now let us hear no more about it." The captain would have gathered up the money, but the lady prevented him; and sweeping the pieces from the board, she rose and came with them into the state-room. Seeing me awake, and observing them, she started, and seemed confused for a moment. Then recovering her presence of mind, she sprang forward, and throwing her arms about my neck, almost stifled me with kisses.

"How do you, my angel, my dear daughter?" she exclaimed,—"do you know where you are, dearest, and where you are going? We are on the way to France, with our good friends, the captain and Mr. Blancmange. But, ah! I forget, you have suffered so much—such a loss! Well—we will do what we can to comfort you—we will." Thereat she began feeling of my hands, and with a variety of condolent expressions, inquired how I felt, assuring me that for ten whole days I had been in a state of stupor; my grief had had so powerful an effect upon me.

Whether this stupor was wholly attributable to grief, or in part to a drug which she mixed with my food, I have never been able to ascertain, but rational conjecture seems to favor the latter opinion.

Not choosing to betray the suspicions which siezed upon me, I received her caresses and congratulations without any signs of emotion. I suffered her to assist my recovery, and even appeared with all the civility which I could command, before the Englishman and the captain.

It was not long before Blancmange began to let me perceive how much he was affected, by what he pleased to call my condescension to him; though I endeavored to divide my civilities as equally as possible between the two. As often as the Englishman became pressing, I treated him with coldness, and appeared more kind than usual to the captain; which had a capital effect; for this latter

person soon understood the game, and even went so far as to seem to make love to me, merely to amuse himself at the expense of Blancmange. In this manner I succeeded in keeping myself free of anything disagreeable, though I saw that my behavior threw the Englishman into the greatest perplexity.

I perceived also in myself a new spirit rising; for, being in the hands of enemies, and depending wholly upon myself, I became at once wiser in regard to persons, and lost a certain rustic confidence in others, bred in me by my sylvan education.

We arrived in Paris within the predicted time, and here I was put through a regular course of temptations by my mistress and the Englishman; but instead of losing ground, with my own resolution, I became an adept in deception, and by a perfect amiability and impenetrability, acquired an influence over those who thought to use me as a slave.

The woman still continued to call me daughter, and without the least reluctance, furnished me with everything I desired. I soon discovered that her supplies came from the Englishman, whose purse seemed to be inexhaustible. You may think it a proof of but little delicacy, that I willingly made use of the person who would have used me; but I confess not to an absolute purity of conscience, and as I had had none to instruct me how to act in such cases, my off-hand principles partook of the natural cunning of the untaught.

After a year's residence in Paris, during all of which time, my gentleman continued his attentions, never suffering a day to pass without seeing me, and supplying all my wants with the most surprising assiduity, he proposed a journey through Germany and Italy, which we made by easy stages, passing from point to point, in a manner quite negligent of time, so as easily to consume another year between travel and enjoyment.

During the whole of this journey, I improved my leisure with reading and meditation, and by the help of some native wit, acquired an entire ascendancy over my gentleman, who, from a brutal master, was converted into a respectful suitor; though I confess to you this change did not in the least increase my affection for himself, or reconcile me to my dependent situation; I studied every opportunity of freedom, and continued to

lament, in secret, the untimely death of my friend.

"The day after the meeting with Clementine, which has been related to you by our friend Steiner," said the lady, addressing myself, "I quickly explained all to him. We parted company immediately with the woman, and the captain, who had stuck close to the Englishman in the quality of humble friends, and set off on our return to Paris. These worthy people did not fail, however, of rejoining their companion Blancmange, who seems to have plotted revenge, and, with their aid, came very near accomplishing it. How this happened, I will relate to you very particularly.

"On our arrival at Paris, Clementine took lodgings for me in an upper story of a house in a frequented quarter. Here he intended to have me stay for a while, to enjoy the pleasures of the city, and recover my health, which was impaired by the anxieties I had suffered for his imagined loss. As there is something in my nature of that gay spirit and social ease, which characterizes the happy people of Paris, I was delighted with this opportunity of living among them, and extending my acquaintance with the better sort. Nor had we reason to complain of our treatment; for though it be impossible for strangers of no note to make much impression in the great capital of Europe, yet we were every where treated with remarkable courtesy, because of the easy and winning manners of my friend, who never failed to make himself agreeable to all classes and degrees."

Clementine here interrupted the narrator—who said the last words with an arch smile, glancing at him—and insisted that it was altogether herself who made way for them at Paris. "You may judge," said he, turning to one of the company, "whether the lady just now spoke the exact truth. I abhorred society, while we were in Paris, and avoided it with all my might, but she, contrary to my express desire, attracted all kinds of people, and forced me into crowds of ladies and savans; besides bringing numbers of German counts, and other foreign rubbish upon us, so that our drawing-room looked like a barrack parlor."

"But they would come, Clement," retorted the lady, with a look of feigned anxiety; "one could not keep them off; and as for the savans, they were of



your own bringing on: for my part, I detested them."

"Ah! madam," retorted the other, "I threw in my savans to keep the balance against your whiskered and military friends; but, indeed, I acquit you of all blame; they would come, whether you would or not."

Observing that the ladies of our party were disagreeably affected by this dialogue, I pretended an impatience to hear the continuation of the story of the Englishman and his plot, which seemed to promise something romantic; upon which the lady began again as follows.

## THE BREAD SCHOLAR.

THIS is an oddly-sounding, but very significant name, which the Germans have invented for those who pursue knowledge in any of its departments for mere self-interest, or merely professional motives. Schiller, in his noble introductory discourse on universal history, has graphically described and stingingly reproved this class of men. They who read German, and desire to see so rare a topic handled with signal ability, will be well rewarded by a perusal of that work. In the mean time, we invite all others to explore with us, by the road he has opened, this important region of literary jurisprudence and morality, with a free use of the illuminated paragraphs of this great writer, to whose thoughts, on this subject, we are proud to be ourselves, and shall be glad to make others, indebted.

Ever-unfolding truth has no more inveterate foe than he to whom the name of "*Brod-Schuler*" is applicable; and as no feeling is more fatal to the genuine intellectual spirit, whose only aim is truth, and on whose purity the fate of man is left dependent, than that of which he is the representative, it becomes an act of self-preservation as well as of fealty to the great cause of letters, to set forth his characteristics in as clear a light as possible.

The eyes of bread-scholars of every profession are, if we do not mistake the case, spell-bound to one all-absorbing, all-eclipsing object,—the elevation of self on the shoulders of literature. Their exertions and movements in the world of mind, are controlled by two questions only, viz: *What will men say?* and *what will men give?* To pursue truth, for her own sake, independently of popular or party judgments, out of regard to the broadest interests of humanity and justice, regardless of either the smiles

or frowns of fortune, is a mark not yet dreamed of by their philosophy. Such motives are too ethereal for their comprehension. Education, mental culture, knowledge, are, in their view, mere stepping-stones to fortune or official fitness; a scaffolding, important but as a convenient *point d'appui* for the erection of that fair castle of outward good,—social distinction, wealth, ease, and what-not,—which to their sense-bound souls is the only visible and tangible tree of life. Unfortunate men! they cannot rise above the mercenary spirit. It has so completely fastened them to the ground-level of things, that every proposition which either science or the age has to lay before them, is contemplated by them from this groveling point of view. All *opinions* are, by force of habit, cast into this favorite pair of scales, and their claims decided by the preponderating weights of interest. Even into the kingdom of intellectual convictions and moral sentiments they thus dare to carry these sordid considerations. As though that kingdom were bankrupt, and unable to reward its children out of its own independent treasury, but paid only by borrowing, the bread-scholar nominally enrolls himself as a subject, but, with a secret want of confidence in his new master, looks exclusively to another and a hostile power for sustaining influences and remunerating results. Such men are therefore not to be depended upon by literature to do her work, because literature is too poor to pay them. Not loving truth for what she is in herself—not serving her from a sense of *their inward need of her*—they forsake her in the hour of trial, treat her with indifference and absolute neglect when they cannot use her as a tool of their "low ambition," and become open enemies when Error, fed by popularity, is able to outbid her hated rival in the

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only coin that passes current at their counter.

In his introductory remarks, with which Schiller begins the discourse we have referred to, addressed to the large and promising group of students who formed his auditory, he puts the striking question, "*What has man to give to man greater than truth?*" The "*one destination* of us all, which we all share in an equal manner, and which we have brought into the world with us," viz: "*to perfect ourselves as men*"—this view, also, is in the hands of this true spiritual iconoclast—the first weapon of his warfare against the whole tribe of men-pleasers and worldly-wise men in the domain of literature. As to plans of study, he goes on to observe, that that which the bread-scholar and that which the philosophical head propose to themselves must be quite different. The former, who is dependent on his diligence, singly and alone, to perform the conditions under which he can be competent to an office and partake of its advantages, who only on this account sets the powers of his spirit in motion, viz: in order thereby to improve his temporal condition, and to satisfy a little longing for fame,—such a one, on entering his academical career, can have no weightier care than in the most accurate manner to separate the sciences which he calls bread-studies from all others which satisfy the spirit only as spirit. All the time which he dedicated to the latter, he would believe to be abstracted from his future calling, and would never forgive himself this robbery. He will regulate his entire application by the demands made upon him by the future lord of his destiny, and deems all done, when he has made himself able to answer them without fear. Has he run through his course and reached the end of his wishes, he of course forsakes his conductresses,—for why should they trouble him yet farther? His greatest care now is to carry his collected treasures of memory to market, and to take heed that they do not sink in their value. Every extension of his head-science disturbs him, because it sends him to new labor, or makes the past useless; every serious innovation frightens him, because it breaks in pieces the old school-forms, which he made so laboriously his own, and puts in danger the whole work of his previous life. Who have cried out more against reformers than the crowd of bread-scholars? Who hold back the progress of useful re-

volutions in the kingdom of knowledge more than just these persons? Every light which is kindled by a happy genius, in what science soever it may be, makes their poverty visible; they resist it with bitterness, with malice, with desperation, because, with the school-system which they defend, they are at the same time fighting for their whole existence. Therefore, there is no more irreconcilable enemy, no more envious colleague, no more willing chain-maker, than the bread-scholar. The less his attainments reward him *through themselves*, the greater recompense does he demand from without; for the merit of handicraftsmen he has but *one* measure, the *toil*. Therefore one hears nobody complain more of ingratitude, than the bread-scholar; not in his treasures of thought does he seek his reward; he expects his reward from outward recognition, from places of honor, from maintenance. Does this fail him, who is more unhappy than the bread-scholar? He has lived, watched, labored in vain; in vain has he sought after truth, if truth does not change itself for him into gold, into newspaper praise, into the favor of princes.

How pitiable is such a man, who, with the *nobles* of all instruments, with science and art, desires and effects nothing higher than the day laborer, with the *meanest*! who, in a kingdom of the most perfect freedom, carries about with him the soul of a slave!—But still more worthy of pity is the young man of genius, whose naturally beautiful course has been turned aside by pernicious doctrines and models upon this by-path, who has suffered himself to be persuaded to make collections with this pitiful carefulness for his future calling. Soon will the science of his vocation become loathsome to him as an imperfect work; desires will awake in him which it cannot satisfy; his genius will rebel against his destination. All that he now does appears to him as fragmentary; he sees no object of his waking, and still he cannot bear objectlessness. The toilsome, the trifling, in his professional cares presses him to the ground, because he cannot set against it the joyous spirit which accompanies only the clear insight, only the anticipated perfection. He feels himself cut off—torn out from the connection of things, because he has neglected to join his activity to the great whole of the world. To the civilian, his legal science becomes disgusting, as soon as the glimmer of a bet-

ter culture lays open its imperfections to the light, making him recoil from it, instead of endeavoring to be its new creator, and to supply from his inward fullness its detected deficiencies. The physician quarrels with his calling as soon as serious disappointments reveal to him the uncertainty of his systems; the theologian loses his esteem for his, as soon as his faith in the infallibility of his doctrinal system wavers.

How entirely otherwise is it with the philosophical head! Just as carefully as the bread-scholar separates his science from all others, the other labors to widen its jurisdiction and to restore its union with the rest—to *restore*, I say, because only the abstracting understanding has made these boundaries, has divorced these sciences from one another. Where the bread-scholar rends, the philosophical spirit binds together. He has early convinced himself, that in the department of the understanding, as in the world of sense, everything touches upon something else, and his active impulse after harmony cannot satisfy itself with fragments. All his efforts are directed to the perfection of his knowledge; his noble impatience cannot rest until all his conceptions have disposed themselves to a common whole, until he stands in the centre of his art, of his sciences, and from hence with a satisfied glance overlooks their extent. New discoveries in the circle of his activity, which cast down the *bread-scholar*, enrapture the philosophical spirit. Perhaps they fill a chasm, which has disfigured the growing whole of his views, or place upon his ideal structure the last stone necessary for its completion. But should they even shatter it to pieces, should a new series of thoughts, should a new phenomenon of nature, should a newly-discovered law in the material world, overturn the whole edifice of his science; *as he has always loved the truth more than his system*, gladly will he exchange the whole defective form for a newer and more beautiful one. Yes, if no blow from without shakes the edifice of his speculative conceptions, he is himself impelled by an eternally active impulse after improvement, to be the first to be dissatisfied with it, and to take it in pieces in order that he may more perfectly put it together again. Through always new and more beautiful forms of thought, the philosophical spirit advances to higher excellence, while the bread-student in an everlasting intellectual

*stand-still*, guards the unfruitful sameness of his school-conceptions.

There is no more just judge of foreign merit than the philosophical head. Sharp-sighted and inventive enough to make use of every activity, he is also ready enough to honor the author of the least. For him all heads are working—all heads work against the bread-scholar. The former knows how to change everything that happens, and is thought of around him, into his own property—between thinking heads there prevails an inward community of all goods of the spirit; what one gains in the kingdom of truth, he has gained for all. The bread-scholar hedges himself from all his neighbours, whom he enviously grudges light and sun, and guards with care the crazy bars which he but weakly defends against victorious reason. The bread-student is obliged to borrow from everything he undertakes a charm and brightness from without; the philosophical spirit finds in his object, in his labor itself, charm and reward. With how much more spirit he can undertake his task, how much more lively will be his zeal, how much more permanent will be his courage and his activity, since with him labor rejuvenates itself."

Thus far this genuine lover of truth, who searched for it with so pure a heart that he *found*, and who, in bestowing it upon others, "took care that its worth did not diminish under his hands." Similar views with those just exhibited in relation to the motives which should actuate the scholar and every laborer in the mines of science, have been recently expressed with great force and beauty by President Woolsey, of Yale College, in his inaugural address. Some passages of this noble production utter so timely a rebuke of the gross utilitarian *immediateism*, which so infects the age, and which makes it so powerless for the present, because so faithless in the future, that they, too, must be called in to enrich our argument. Every true mind, whether to give or to receive be its outward calling, will welcome such sentiments as these:

"The Christian teacher," he observes, "will estimate education not so much by its relation to immediate ends of a practical sort, as by its relation to high ends far more important than success in a profession, and the power of acquiring wealth and honor. He will value science to some extent for its own sake.

He will value it also as a necessary means for the formation of a perfect mind, and of an individual fitted for high usefulness." Reputation and other temporal ends are, indeed, by no means to be despised. Indeed, to shut our eyes to them entirely is not required even by religion, and to pretend to be insensible to their influence would betray either folly or affectation. But these objects are not to be *sought for*. They will come unsought and unasked to all who dare to live and labor for more excellent rewards. In general, it is true, that "the attainment of the better will involve that of the less worth." But should it *not*—should the general law be overruled for a season by some particular cause or causes from the operation of which "knowledge is" no longer "power" over the "beggarly elements," and intellectual wealth becomes another name for poverty of purse and condition—what then? Has all been in vain, the honorable effort, the intellectual diligence, the disciplined pursuit, the triumphal acqui-

sition? *There yet remains all that makes the essential difference between men.* There remains all that makes a difference between a man and no man—between an embased and an ennobled nature. "There remains," says the eloquent scholar just raised to the headship of New England's faithful university, "the priceless mind, all ready for usefulness, strong in its love of truth, imbued with the knowledge of principles, unwilling to stoop to what is low, and containing within itself a fountain of happiness."

With these happy conceptions of the true aims and rewards of learning, so encouraging to exertion, so necessary to successful results, we take our leave of the bread-scholar. We hope for his transformation into a truth-scholar. All hope for the world hangs on the realization of a final victory over the spirit of bread-scholarship. Truth is the real mistress of the world, and against her none can prosper; with her, none play a losing game.

### SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

Most readers of Shakspeare neglect his Sonnets altogether. To those who have occasionally attempted to search out their fullest meaning, the effort has been but partially successful, and perhaps quite too soon relinquished. Aside from the poems themselves, there is given us but little help. Nearly all the old critics, so ready with loquacious comments upon all the Plays, seem to have found themselves here only "looking on darkness which the blind do see,"—and are dumb. Notwithstanding, there seems to have been, very generally, a certain instinctive faith, that in these mysterious archives are locked some momentous records of the poet's inner life,—that here we may pause in reverent awe, and mark some foot-prints of earth's greatest spirit, left in the arid sands of mortality, during the days of its "fitful fever." And this faith is certainly not groundless.

The first decided effort at a complete exposition of the Sonnets, so far as we know, was made a few years since in one of the most popular of the English monthlies. The writer deserves much

credit for the attempt, and for the ingenuity with which his purpose is executed. Yet we think there are few readers who will not rise from the perusal of his almost endless lucubrations, without a feeling of dissatisfaction and dissent. He seems to have adopted many of his conclusions quite too hastily. Although he assures us that his text had not lacked much faithful and continuous reading; yet his assertions tend rather to continue us in the belief, that he first interpreted from caprice and then read in self-justification, than to indicate the confidence of one who had persevered in his study until all was clear and natural. Other comments have indeed been vouchsafed us, but these chiefly of a shorter, topical, description, combining altogether many valuable suggestions, with an abundance of absurd conjecture. On ground so little trodden, and so thickly enveloped in mists and darkness, there is, therefore, much necessity that every step should be taken with calmness and circumspection.

Not a little has been said as to the want of order in the arrangement of these



poems. We are told that they are thrown confusedly together, so that we shall be obliged to fly hither and thither continually, in order to follow out their connection, or to get at their true interpretation. All this seems to us much rather urged to make way for a favorite exposition of their meaning, than from any warrantable conclusions dependent on established facts. Grant the privilege of taking a passage here and there as we choose, and we may very easily come to imitate the cleverness of theological disputants, and share in their inextricable confusion. But these Sonnets must not be so frittered away.

Because a bookseller originally stole them from the friends of their author, for whose private perusal they were written, does it follow that his shame would prompt him to shuffle them into such shape as to render them unintelligible? To sell, they must be in a form to be read and understood. The publisher was doubtless too well disciplined in avarice, to put them together in haste and unconcern. Moreover, they were afterward published with the author's enforced consent—with additions to the original number, and, we have every reason to suppose, subject to his own arrangement and revision. The order has since remained unchanged, and it has the poet's sanction. It is evidently just as it should be. All conspires to a perfect unity. There is, though much variety, a regular progress and unbroken harmony from beginning to end. As soon may we change the order of lines or words, as separate a single sonnet from the numeral that precedes it.

We come, then, to inquire whether these are indeed genuine revelations of the poet's personal feelings and experience, or whether we are to regard them solely as the vagaries of a moment. One supposition or the other must be the correct one. The youth whom Shakspeare so tenderly addresses, will, indeed, be found, in many respects, to resemble the ancient Narcissus; and there are occasional passages, wherein envious ingenuity (and that alone) can find the hint of an Alexis; but when we read the whole, all such appearances are found to be accidental or imaginary. From first to last we find but three persons. That one of these is the poet himself, in an unassumed character, no attentive reader can doubt.

That the other two—a male and a female—were real living persons, is equally certain from the whole tenor of these writings. Should it be objected, that Shakspeare would hardly consent to the publication of his inmost thoughts, we need only refer to the fact, that they were never intended for other eyes than those of his immediate friends.\*

It is well to bear in mind the example of Petrarch (to which very possibly these persons owe their origin), whose revelations of personal passion and experience are even more frank and unguarded than those of Shakspeare; while the leading a life in the highest degree public, in the confidence of princes, and in the discharge of honored official duties, as the Italian is known to have done, such an event was in his case less probable. We are bound to take the words of Shakspeare as the sincere expression, in poetic dialect, of sentiments and emotions which had a constant abode in the depths of his soul. No other supposition will bear a momentary consideration. He that rightly reads these self-revelations will never doubt their genuine sincerity. He knows there is no affected sentimentality here, but only the poet's own intense and earnest feeling. The vagaries of a moment could have found no such language as this; and the reader of Cowley's "Mistress" who has heart may distinguish in them the exhibition of absurd affection from that of profound and irresistible passion. While we regard the one, however ingenious, with a cool neglect, we behold the other, however misguided, with reverent sympathy. The one can only plead poetic license in defence of falsehood, the other ingeniously speaks the truth to his own hurt.

How, then, shall we proceed in our interpretation, and what kind of revelations must we expect? Let us not forget that every truly great work is always rightly understood, when we adopt the simplest and most natural meaning. It is the quality of the unlearned, (or what is still worse, the half-learned,) to seek for remote and obscure meanings; and a characteristic of the literary impostor, to leave in his writings a hint of some "hidden sense," which it is feared his reader will miss. If we here look for some profound communication of what no mortal ever before dreamed; if we

\* We find it necessary to differ, here, from our contributor. Many remarkable expressions the sonnets show that they were written for posterity.—Ep.

expect an unbounded overflow of personal feeling, we ought to be much disappointed. Nothing is so notable in every other work of Shakspeare, as the absence of all semblance of egotism. And herein the superiority of our great poet is especially manifest. Dante forgets not his personal sympathies and antipathies, even in the miseries of hell or the felicities of heaven; and his own lost Beatrice is the chief spirit of all the Vision. Milton cannot but pause in the midst of his sublime colloquies and conflicts of gods and angels, to lament over his blindness, and to remember the wrongs of "evil men and evil times," on which he deemed himself to have fallen. Nothing more appropriately characterizes the poets of the days of Wordsworth and Shelley, than a stubborn persistency in thrusting upon the world their own individual peculiarities and experiences. Homer and Shakspeare merge themselves entirely in the mass of humanity. Their poems are never altars whereon to burn incense to themselves. If anything of this sort is to be found in these Sonnets, we are much mistaken. Meditations of himself are so rare in the poet, as to become exceedingly precious. Even these few words, suggested solely by his connection with those he loves, are never self-commendatory. We suspect that the ideas men usually receive from the passages wherein Shakspeare speaks so confidently of the immortality of his verses, are not well warranted by the state of mind in which they were written. It was ever the privilege to speak of "monuments more enduring than brass," and that without being esteemed particularly vain or presumptuous. If he has made an effort that shall be immortal, the whole praise is to be given to the subject by which he was inspired. He arrogates to himself no honor—he reserves no share in the glory—he expects to be himself forgot—to sink into a "common grave." Even there, where we thought to have found chiefly vanity and self-confidence, we are astonished by the reverse.

There are several sonnets near the close, which may be properly regarded as soliloquies of the poet. One of these so well exhibits the twofold subject of all this series of verse, and so truly possesses the reader with what he is to expect from the whole, that a portion of it might well have been placed at the beginning, by way of argument.

"Two loves I have—of comfort and despair,  
Which, like two spirits, do suggest me still.

The better angel is a man right fair—  
The worser spirit, a woman colored ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride."

Who this "better angel" may have been, (to whom the first one hundred and twenty-six sonnets were undoubtedly addressed, though the language of some needs to be considered, with reference to the customary expressions of his time, to seem at all appropriate to a male friend,) is altogether beyond confident conjecture. The Earl of Southampton is very naturally suggested to our memory, in this connection. That so eminent a benefactor of the poet should never have been made a theme for his inspired lays, is to some quite incredible. It is not so to us. Godlike gifts are not, by godlike men, offered in exchange for coin. If the poet received money from his earthly fellow, we trust it was as a gift—for which he was not unduly thankful.

Gold does not buy friendship; and patronage has nothing in common with that affection which is based on equality. We never yet could understand that the beneficence of the earl was other than that of the infidel supporter of churches, that "he liked to see public amusements go on, and flourish." That the young noble had a great fondness for the theatre, is, indeed, well known. We read in a contemporary letter, (1599) that he "passed away the time in London, merely in going to plays every day." Shakspeare gave a sufficient return for all the kindness of which we have any evidence, by two prose dedications—wonderfully in contrast with the tone of the sonnets. The former are occasionally humble—almost servile; the latter are tinged, throughout, with a modest consciousness of the highest worth. Be his friend the greatest of earthly nobles, he is no whit inferior. He almost stoops, and yet, to be sure, he never puts off his modest bearing. That Shakspeare would not have actually used such freedom with a great noble, we are fully convinced. There is, moreover, one sonnet, which puts the matter for ever at rest. Although the Right Honorable Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Zichfield, could not be strictly reckoned with

"great princes," yet he approached too near this point, for the poet to venture the expression he uses; and that the young lord could literally "of public honor and proud titles boast," is tolerably certain. We subjoin a part of the sonnet in question, and leave the "better angel" without even the shadow of a name.

"Let those who are in favor with their stars,  
Of public honor and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlooked-for joy in that I honor most.  
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread,  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,  
Where I may not remove, nor be removed."

This youthful friend appeared to him the image and impersonation of masculine beauty and manly perfection. Here he treasured all the jewels of his intellect and affection, that could be properly assigned to man, as upon this other "love" all gentler conceptions, all bright and tender dreams, that cluster around the image of woman. These two loves—among actual things—the immortal genius must have, or be for ever a universal skeptic. These two loves he must have, or Hamlet and Desdemona had never been born. Words of our own serve no purpose, to speak of the extent and the ardor of this friendly devotion. Many of the finest images and most felicitous expressions which the whole range of English poetry can furnish, were originally bestowed upon this object of love; glowing fancies and glittering conceits, are poured out without stint; all the language of affection seems too feeble to set forth at all worthily the excess of his ardent attachment. We must bear in mind, indeed, the change of style since the Elizabethan era, and not question with ourselves the propriety of following contemporary tastes, which the greatest cannot wholly avoid. Yet, after all such allowances, we are unable to find, in the same number of lines, such an amount of genuine poetry, of the finest kind, and perennial through all the changes of time and taste, as in the sonnets which celebrate this love "of comfort."

But the poet had, likewise, a love of

"despair," to whom we must reluctantly turn.

The immortal bard seems not to have been one of those who precociously lisp in numbers. The villagers of Stratford may have seen in him but a very simple youth—perhaps idle and imprudent. Nor was the silent sarcasm of their looks much abated, probably, when they saw the uncultured boy of eighteen married—actually married, to a woman of twenty-six.

"Beautiful" is the epithet given, by some of the old manuscripts, to the name of Anne Hathaway—and, we doubt not, with the utmost propriety. Of the four years of this domestic life at Stratford, we have but few authentic intimations. What visions of immortality may have then hovered around that restless brain—or whether only simple comfort, and a gladsome hearth in obscurity, bounded the whole reach of his wishes—it were vain to conjecture. However this may have been, poverty's dank mildew came down upon all his earthly prospects. In all the ways his ingenuity seems to have been racked to devise for securing a livelihood, no prospering sun shone upon his labors. Not without one last struggle, however, will he settle down, with his wife and babes, into disgraceful and helpless indigence.

The poet's thoughts are turned towards London. Anne and her pretty babes are left behind—but not yet forsaken. Who that knows the gentle Shakspeare, can doubt for a moment the sincere, even tearful tenderness of that momentous parting? But who was the author of *Hamlet*—when all the rough exterior of the thoughtless boy was worn off by years of severe culture; and the poet had come forth, clear and shining, from the fires of suffering—that his spirit could find one pulse of sympathy in the bosom of his poor loving Anne? That boyish dream was passed—passed away for ever! Only was it, we now clearly see, a sensuous fancy, fallacious and fleeting—from the maker of *Hamlet*, vanished like a half-remembered sabbath of childhood!

It has been asserted that very many of the Sonnets which precede the hundred-twenty-sixth must have been addressed to the "woman colored ill." That this notion is erroneous, is plainly enough seen, on comparing those which follow, with those which precede, the point in question. It is the very excess of panegyric upon the "man right fair" that has, in part, we doubt not, led to this hasty

conjecture. But nothing is so noticeable in all that indisputably belongs to the portion addressed to the female "love," as the absence of every thing like the praise of personal beauty; nay, we find the contrary of all this to be the general tenor. We regard this fact alone sufficient to establish our position on this matter against all assault. Did not our own judgment forbid such an opinion, however, we should feel much delight in believing that all that part from the hundred-ninth to the hundred-nineteenth, inclusive, was addressed to poor Anne; and there is abundant sadness in the thought that such a thing was impossible. To whom could the poet more fitly have said, if truly felt:

"O never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify!  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:  
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,  
Like him that travels, I return again."

"What potions have I drunk of syren tears,  
Distilled from limbeckes fowl as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
In the distraction of this madding fever!  
O benefit of ill! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better,  
And ruined love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong,  
far greater.  
So I return rebuked to my content,  
And gain by ill, thrice more than I have spent."

But no. Poor Anne had long since become an object of weak memory. Even in his will, she was at first entirely forgot—and afterward the excess of his loving remembrance was the gift of his "second-best bed." Such a result to the hasty, fanciful loves of early youth was to be expected, indeed, yet cannot but be lamented!

The name of the woman celebrated in the burning lines which complete the series, must remain as yet unknown—deserves not to be known. That she had black eyes, and that those eyes had all the powers of an enchanter, upon

Shakespeare, we are well informed. That she was, though not the fairest, yet, the most bewitching of women, her illustrious lover fully witnesses. That the love between them was at one time reciprocal, and that the fair one had sworn to be his for ever, is placed altogether beyond doubt. The full consciousness of his former vows was indeed before him—yet he had already seen their mistaken phrensy. He could only excuse himself in the words of Longaville:

"My vow was EARTHLY—thou a HEAVENLY love!"

But transgression, however excused, (and none knew this better than the unhappy lover himself,) cannot fail of its retribution. The woman proves false: Anne is more than avenged. The lover is encompassed with chains he cannot now break. His "female evil" seduces his friend, also, into guilt—she becomes totally depraved—she drives the poet to the borders of madness. Full of haughty and fiendish caprice, she tortures her slave with despite and cruelty; then adds a new weight to his fetters, by the momentary fascinations of her loving glance and smile. Even after she has become hopelessly bad, the lover is compelled to dote, where he ought but to loathe. Again and again, it seems fully settled that the "false plague" shall taint him no more, but again and again he suffers those deceitful lips to cheat him. She remains ever fixed in his memory, as once the "heavenly love" of better days—as now, and onward for ever, the love of "despair."

"My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease!"

Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
My thoughts and discourse as madmen's are,

At random from the truth vainly expressed;

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,

Who art as black as hell, as dark as night."

After such a picture as several of the latter sonnets exhibit, some, no doubt, are inclined to regard the two concluding as altogether tame and anti-climactic. They are indeed the exact reverse. We know not how a more touching con-



clusion could have been conceived, than this beautiful allegory. Its very repetition is one of the finest strokes of poetical art. It is scarcely inferior to that most affecting scene, in which Ophelia appears—deliriously singing fragments of wild songs, and dancing so recklessly and unfeelingly over the hot embers of her misery. Her light expressions seem the fittest interpreters of the grief that rent her young heart, just as her reason passed within the cloud. As the convulsions of our nerves prevent the extension of joyous emotion into the limits of distraction, throwing off the excess in laughter; so is there a point beyond which grief cannot be endured, without suffering the fate of Ophelia, and at which the

current must turn aside into seemingly irrelevant levity, if, when forced to remain on the borders of madness, we would keep on the side of sanity. This seems to be the position of Shakspeare. Those who read the preceding sonnets most worthily, will be most fully prepared to appreciate the fine allegory of TEARS—as subtle as it is touching.

Sad as is the condition here exhibited, we must regard it not only as literally true, but as scarcely less than inevitable. The lot of genius is loneliness and sorrow. The beautiful drapery which the poet hangs over all the apartments of our life, is woven from the bitterest of human experiences, and dyed from the blood of his own heart—wrung out with anguish.

### THE MARINER.

In Nieve's Bay the winds are high,  
The yesty waters lash the shoals,  
The lightnings seam the ebon sky,  
Around the broken thunder rolls,  
And to and fro beneath its shocks  
The green earth like a cradle rocks.

The startled eagle seeks his nest,  
The trembling flocks troop to their fold,  
For some serener place of rest  
The fawn forsakes the dangerous wold,  
And through the air a voice of fear  
Shrieks, "Woe to the helpless Mariner!"

The reaper rises from his work,  
And upward casts a pallid look  
Upon the low heavens, grim and mirk;  
The shepherd leans upon his crook,  
And from his simple heart a prayer  
Sends up for the helpless Mariner.

The hoary sailor looks aloft,  
And for his brethren heaves a sigh;  
The maiden turns her blue eye soft  
Along the storm-enshrouded sky—  
Trembles from her young heart the prayer—  
"God save the helpless Mariner!"

The anxious mother walks the floor,  
Thinking upon her sun-burnt child,  
Whose pathway lies amid the roar  
Of India's waters dark and wild,  
And from her pale lips bursts the prayer—  
"God save the helpless Mariner!"

\* \* \* \* \*

They start at the boom of the minute-gun—  
 They see by the lightning's livid flash  
 The cutter leap the billow dun,  
 Like a fiery steed beneath the lash—  
 Her pale crew clinging to the mast,  
 Are driv'n like spirits before the blast.—

All night they hear the signal peal—  
 All night, by the blazing cannon's breath,  
 They see the bark like a drunkard reel  
 Above the yawning gulf of death—  
 Hoarse utterance whispers forth the prayer—  
 "God save the helpless Mariner!"

The morning breaks on Nieve's wave  
 That calmly sleeps as airs of June,  
 And all that drifts above the grave  
 Of the cutter in the deep lagoon  
 Is a maiden fair, with long black hair,  
 In the death-clasp of the Mariner.

#### THOMAS CORWIN.

HOWEVER much we may differ with a thoroughly conscientious man in opinion, he cannot fail to command our admiration and confidence. This is especially true in these days of compromise and servility to the claims of party: for where so much is lost, at least in temporary consequence, by standing out against such claims, when their moral correctness is doubtful, the highest personal virtue is necessary to resist and overcome the temptations of personal interest to yield to them. These remarks are illustrated in the present position and character of THOMAS CORWIN. His course in relation to the War with Mexico has marked him before the nation and the world. He has dared to think as his conscience bade him—to think and speak boldly what he thought. His enemies may denounce him as a traitor, and his friends reproach him for imprudence; but thinking men of the present times cannot but honor his manly independence, as posterity will assuredly commend the virtue that is displayed in it. It is natural for the country to wish to know something of the history and character of such a man. This, it is proposed briefly to give.

Thomas Corwin was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, July 29th, 1794. At the age of four years, he was made a

permanent resident of Ohio, by the removal of his parents to Warren county, in that state, in the year 1798. His father, for many years, was one of the most respectable and honored men of Ohio. For a long time a member of the legislature of the state, he was distinguished for the dignity and impartiality with which he presided, for several years, over its upper branch. The son was and is worthy of the father. The early pursuits of the former were of the humbler kind; suited to a position entirely unpretending, and admirably calculated, under the influence of the consistent presence of a virtuous example, to establish in the early character the foundations of the highest future usefulness. As might be supposed, from the influence of such early associations, instantly acting upon a strong and sensitive mind, it is not surprising that uncompromising firmness, and integrity of character, should every where be associated with his name, among the companionships and neighborhoods of his early life.

The community in which he was educated, and where are to be found his warmest friends, because there he is best known, were not less sensible of his talents than of his virtues. His mind was early accustomed to habits of thought; and thus fitted him, at an early day, to

exert a decided influence upon those around him in concerns of a general public interest. It may be said of him, as of but few others, comparatively speaking, that he was grounded and formed in the principles calculated to render a public man eminently useful, before he became one. Instead of waiting for public life to teach him lessons, he thoroughly learned, in private life, what could not fail to fit him for a public one. This learning in him was associated with a uniform and unyielding adherence to abstract truth; and, therefore, doubtless it is, that in a public career of some twenty-two or three years, he has always been on the same side of *principle*, whenever, in occasional issues with political friends, it has been supposed to be in conflict with *expediency*. Such a character in Mr. Corwin made him an early object of attention to the people of his neighborhood, is happily destined to do credit to a political career; and he had passed but a short period the constitutional age of eligibility, when he was elected to the House of Representatives of Ohio.

His career, as a representative in the state legislature, though short, was characterized by the marks of independence, uprightness, and eloquence which have given him so much distinction since. Those who knew him intimately twenty years ago, express no surprise at his course on the Mexican question, at the last session of Congress. Nor were they surprised that that course was vindicated by an effort of argument and eloquence such as the country or the world has rarely witnessed. On a smaller theatre, the same sort of power, both moral and intellectual, had been seen before, and with something of the same effort: for, if we remember rightly, his high tone in vindication of a great and cardinal abstract right, in the legislature of the state, placed him for a short season in a sort of cloud with the friends with whom he generally acted. But his election to Congress, a short time after, showed that the cloud was only a passing one; and that he was all the stronger with a discriminating people; that he had dared, in the honest conviction that he was right, to brave the ordeal of a temporarily opposing public sentiment.

Mr. Corwin's career in Congress was of nine years' continuance. He resigned his seat after the first session of the last term, in consequence of being made the candidate for governor of Ohio. His

course in Congress was that of a careful, thoughtful, conscientious man. His appearance in debate was rare, but always effective. The announcement of his name was an assurance of profound stillness in the House. That stillness continued while he occupied the floor, except as it was sometimes broken by demonstrations of excitement, such as wit, argument and eloquence like his must occasionally produce. His vindication of the venerated Harrison from the attack of Gen. Cray of Michigan, will be long remembered as adding a page of rare note to the history of American eloquence. And, familiar as the speech and its history must be to the general reader, we are impelled to allude to them here for the sake of those whose familiarity with public affairs is of an origin more recent than 1840.

General Harrison was nominated for President by the Whig National Convention, which assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., in December, 1839, and the signs of the times indicated a vehement and doubtful contest. A determined onset was made upon the personal character and military services of Gen. H. at the opening of Congress, with the obvious intent of placing him *hors du combat* in the outset, and thus preventing that concentration of the elements of Opposition upon him, which ultimately proved so overwhelming. The debates in Congress were naturally the channels of this onslaught, and among the assailants was Mr. Isaac E. Cray, then sole member from Michigan, who, on the 14th of February, seized the occasion presented by a debate in committee of the whole on the *Cumberland Road*, to enlighten mankind with his views of Gen. Harrison's deficiencies as a military commander, his mistakes at Tippecanoe, &c., &c. The attack and its author would have long ago faded from the general remembrance, but for the fact that Mr. Corwin obtained the floor for a reply, and on the following day overwhelmed the assailant with a torrent of humor, sarcasm, and ridicule, such as has seldom been poured out in any deliberative body. The following well-remembered passage will give the reader not already familiar with it some idea of the entire speech:

"In all other countries, and in all former times, a gentleman who would either speak or be listened to on the subject of war, involving subtle criticisms and strategy, and careful reviews of marches, sieges, battles, regular and casual, and irregular onslaughts,

would be required to show, first, that he had studied much, investigated fully, and digested the science and history of his subject. But here, sir, no such painful preparation is required: witness the gentleman from Michigan! He has announced to the House that he is a militia general on the peace establishment! That he is a lawyer we know, tolerably well read in Tidd's Practice and Espinasse's Nisi Prius. These studies, so happily adapted to the subject of war, with an appointment in the militia in time of peace, furnish him at once with all the knowledge necessary to discourse to us, as from high authority, upon all the mysteries of the 'trade of death.' Again, Mr. Speaker, it must occur to every one that we, to whom these questions are submitted and these military criticisms are addressed, being all colonels at least, and most of us, like the gentleman himself, brigadiers, are, of all conceivable tribunals, best qualified to decide any nice point connected with military science. I hope the House will not be alarmed with the impression that I am about to discuss one or the other of the military questions now before us at length, but I wish to submit a remark or two, by way of preparing us for a proper appreciation of the merits of the discourse we have heard. I trust, as we are all brother-officers, that the gentleman from Michigan and the two hundred and forty colonels or generals of this honorable House, will receive what I have to say as coming from an old brother in arms, and addressed to them in a spirit of candour,

'Such as becometh comrades free,  
Reposing after victory.'

"Sir, we all know the military studies of the gentleman from Michigan before he was promoted. I take it to be beyond a reasonable doubt that he had perused with great care the title-page of 'Baron Steuben.' Nay, I go farther; as the gentleman has incidentally assured us that he is prone to look into musty and neglected volumes, I venture to assert, without vouching the least from personal knowledge, that he has prosecuted his researches so far as to be able to know that the rear rank stands right behind the front. This, I think, is fairly inferable from what I understood him to say of the two lines of encampment at Tippecanoe. Thus we see, Mr. Speaker, that the gentleman from Michigan, so far as study can give knowledge of a subject, comes before us with great claims to profundity. But this is a subject which, of all others, requires the aid of actual experience to make us wise. Now the gentleman from Michigan, being a militia general, as he has told us, his brother-officers, in that simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices and bloody scenes, through which, we know from experience and observation, a militia officer in time of peace is sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general on the peace establishment—a parade-day! That day, for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made. We can see the troops in motion—umbrellas, hoes, and axe-handles, and other like deadly implements

of war, overshadowing all the field: when, lo! the leader of the host approaches!

'Far off his coming' shines:

His plume white, after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of awful length, and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighbouring hen-roots. Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms or points of dress; hence his epaulettes may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming, in the sun. Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable House the steed which heroes bestride on these occasions? No! I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquity of whose hinder limbs is best described by that most expressive phrase, "sickle hams,"—for height just fourteen hands, 'all told'; yes, sir: there you see his 'steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear'; that is his 'war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder.' Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great and his war-horse Bucephalus, at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx; but, sir, such are the improvements of modern times that every one must see that our militia general, with his crop-eared mare, with bushy tail and sickle ham, would totally frighten off a battle-field a hundred Alexanders. But, sir, to the history of the parade-day. The general, thus mounted and equipped, is in the field, and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving order to shoulder arms, it may be, there occurs a crisis, one of those accidents of war, which no sagacity could foresee nor prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the sun! Here is an occasion for the display of that greatest of all traits in the history of a commander—the tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account unlooked-for events as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal! A retreat is ordered, and troops and general, in a twinkling, are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery. But even here the general still has room for the exhibition of heroic deeds. Hot from the field, and chafed with the heroic events of the day, your general unsheathes his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will well remember, and with energy and remorseless fury he slices the water-melons that lie in heaps around him, and shares them with his surviving friends. Other of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whiskey, Mr. Speaker, that great leveller of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the water-melons are filled to the brim. Here again, Mr. Speaker, is shown how the extremes of Barbarism and Civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigues of War, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, in Odin's halls, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whiskey assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after a parade-day. But, alas



for this short-lived race of ours! all things will have an end, and so is it even with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing, and will not stay his flight; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky, and at the close of the day, 'when the hamlet is still,' the curtain of night drops upon the scene,

'And Glory, like the phoenix in its fires,  
Exhales its odors, blazes, and expires.'"

It need hardly be added that the Michigan general, who was alluded to in debate a few days after, by J. Q. Adams, as "the late Mr. Crary," retired from Congress at the close of that term, and has not since been in public life. Not even in its palmiest days has his party ventured on the perilous experiment of attempting to lift him out of the abyss of ridicule into which he had presumptuously hurled himself.

The question is often asked, why a man of so much power in debate should so seldom exercise it. It is believed that the true reason for this is most highly creditable to his character. He is diffident of his powers, and exerts them in debate rather from compulsion than from will. Those who know him, know that he abominates all speaking that is merely for display. The dread of incurring an imputation of that sort has, doubtless, had much to do in fixing him in the silence which has hitherto too strongly marked his course in Congress. It certainly is to be hoped that the consciousness which he has a right to feel, that he is infinitely above the danger of any such imputation now, will in future make him more active and prominent in the current debates of the Senate.

Mr. Corwin's career as Governor of Ohio was limited to a single term of two years. His position, under the constitution, which makes the Executive office nearly nominal, was one rather of dignity than of power; and afforded him but little opportunity for the exhibition of those talents for which his course in other positions has shown him so remarkable.

His election to the Senate of the United States, by the Whig party, against a competition in its own ranks, which was, of itself, high honor, was perhaps the truest and highest expression that could have been given of the estimation in which he was held by the people of Ohio, and especially by the Whig party. He had been constantly before the people, in some public relation or other, for over

twenty years. He had been thoroughly tried, thoroughly understood, and thoroughly confided in. His independence was undoubted, his integrity proverbial, and his politics of the truest Whig stamp. In this character he now stands before this nation; with nothing in his recent position that should deduct from it; but every thing that should give additional force and influence to it. In his opposition to appropriations for a farther prosecution of the War, he certainly, at every risk of disadvantage to his own personal influence, took the highest ground of opposition to Executive misrule; and, whether right or wrong in the judgment which marked his course, he has won a reputation for integrity and firmness of which any statesman of any age might well be proud.

We could not consent to close this hurried sketch without citation from that great speech, which, approve or condemn it as you will—and there are many true-minded men who have done both—is interwoven enduringly with the history of our time. We quote from the concluding passage:

"Mr. President, this uneasy desire to augment our territory, has depraved the moral sense, and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. What has been the fate of all nations who have acted upon the idea that they must advance? Our young orators cherish this notion with a fervid, but fatally mistaken zeal. They call it by the mysterious name of 'destiny.' 'Our destiny,' they say, is onward, and hence they argue, with ready sophistry, the propriety of seizing upon any territory and any people, that may lie in the way of our 'fated' advance. Recently these Progressives have grown classical; some assiduous student of antiquities has helped them to a patron saint. They have wandered back into the desolated Pantheon, and there, among the Polytheistic relics of that 'pale mother of dead empires,' they have found a god whom these Romans, centuries gone by, baptized 'Terminus.'

"Sir, I have heard much and read somewhat of this gentleman, Terminus. Alexander, of whom I have spoken, was a devotee of this divinity. We have seen the end of him and his empire. It was said to be an attribute of this god that he must *always* advance, and never recede. So both republican and imperial Rome believed. It was, as they said, their destiny; and, for a while, it did seem to be even so. Roman Terminus did advance. Under the eagles of Rome, he was carried from his home on the Tiber, to the farthest East on one hand, and to the far West, among the then barbarous tribes of Western Europe, on the other. But at length the time came, when retributive justice had become 'a destiny.' The despised Gaul calls out to the contemned Goth, and Attila, with his Huns, answers back the battle-shout

to both. The 'blue-eyed nations of the North,' in succession or united, pour forth their countless hosts of warriors upon Rome and Rome's always advancing god Terminus. And now the battle-axe of the barbarian strikes down the conquering eagle of Rome. Terminus, at last, recedes; slowly, at first, but finally he is driven to Rome, and from Rome to Byzantium. Whoever would know the farther fate of this Roman deity, so lately taken under the patronage of American Democracy, may find ample gratification of his curiosity in the luminous pages of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall.' Such will find that Rome thought as you now think, that it was her destiny to conquer provinces and nations, and, no doubt, she sometimes said, as you say, 'I will conquer a peace.' And where now is she—the Mistress of the World? The spider weaves his web in her palaces; the owl sings his watch-song in her towers. Teutonic power now lords it over the servile remnant, the miserable memento of old and once omnipotent Rome. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which Time has written for us. Through and in them all, I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law, which ordains as eternal the cardinal rule, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor any thing which is his.' Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call 'Providence,' it has fared with other nations, who engaged in this work of dismemberment. I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, 'It is our destiny.' They 'wanted room.' Doubtless, each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion or even insult. One had his California; another, his New Mexico; and the third, his Vera Cruz. Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no; far, very far from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny, too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named 'armed soldier of Democracy,' Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

"But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death. But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation spread abroad over the land, and finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia, closes the

retribution she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her weak and impotent neighbor. Mr. President, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of heaven in the doings of men than mine, cannot fail in this to see the Providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the Nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the Nations was writing in characters of flame on the front of his throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak. And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small—Europe, he thought, should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea takes possession of his soul, he, too, becomes powerless. His Terminus must recede, too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and, doubtless, meditated the subjugation of Russia. He who holds the winds in His fist, gathered the snows of the North, and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men; they died—they froze—they perished. And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, he, too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, 'Thou shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's.' How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and now finally a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena—and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, there is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his annexations have come to that! His last hour is now come; and he, the man of destiny, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still—even as the beggar, so he died. On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found 'room' at last. And France, she, too, has found 'room.' Her 'eagles' now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po and the Borystheneas. They have returned home, to their old eyrie, between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees. So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras, they may wave with insolent triumph in the Halls of the Montezumas, the armed men of Mexico may quail before them, but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of justice, may call down against you a Power, in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes.

"Mr. President, if the history of our race has established any truth, it is but a confirmation of what is written, 'The way of the transgressors is hard.' Inordinate Ambition, wantoning in power, and spurning the humble maxims of Justice has—ever has—and

ever shall end in ruin. Strength cannot always trample upon weakness—the humble shall be exalted—the bowed down will at length be lifted up. It is by faith in the law of strict justice, and the practice of its precepts, that nations alone can be saved. All the annals of the human race, sacred and profane, are written over with this great truth, in characters of living light. It is my fear, my fixed belief, that in this invasion, this war with Mexico, we have forgotten this vital truth. Why is it, that we have been drawn into this whirlpool of war? How clear and strong was the light that shone upon the path of duty a year ago! The last disturbing question with England was settled—our power extended its peaceful sway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Alleghanies we looked out upon Europe, and from the tops of the Stony Mountains we could descry the shores of Asia; a rich commerce with all the nations of Europe poured wealth and abundance into our lap on the Atlantic side, while an unoccupied commerce of three hundred millions of Asiatics waited on the Pacific for our enterprise to come and possess it. One hundred millions of dollars will be wasted in this fruitless war. Had this money of the people been expended in making a railroad from your Northern Lakes to the Pacific, as one of your citizens has begged of you in vain, you would have made a highway for the world between Asia and Europe. Your capital then would be within thirty or forty days' travel of any and every point on the map of the civilized world. Through this great artery of trade, you would have carried through the heart of your own country the teas of China, and the spices of India, to the markets of England and France. Why, why, Mr. President, did we abandon the enterprises of peace, and betake ourselves to the barbarous achievements of war? Why did we 'forsake this fair and fertile field to batten on that moor'?

"But, Mr. President, if further acquisition of territory is to be the result either of conquest or treaty, then I scarcely know which should be preferred, eternal war with Mexico, or the hazards of internal commotion at home, which last I fear *may* come, if another province is to be added to our territory. \* \* \*

We stand this day on the crumbling brink of that gulf—we see its bloody eddies wheeling and boiling before us—shall we not pause before it be too late? How plain again is here the path, I may add the only way of duty, of prudence, of true patriotism! Let us abandon all idea of acquiring farther territory, and by consequence cease at once to prosecute this war. Let us call home our armies, and bring them at once within our own acknowledged limits. Show Mexico that you are sincere when you say that you desire nothing by conquest. She has learned that she cannot encounter you in war, and if she had not, she is too weak to disturb you here. Tender her peace, and my life on it, she will then accept it. But whether she shall or not, you will have peace without her consent. It was your invasion that made war, your retreat will restore peace. Let us then close for ever the approaches to internal feud, and so return to the ancient concord and the old ways of national prosperity and permanent lory. Let us here, in this tem-

ple consecrated to the Union, perform a solemn lustration; let us wash Mexican blood from our hands, and on these altars, in the presence of that image of the Father of his Country that looks down upon us, swear to preserve honorable peace with all the world, and eternal brotherhood with each other."

Mr. Corwin's private life, from boyhood up, has been marked by the strictest virtue and the most stainless honor. His professional career, as a part of it, has been distinguished for benevolence and justice. His social qualities are of the highest order, and impart the happiest influence upon all who are so fortunate as to enjoy the advantages of them. Few men excel him in colloquial power, or in the range of intelligence to make it the most attractive. His life has been one of laborious study, and his mind is highly charged with useful learning and well-digested principles. He has read much, and with careful discrimination—applying the most careful thought of his own mind in the speculations of others. However, his opinions on all subjects are uniformly his own. No man is more unpretending in his attainments, or more modest in exhibiting them; but at the same time, no man can be more decided in resisting the prescriptions of mere authority. His mind, in its philosophic spirit, is formed mainly upon the principle of self-reliance; and he values and uses learning rather as a means to help him think than to supply him with thoughts. It is, however, high proof in favor of the principles of any party or category with which he may sympathize and act, that they have been thoroughly thought out by him from their simplest elements, and finally adopted by him as ascertained truths. He allows no mere party reasons for his convictions, and wants no party aid for their support.

As a public speaker, Mr. Corwin is gifted far above the ordinary standard of parliamentary experience. His manner is perfectly self-possessed—his thoughts flow forth in the most lucid forms: his language is in the purest taste—always strong, though frequently in a high degree erratic. In all his efforts, whether of the more elaborate or of the lighter kind, he fixes attention in the outset, and holds it, unbroken, to the end. It is, evidently, one of the secrets of his power, that he knows when he has exhausted a subject, and where to stop. He is so clear in his conceptions, and exact in his arrangements of them, that he never

repeats himself; and hence never offends, as do many of the best speakers, by occasional indications of a want of thorough understanding of their own minds.

In the mixed walks of eloquence, when under the excitement of a great subject, and a grand and responsible occasion for the discussion of it, Mr. Corwin often exhibits powers which could hardly be excelled. He has moments of intense strength, in which he seems to rise, unconsciously, high above his own ordinary level, and to wield, with almost superhuman power, the grandest thoughts; setting them forth in the sublimest images, and clothing them in the most beautiful forms of speech. On occasions that properly admit of the application of the highest powers of wit, his efforts are unrivalled. His quick perception of the weak points of an adversary's position, and, if open to ridicule, his ready association of them with the most grotesque forms of exposure, give often, even to his grave speeches, a force and influence which the severest logic would utterly fail to give. The amiable and gentlemanly temper, moreover, with which he exerts these high and even dangerous powers, saves him from all hazard of giving personal offence in the application of them, and it is proverbially said of him, that the object of his satire is usually among the most entertained of those who listen to it. The treat is too rich to be quarreled with, even by the victim whom it would annihilate.

But, after all, the most striking and captivating feature in his speaking, is, that he allows no doubt in his auditory of the entire sincerity of what he is saying. It is a man uttering great and important truths, under the impulses of deep conviction, and not a mere declaimer or advocate, who would produce effect for an occasion. And this great feature of Mr. Corwin's speaking, which stands out so prominently in every speech he makes, no matter what the audience, the place, or the occasion, is the necessary result of that self-culture, which, in his habitual studies, keeps the watches of an honest and conscientious heart, in constant company with the labors of a clear, serene, and self-poised mind.

As a writer, Mr. Corwin's pursuits

have never required of him to make any especial exhibitions—though those who enjoy the privilege of his correspondence know that his occasional discussions in the exact forms of writing, are not inferior to his more accustomed efforts of the forensic kind. He writes as he speaks; in a style of the purest taste and most direct expression, with all the earnestness of deep conviction, and the consciousness that he has something to say.

Mr. Corwin is not an ambitious man, in any low or vulgar sense. His whole life has proved his aspirations to be of the loftiest and purest kind. The high places he has so long occupied in public affairs, seem to come to him as a matter of course. He has been no seeker after them; and has submitted to none of the compromises of self-respect, so sadly common in our country, to obtain them. Deeply studied in the institutions of his country, and profoundly animated with the sentiment of patriotism that would administer and maintain them in their true strength and purity, he has occupied such positions in relation to them as were perfectly natural, and such as it would have been a sort of moral treason, in a man of his gifts, to have declined. His ambition is to be eminently useful; and if the marks of public confidence which have been so lavishly bestowed upon him, are to be regarded as proofs, his ambition has not been without success.

We have thus spoken of Mr. Corwin, and in no spirit of adulation, nor with any purpose of gaining to him any artificial or fictitious importance before the nation. We have spoken, because it is important that such a man should be talked and written about, and made known to the nation. It is quite obvious, that his position as a man, and as an American statesman, is now high. It is destined to be higher—not, perhaps, in outward rank, but in that depth and universality of public esteem and reliance, which are the fruit of many and arduous trials, and a long life of single-hearted devotion to principle. Be these trials never so many or so arduous, they will leave unsullied the lofty name, unspotted the steadfast soul, of THOMAS CORWIN.



## MORE GOSSIP FROM "A NEW CONTRIBUTOR."

DEAR LEMUEL: I will wait for some cold, cheerless day to tell how I passed the summer at home, while you were traveling; how I drove "the tandem nature gave me," through brake, through briar, for a circuit of ten miles around, in search of flowers and health, and how I found new beauties each day, and how I preached the evangel of health and happiness to other beauties, and how they took delight, and added to mine, in our New England scenery; and how I hunted woodchucks,\* cared for the garden and orchard, &c., &c. People who pass their lives under cover, have no idea how many of heaven's blessings it shuts off from them. My literary occupation was of a most ragged, out-at-elbows, ramshackle description; chapters, and parts of chapters; single stanzas, and anthological dippings in the middle and end of half the books on my shelves, title-pages and foot-notes, with other odds, ends, and miscellaneous slip-slops in magazines and newspapers. Almost the only work that I went through with was Heine's *Salon*, a collection of essays on various

subjects, and of poems like those in the *Reisebilder*. If your interest in the man and his writings continues, please procure his French book, *De l'Allemagne*, where you will find more carefully digested and re-arranged most of his views expressed here and elsewhere, on Religion, Politics, and Literature; his Pantheism, his Jacobinism, his criticisms, often unjust and mingled with inexcusable personal attacks on authors, but never dull; his atrocious blasphemy, disgusting obscenity, quaint and poetical fancies, sound and noble thoughts, and will obtain a more correct idea of his varied and brilliant abilities and their painful perversion than I could possibly give you. Such a man cannot write a book devoid of merits; and though they may be more than balanced by the defiling influence of other parts, yet it is worth our while to know something of one of the most prominent and gifted members of young Europe, whose productions have attracted much attention on the continent and in England, and are still working as one of the elements of

\* A passage from a helter-skelter letter, which Lemuel has received since, refers to the animals above mentioned, and the other profitable employments of our wandering philosopher. In regard to the hunting part, it proves the truth of Scripture, according to the version of old "Sternhold and Hopkins"—which worthy psalmists, we believe, are still in use in some counties of England:

"For the race is not to the swift,  
Nor them that fastest run;  
Nor the battell to them peopel  
That's got the longest gun."

"In your second letter you have put a question that it is rather awkward to answer, though I have sometimes thought of making one to my correspondents generally, through some public medium. I asked Jem one day when we met, after several years' non-intercourse, "What he was about?" "Oh, I am about home;" and I can say but little more of myself. To describe my mode of life by a favorite, and in this case apt, word, it is of the *ramshackle*: I attend to the fruit trees, keep the garden in apple-pie order, do a deal of good walking, often *a la* Benton, sometimes in company. Have sat two hours together by a woodchuck hole, waiting for the owner to present himself, with a gun by my side, reading Don Quixote. The beast did not come that time. I used chemicals afterward, generating chlorine gas with sulphuric acid and chloride of lime, and then—"It smelt, O Lord! how it *did* smelt!" Two of the scamps have fallen victims to the advances of modern science, I am certain. I ride with the Doctor to see country patients. I spend time among my friends. My temperament requires a good deal of sleep, and I don't thwart it, and I do what Longfellow says the trees did when they invited him to renew his youth, "wave my long arms to and fro" yawningly, &c., &c. A wretched useless life, you say. So says the public. As it would not give me a sixpence to keep me from the poor-house, I don't feel any particular trouble in regard to its opinions. To you I could furnish, if not full excuse, many palliating circumstances in explanation, but would prefer at present that you grant a little charitable faith, which you can more readily do than spell out three or four pages of auto-biography. I read a little in English and foreign languages, and if I can light upon Carlo Bini's writings, hope to draw from them a far more readable epistle than what I send you, and entirely free from any objections on the score of immorality. At present I know him only by a few sentences. Judging from these, he is a rare humorist, uniting, as the higher class of humorists always do, pathos with his laughing veins."

the great European ferment. When you have finished its perusal, take up some purifying author; after such a [one I generally review something of Schiller's by way of lustration. But lest we be too loud in our condemnation of the infidelity and reckless revolutionary spirit of Heine, let us bear in mind that, with the old Hebrew and the old Teutonic blood in his veins, he can feel himself neither Jew nor German, that he is an exile in Paris, without ancestry, nation, or home; that he is situated amid old, exhausted, civil and religious forms, whose insufficiencies and corruptions are all too visible to so acute an eye. If I remember rightly, De l'Allemagne was published at Paris in two octavo volumes, in 1835. I am not aware that the author's opinions have undergone any material change. Were I to exhaust all the qualifying particles in the language—and the but yet (eppau) as Silvio Pellico happily says, are indispensable to describe so complex a being as man—I should only bore you with an ill-drawn character of the man; so get the book, and read for yourself. If, meantime, a few extracts from some parts of the Salon, and a few words about them, would give you any pleasure in the reading, I am glad to write, but without any particular plan in selection or comment. The second of the four volumes—there is no connection between them—purports to be an historical sketch of German Religion and Philosophy, designed for a French public, and is a companion-piece to his contribution to the history of Modern Polite Literature in Germany; a translation of which was, I think, published in Boston some years since. It seems to me that the subject is beyond the reach of a nature like Heine's, had he been disposed to treat it fully and fairly; that he is not calm enough nor strong enough, basing prejudiced opinions on imperfect investigations. It is but fair, however, to mention what he says in his preface, that these papers were originally written for a French periodical, in the absence of sufficient auxiliary means, and under other circumstances unfavorable to the production of a profounder work; that they are but a part of a greater whole, a survey of spiritual progress among the Germans. And in further extenuation, "should any great German Philosopher, whose eyes may chance to light upon these pages, sneer at their poverty of execution, he begs them to consider

that what little he says is clearly expressed, while their own works, though very comprehensive, immensely comprehensive, and very profound, surprisingly profound, are unintelligible. And what benefit to the people are closed granaries to which they have no key? "The people hunger after knowledge, and will thank me for the bit of spiritual bread that I honestly impart to them." I fear the honesty is questionable.

The primary faith of the Germans, we are told, was Pantheistic; its mysteries and symbols referred to a worship of nature; every element had its spirit, every tree its divinity, the whole outer world was permeated with deity. Christianity, not being able wholly to destroy while superseding this faith, distorted it, and satanized instead of deifying nature. Man does not readily part with what was dear to his fathers; his affections secretly cling to it, however defaced; the universal belief in devils, goblins, elementary spirits, was but a phase of the ancient Pantheism, which is to outlive—indeed, already has outlived—Christianity and Deism, and is to be restored to purity. Christianity was all well in its time: it was beneficial to suffering humanity through eighteen centuries, because it was the religion of sorrow; it reached the sympathies of the down-trodden, the wretched. But now that young Germany is coming to feel its strength, and is to consummate a revolution, whose end shall be physical comfort, Christianity becomes useless, and, with thanks for past services, is to be bowed out, while something very like promiscuous concubinage is recommended to indemnify the body for the deprivations it has so long suffered under the asceticism of the old religion. In another place, we are told—"It is not spoken, though every one knows it. Pantheism is the public secret of Germany. In fact, we have outgrown Deism. We are free, and want no thundering tyrant. We have attained our majority, and need no fatherly oversight. Deism is a religion for slaves, children, and Genevan watchmakers." Butler then was a weakling, Milton's a mechanical nature; Newton was childish, Luther slavish! Young Europe has outgrown them all in strength and wisdom. Poor Heines! he was sore sick the past summer in Paris, and afterward went for his health to some spring in the Pyrenees—one must pity him. Here is something better.

## LUTHER AND THE DIET OF WORMS.

"The illustrious personages, who were assembled in the imperial hall at Worms, in the year 1521, must have cherished in their hearts many thoughts that offered a marked contrast to the words of their mouths. There sat a youthful emperor, who, in the pride of dominion, wrapped himself, with the delight of a young master, in his purple mantle, and secretly rejoiced that the haughty Roman, who had so often maltreated his predecessors, and who still insisted in all his old encroachments, had now met with the most effectual correction. That Roman's representative beheld on his part, with secret joy, a disension rising among the Germans, who, like drunken barbarians, had burst in upon and plundered fair Italy, and who were ever threatening new attacks and rapine. The temporal princes were congratulating themselves that they could, with the new doctrines, at the same time manage the old church property at will. The dignified prelates were already considering whether they could marry their cooks, and transfer their electorates, bishoprics and abbeys, as an inheritance to their male posterity; the representatives from the cities were rejoicing in the further enlargement of their independence. Each had something to gain, and was contemplating worldly advantages. But one man was there, who, I am convinced, thought not on himself, but only on the divine interest which he stood there to maintain. That man was Martin Luther, the poor monk whom providence had chosen to break that monstrous power of Rome, against which the strongest monarchs and the boldest sages had vainly struggled. But providence well knows on what shoulders to lay its burdens. Here was needed not merely a spiritual, but also a physical strength; a body hardened by the severity and chastity of a cloistered life was requisite to endure the hardships of such an office."

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Very false notions prevail in France regarding the Reformation and its heroes. The immediate cause of this misapprehension probably lies in the fact that Luther is not only the greatest, but also the *most German* man of our history; that all the prominent virtues and failings of the Germans are united in his character; that he is the impersonation of our won-

drous Germany. He had qualities such as are rarely seen together; as are often found in hostile opposition. He was at once a mystic dreamer and a man of practical action. His thoughts had not only wings but hands—he spoke and did. He was not only the tongue but the sword of his time. He was at once a cold scholastic word-splitter and an inspired God-drunken prophet. After he had wearily labored through the day upon his dogmatic subtilties, he took his flute at evening, and looked up at the stars and dissolved in melody and adoration. The same man who could scold like a fishwoman, could be mild as a tender maiden. He was often fierce as the storm that uproots the oak, and again he was as gentle as the zephyr that toys among the violets. He was full of the profoundest awe. Ever ready to sacrifice in honor of the spirit, he could become wholly absorbed in pure spiritualism; and yet he well knew the glories of this world, and could prize them, and from his mouth came the famous couplet:

"Who loves not women, wine and song  
Liveth a fool his whole life long."

He was a complete man, we may say an absolute man, in whom spirit and matter are not separated. To call him a spiritualist were as erroneous as to call him a sensualist. How shall we express it? There was in him a something original, incomprehensible, miraculous, as we find in all providential men; a simplicity that startled one, an unstudied wisdom, a sublimity in his bigotry, an invincible demoniac night. Honor to Luther! Eternal honor to the loved man, to whom we owe the rescuing of our noblest possessions and from whose benefit we this day live. Ill does it become us to complain of the contractedness of his views. The dwarf, standing on the giant's shoulders, can indeed see further than the giant, especially if he wear spectacles; but in our high position we want the lofty feeling, the giant heart, which we cannot make our own. "Even Luther's faults are preferred to other's merits, and there is a degree of truth in the paradox. The refinement of Erasmus and the gentleness of Melancthon would have been many a time insufficient, when the rude violence of Brother Martin came in good stead." The Reformation was a good movement in the time of it. Religion again became true, the priest, no longer isolated, became

a man, men became more virtuous, more noble. "Among the Protestant clergy we not rarely find the most virtuous men, whom even the old stoics would have respected." The Protestant clergy doubtless feel complimented when they read this: "One must traverse on foot as a poor student through the northern part of Germany if he would learn how much virtue is to be found in many a poor pastor's dwelling. How often, in a winter's night, have I met in such a one with a hospitable reception! I, a stranger, bringing no other introduction than fatigue and hunger. And then, when I had eaten well and slept well, and would go on my way in the morning, the old pastor came in his nightgown, and gave me a blessing on my journey, which never brought me ill luck, and the kind-hearted, loquacious wife slipped some biscuit in my pocket, which never failed to relish, and silently in the back ground stood the pretty daughters, with their blushing cheeks and violet eyes, whose modest fire, barely in recollection, warmed my heart the whole winter's day through."

"I have shown, above, how through him we have attained to the greatest intellectual freedom, but this Martin Luther gave us the means as well as liberty of movement. To the spirit he added a body, to thought he gave the word. He created the German language." High praise is bestowed on Luther's translation of the Bible and its extraordinary merit as a literary performance in the then state of the language, and on his original prose writings; but, "More remarkable and significant than these are Luther's poems, the songs which he composed amid struggle and trial. Oftentimes they are like a flower that grows upon a rock, often like a moonbeam flickering over a stormy sea. Luther loved music, and composed a treatise on the art, and his songs are thence singularly melodious. In this respect the name of Swan of Eisleben befits him, but he was anything rather than that gentle swan in many of his lines, where he excites the courage of his party and rouses himself to the wildest spirit of battle; a war song was that defiant hymn with which he and his attendants entered Worms. The old cathedral trembled at such novel sounds, and the ravens were frightened in their dark nests in the tower. That song, the Marselloise of the Reformation, has preserved its inspiring virtue to our day." And how admirable has Carlyle, through

that faculty by which he can transfer himself to past and foreign scenes, making Luther's situation his own, rendered it to English readers!

Now comes a series of portraits of the leading writers on Philosophy, and comments on their systems. I can only give here and there a trait or a sentence. Rene Descartes, and not Bacon, as we are generally told, is the father of Modern Philosophy. Though a Frenchman by birth, hefoun dnoisy, bustling, chattering France no fit soil for philosophy, and went to write in Holland, the still, quiet land of Frechschiuts and Dutchemen. Spinoza is lauded of course—pity that the followers of his doctrine were not more practical admirers of his life. Frederick the Great, you would hardly think to find in such company: he is mentioned incidentally and denominated "Crowned Materialism." "You know that he wrote French verses, played very well on the flute, won the battle of Rosback, took a great deal of snuff, and believed only in cannons. You know him, the royal philosopher, whom you French have named the Solomon of the North. France was the Ophir of this northern Solomon, and thence he obtained his poets of philosophy, for whom he had a great fancy; like the Solomon of the South, who, as you may read in the tenth chapter of the Book of Kings, ordered, through his friend Hiram, whole ship-loads of gold, ivory, poets and philosophers from Ophir." Mendelsohn, whom his contemporaries have named the German Socrates, was the hump-backed son of a poor sexton of the Depau Synagogue. He overthrew the Talmud, as Luther had overthrown papacy. The Talmud was of worth while Catholicism lasted, and by it the Jew were enabled to resist—nay, to conquer—Christian, as they had resisted heathen Rome. "The poor Rabbi of Nazareth, above whose dying head the heathen Romans in mockery wrote, 'King of the Jews'—this same thorn-crowned, mock king of the Jews, finally became the God of the Romans, before whom they must kneel—as heathen Rome, so Christian Rome was conquered, and even became tributary. If, dear reader, you will repair to No. 15, Rue Lafitte, you will see before the high entrance a clumsy coach, and a stout man alighting from it. He ascends the stairs, and enters a little chamber, where sits a fir complexioned young man—older perhaps than he looks—in whose manner



there is mingled, with the nonchalance of high nobility, a something so solid, so positive, so absolute, as if he had all the money of this world in his pocket. And he really has all the money of this world in his pocket, and he is Monsieur James de Rothschild, and the stout gentleman is Monsignor Grimbaldi, representative of his Holiness the Pope, bringing in his name the interest of the Roman loan—the tribute of Rome."

Since Luther, Germany has produced no better nor greater man than Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Lessing died at Brunswick in the year 1781, misapprehended, abused, hated. In the same year there appeared at Konigsburg the critique of pure reason by Immanuel Kant. With this book, a spiritual revolution begins in Germany, that offers the most curious analogies to the material revolution in France, and that to the profound thinker must appear of equal importance. It develops itself under the same phases, and a remarkable parallelism reigns between the two. On both sides of the Rhine do we see the same rupture with the past; all respect for tradition is renounced. As in France, every privilege, so in Germany, every thought must be justified; and as here falls monarchy, the key-stone of the old social order, so there falls deism, the key-stone of the spiritual old regime. It is difficult to describe the history of Kant's life, for he can hardly be said to have had one or the other. He led a mechanically regular, abstract bachelor's life, in a quiet, retired street of Konigsburg, an old city on the north-eastern limits of Germany. I do not believe that the great clock of the cathedral there performed its day's-work more coldly or more accurately than its compatriot Immanuel Kant. Rising, coffee drinking, writing, lecturing, dining, walking—all had their appropriated time; and the neighbors knew that it was precisely half-past three, when Immanuel Kant, in his gray body-coat, with his Spanish stick in his hand, came out of his door and walked to the little Linden alley, which is still called from him the philosopher's walk. Eight times did he pace it up and down, through all seasons of the year, and if the weather was bad, and the dull clouds threatened rain, old Lampe, his servant, was seen moving anxiously behind him with a large umbrella under his arm, like an image of Providence. What a strange contrast between the outward life of the man, and

his destructive, world-crushing thoughts. Verily, had the citizens of Konigsburg guessed the whole significance of that thinking, they would have felt a far deeper dread of that man, than of an executioner—an executioner who kills men only; but the good people saw in him nothing but a professor of philosophy, and when he passed by at the fixed hour, they gave a friendly greeting, and set their watches by him.

But if this great destroyer in the realm of thought far surpassed Maximilian Robespierre in terrorism, there are still many points of similarity between them. We meet in both with the same inexorable, trenchant, unpoetical, cold honesty; the same suspicion, only that one exercises it on thoughts, and entitles it *critique*, while the other applies it to men, and denominates it republican virtue. In both is displayed the highest type of cockneyism. Nature had intended them to weigh out coffee and sugar, but fate willed that they should weigh other things, and laid in the scale of one a king, of the other a God." I will not shock you with the blasphemous line that follows. Afterward, Heine resents, with no good intention indeed, quite ingloriously, a common sense argument against his own hopeless belief, or rather disbelief, for his Pantheism is no better than Atheism, whatever it might have been to Old Germany or to Spinoza. "The critique of pure reason was the sword with which deism was executed in Germany. Hitherto Kant has played the inexorable philosopher: he has stormed heaven, he has put the whole garrison to the sword—there is no more boundless mercy, no fatherly kindness, no future reward, no present forbearance, the immortality of the soul lies at its last gasp,—it groans—you hear the death-rattle—and old Lampe stands by with his umbrella under his arm, a sorrowful spectator, while sweat of anguish and tears run down his cheeks. Then Immanuel Kant takes pity, and shows that he is not only a great philosopher, but also a good man; and he deliberates, and says, half good-naturedly, half ironically—"Old Lampe must have a God, otherwise the poor man cannot be happy; but man should be happy in the world—so says practical reason; for all that I care, practical reason may answer for the existence of a God." In pursuance of this train, he distinguishes between the theoretical reason and the practical reason, and with the latter, as

with a magic wand, he reanimated the corpse of deism, which the theoretical reason had killed."

Poor Heine! I pass over what is said of Fichte, a portraiture of Goethe, that contains many discriminating touches and that would offend his extravagant admirers, Hegre and the comments on him, and leave the book. "Our philosophical revolution is ended. Hegre has closed its great circle."

The first part of the first volume treats of French painters, politics, and religion; then comes "Poems," which should not be translated, nor read in the original; then *Memoirs of Von Schnabelwopski*, the opening of which—I do not know what its esoteric sense may be—furnishes a valuable model for biographers. "My father's name was Schnabelwopski; my mother's Schnabelwopska; I was born in lawful wedlock, April 1st, 1795, at Schnabelwops (in Poland, as you have discovered, if you have read aloud).

"My grandaunt, the old Frau Pifitzha, watched over my early childhood, and told me many entertaining stories, and often sang me to sleep with a song, the words and air of which have slipped my memory. But I shall never forget the solemn way that she wagged her trembling head while singing, and how melancholy the great, solitary tooth, the hermit of her jaws, then looked. I also often think of the parrots, over whose death she wept so bitterly. The old great-aunt is now dead herself, and I am perhaps the only one in the wide world who still gives a thought to her dear parrot. The cat was named Mimi, and our dog Ioli. Our man-servant was Preschtztzuitsch. To pronounce this correctly you must sneeze twice. Our maid was Sarutzska. Besides these, two bright black eyes ran about the house, that they called Seraphine. She was my dear, good little nurse, and we played together in the garden, and watched the house-thrift of the ants, and caught butterflies, and planted flowers. She laughed like mad, when I planted my little stockings in the ground, thinking that a great pair of hose for my father would grow up from them! My paternal grandfather was the old Von Schnabelwopski. I know nothing of him, except that he was a man, and that my father was his son. My grandfather on the mother's side, was the old Von Wirfruski; he is painted in a scarlet-red velvet coat and a long sword. My mother used to tell

me that he had a friend, who wore a green silk coat, rose-colored silk breeches and white silk stockings, and twirled his *chapeau bras* fiercely, when he spoke of the king of Prussia."

Have you learned more, Lem., from the first chapters of half the lives, memoirs and biographies that you have ever read, than from the above? I think that with change of names—or without—it might be substituted for the first ten, fifty, or hundred pages of many a book that only becomes of interest when it begins to tell us of the man about whom we desire to know. What is it to you or I, whether some man's great-grandfather were a shoemaker in full standing, or only a cobbler, or whether or not he had any discoverable great-grandfather at all? Great-grandfathers are no great rarities. Schnabelwopski, who, in the second chapter, apparently becomes Heine himself, is obliged to leave home. On his way to Leyden, he stops at Hamburg.

"The city of Hamburg is a good city. Not the wicked Macbeth, but Banquo reigns here. The ghost of Banquo rules throughout this free city, whose visible head is an ancient and worshipful senate. The Hamburgers are good people, and eat well. Their opinions concerning religion, politics and science, are discordant, but the finest harmony prevails in regard to the table. Hamburg was built by Charles the Great, and is inhabited by 80,000 little people, none of whom would change places with Charles the Great, who lies buried at Aix la Chapelle. The population may amount to an 100,000; I cannot speak with accuracy, for though I passed whole days in the street, to see the people, I must have overlooked many a man, while my attention was more particularly directed to the ladies." These are represented as rather material than spiritual in appearance, but not unattractive. As for the men, they were mostly thick-set bodies, with cold, calculating eyes, low foreheads, loosely pendent cheeks, the edacious organs wonderfully developed. They wore their hats as if nailed to their heads, and their hands in their pockets, as who should say—What's to pay? Having treated somewhat at large of certain unvirtuous characters, he, by way of apology and counterpoise, introduces to the reader two very correct ladies whom he became acquainted with. I think I have seen in my travels—of course there are none such

here at home—near relatives of Madame Pieper and of Madame Schnieper. "The first was a handsome woman of mature years. She had large, dark eyes, a high, white forehead, false black hair, a bold Roman nose, and a mouth that was a guillotine to a good reputation. Verily, for the execution of a fair name, no machine ever worked more deftly than Madame Pieper's mouth. She did not suffer it to sprawl and struggle long; she did not waste time in tedious preparation. When the best name had once fallen under her lips, she only smiled; but this smile was like the sinking of the axe, and honor was cut off and fell into the sack. She was a model of decorum, propriety, virtue, and devotion. The same may be said to the praise of Madame Schnieper. She was a delicate, vertical woman, usually dressed in a thin, pensive muslin; had light fair hair, light-blue eyes, that looked out from her face with fearful shrewdness. It was said that her foot-fall was never heard; and that before one was aware, she would be at his side, and then vanish as noiselessly. Her smile, too, was fatal; but in its mode of operation, less like an axe than that poisonous wind of Africa, whose breath withers the flowers. Any good name on which she but slightly smiled, faded away miserably. She was always a model of decorum, propriety, devotion, and virtue."

"I remark for the benefit of readers unacquainted with Hamburg—and there may be some such in China and Upper Bavaria—that the finest promenade for the sons and daughters of Harmonia, bears the name of Jungfernteig; that it is shaded with lindens, and bounded on one side by a row of buildings, on the other by the great Alster basin; and that, before the latter, built out over the water,

are two tent-like coffee-houses, called the Pavilions. In front of one of these, the Swiss pavilion, it is especially pleasant to sit in summer time, when the afternoon sun burns not too fiercely, but pours its milder splendor on the lindens, the houses, the men, the Alster, and the swans cradled on its bosom, till all looks like an enchanted scene. There is it pleasant to sit—and there I sat pleasantly many a summer afternoon, and thought—what a young man is accustomed to think—of nothing; and contemplated—what a young man is accustomed to contemplate—the young maidens who were passing. And there they fluttered past, those graceful beings, with their little winged caps and their covered baskets—there tripped they along, the blithe Vierlanderins, who supply all Hamburg with berries and milk—there paraded by the fair merchant's daughters, with whose love one receives so much money. There goes a nurse with a rosy boy in her arms, that she kisses ever and anon, when she thinks of her sweetheart—there wanton along the priestesses of the foam-born goddesses. Alas! that was very long ago. Then I was young and foolish; now I am old and foolish. Many a flower has meantime withered—many a one been crushed." And, returning to the city—"How was it changed! And the Jungfernteig! The snow was lying upon the roofs, and it seemed as if the very houses had grown old and hoary-haired. The lindens of the Jungfernteig were nothing but dead trees, and their dry branches waved ghost-like in the cold wind."

But it waxes late in the night; this missive will keep you in candle-lighters till my next. *Schlafen sie wohl*, dear Lemuel.

C. R. B.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

It will be difficult for our posterity to believe, that in the middle of the 19th century, Europe was in a chaos of ministerial intrigues; of civil and religious wars: that the *good time* of St. Bartholomew had to be celebrated once more with all its bloody accompaniments, and above all, in the holy city of Rome! We believed that religious wars had ceased with the century of the Reformation—that we had arrived at the epoch of popular brotherhood and unity; but, alas! how are we fallen back! It seems at the present political events that this is a century of ignorance, slavery, and of national contentions. The Holy Alliance of 1815, believed that it had established a perpetual *statu quo*, in all the world. They thought to magnetize whole nations with their monstrous and terrible policy, and they seemed to themselves to have subjugated body and soul of the European millions. But we thank God for the certainty that their diabolical plots to divide nations, and excite civil wars, will turn one day against their own bosoms.

A year ago, Galicia was excited to a general revolution, and desolated by bands of robbers and human butchers, excited against the rich families, to plunder, to murder, and to destroy. The *iron hands* of Austria and Metternich were the true causes. Metternich would put under his pillow another national murder, and leave it to posterity as one of his noble legacies. The ancient and rich republic of Cracovia had to disappear for ever from the rank of nations; it was the last and mortal blow directed against the Polish nationality. By incorporating Cracovia with Austria, Metternich believed that he had annihilated Poland, that the hope of her first independence and liberty was extinguished. Such an infamous robbery was accomplished in the year of our Lord, 1846! But now it is not our intention to review a past year of troubles; let us speak of the present.

Europe is threatened by a general revolution, its people and kings are in open war, there is no more understanding between them; people will cease to be slaves, and the crowned heads must fall, or grant the necessary reforms. Italy and Switzerland are the two countries who have approached nearest to the first reaction. For in Italy, since the election of the new Pope, Austria has not ceased to excite the people against him—to use the most disgusting and treacherous means, to employ Jesuits with their wicked intrigues, and assassins

in friars' dress. Three months ago a frightful secret—a conspiracy of monks, Jesuits and Austrians—was contrived for the murder of Pius IX., the great, the benevolent, the father of his land! There was to be no more a merely private complot; not only one life was demanded to fall, but thousands—and to be murdered by their own friends. Hundreds of innocent victims were to be sacrificed by Austria, by a combination among the Jesuits and five cardinals, with other powerful men. It is impossible to have an idea of the spirit of liberty spread over all Italy, by the reforms of the new Pope. In all parts of this peninsula there is a want of unity of understanding, a desire of independence and nationality, and every one looks on the new Pope, as the true rock of emancipation and salvation. Never before had there been a Pope so young, so benevolent, and so liberal. When raised to the Papacy, he began to illustrate his reign by a general amnesty to all the political offenders of his states, and with a decree that he *should never prosecute any one for his political opinions*. More than that, he gave orders to establish public institutions, asylums of infancy, evening and daily schools for workmen, in all the Roman states. For Rome he forbade public beggary, and founded at his own expense a splendid almshouse for the destitute. Once a week, he gives public audience to every person, without distinction of rank or situation. In the hall of the Vatican, there is a private box for letters directed to him alone. He adopts orphans as his own children, and sends them to be taught in colleges. He does justice to the poor as well as to the rich—he protects the Roman Academy *De Lincci*, the most ancient and scientific of Italy, and grants favors to the congressed of the *Scienziati Italiani*, a commission of learned and eminent men—established by him for the construction of railroads and canals. By order of Pius IX., every town sends a delegate to Rome to report concerning the wants of the people, and the necessary reforms; while a private congress is established to grant all the necessary improvements. Learned men are invited by him to establish a new civil and criminal code, and he gives orders to reform the army, and to advance the situation of the merchant and war navy. The national guard is established—the police is composed no longer of robbers and murderers, the government is directed by



wise and liberal men, and the funds of many religious orders are applied to public charities, and instruction. At once, the publication of a large number of newspapers is begun in the Roman states, and the most eminent writers become editors. In Rome in less than a month were established more than ten newspapers. The *Diario*, once a legitimatist, is transformed into a liberal and progressive paper. *Il Contemporaneo* is the best political and scientific publication. The *Advertiser*, published in the English language. *L'Astrea*, a paper of theoretical and practical jurisprudence. *L'Annuario Chimico Italiano*, the Annual Italian Chemist, devoted to natural philosophy and other sciences. The *Gabinetto* of General Correspondence, a commercial and instructive paper for travellers and foreigners. In Bologna, they publish the *Balancia* the most liberal and independent paper of Italy. *L'Italiano*, a political and popular publication. *Il Povero*, a penny paper, established by many rich men, to spread ideas of liberty and instruction, among the poorer class of the people. Its motto is, "Fraternity, Unity, and Humanity—the principles of Young Italy." There are many other daily and weekly publications of science, letters, music, inventions, and other branches. This is a short summary of what has been done in one year, under the glorious Pius IX.!!

Such wonderful reforms of course struck Austria with alarm; and much more, when two other Princes of Italy began imitating the policy of the new Pope. The Emperor of the Teutons used every means to turn the Pope from his liberal course, and when he knew that Pius IX. had resolved to follow his own ideas, he threatened him with an intervention in the Roman states. The new Pope answered the Austrian ambassador: "That he is an independent king, that he does not fear his master Ferdinand, and tell him, said he, to come and take me here in Rome." Instead of threats, Austria now thought it prudent to use a secret and religious conspiracy. She gave money and granted favors to whoever would engage to take the life of the Pope, or excite the people against his party. Armies, funds, all the necessary means were offered, but all proved useless. God watches over his elected man, and over the unfortunate Italian people. All was discovered through a Divine Providence, and by a man of the people. By the energy of *Ciceronachia*, thousands of lives have been saved, and Pius IX. is still the King, the Father, and the Saviour of his country.

On the 18th of July, a conspiracy against the liberal citizens and the Pope, was discovered in Rome. The intent of the conspirators was to attack the soldiers on the evening of the 19th July, while all the

people and the army were celebrating the anniversary of the amnesty granted by Pius IX. They were to attack the troops with daggers on which were carved the words, "*Long life to Pius IX.*," as if the authors of this massacre were the followers of the new Pope. The conspirators, mingled with the soldiers and gens d'armes, were to kill all the liberal citizens—to carry the Pope to Naples—to oblige him to abdicate, and to call for an Austrian intervention. As soon as their plot was discovered, Pius IX. established the national guard, used all the necessary means that such a crisis demanded, and named his cousin, the Cardinal Ferretti, Secretary of State instead of Ghizzi. In a moment, the National Guard was armed, and the most noble men of Rome enlisted. This national army is composed of men of all ages. The anniversary was celebrated, by order of the Pope, with the enthusiasm of all the population. Many of the conspirators fled to Lombardy and other states; but a great number were arrested. By important papers, it was known that the chiefs of the conspiracy were more than three hundred; that six cardinals and many Jesuits were of the number; that many soldiers and the guard of Rome had been gained over by money; that the Governor of Rome, a cardinal, had secretly let loose a number of felons, condemned to the galleys, and had given them arms for the murder of the Roman people. The Cardinal Lambruschini, a cruel and execrable man, fled to Civita Vecchia; and from thence to Genoa. In the night of the 16th July, more than two hundred persons were arrested. All were inhabitants of Faenza, and all provided with poniard, money, and false passports. The Cardinal Ferretti named a new governor in Rome, Signor Morandi, a lawyer, and an actor in the revolution of 1831. This is the first instance, under a Pope, of the elevation of a civilian to the office of Governor of Rome. Every day they make new arrests, and discover important papers concerning the conspiracy. A plot so monstrous necessarily involved not only Rome itself, but all the Roman states. It extended to Faenza, Ancona, and other towns. To perceive that it was the result of Austrian intrigue, it is only necessary to know of the intervention of the Austrian army, in Ferrara, between the people and their rights. The Governor protested against this violation of territory; but the Austrian army entered Ferrara with lighted matches, as if moving against an enemy. The population received the Austrians with astonishment and silence. The moderate and liberal party, fearing a popular insurrection, published a placard, worded in the most patriotic and prudent style:

"Ferraresses," said the proclamation, "you see the Austrians coming among us,

and audaciously invading our territory. But look! what terror has already spread amongst them when they crossed the Po river, which separates us from our sister Lombardy! They fear more our civil and national virtue, our prudent and mysterious silence, than our armies and our guns." Certainly, the Austrians know that Italian silence is terrible. They know that now it is no more a partial political party, that will fight for liberty, but all the Roman states—we dare, even, to say, all Italy united. It may be possible, while we write these lines, that a revolution has happened in Italy. The Italians will live and die for their independence and nationality: they will no more be slaves of the barbarous Teutonic emperor. The proclamation of Ferrara advised the citizens not to rise without a special order from Rome—to remember the Austrian insult—to exercise themselves in arms, in despite and in presence of the Austrians. "Be prudent," it is said; "*Look, suffer, and listen.*" The moment is not yet arrived; be confident and faithful to the sacred cause; and remember that our cry must be, till the last drop of our blood—*Pius IX.—Religion, and Italy!*"

After such language, it is easy to imagine what must be the spirit that animates the Italians, and what we may expect from them. In Bologna, Ravenna, and in other cities, the population was in the most terrible excitement. Every one called for arms; every one enlisted voluntarily in the national guard. The Austrian soldiers are afraid of being attacked and murdered in their quarters. Their situation in Ferrara is critical, should they continue there much longer. As soon as the news of the Austrian intervention reached home, the Secretary of State addressed a protestation to the High Powers against the violation of territory, and the intrusion of an Austrian army in the Roman states. Those connected with the conspiracy are under criminal process, and were yet to be condemned, when the steamer *Cambria* left England. On the 21st of July, the Pope named the Prince Rospigliosi General of the National Guard, and other princes—as Doria, Corsini, Piombino, Tortonia, and many others—were named officers of the Guard. In Bologna, a messenger of Austria, a Corsican, preached, in a public square, against the Pope. He was immediately arrested, to save him from the rage of the people. Every day new arrests were made in the Roman states. In Rome, a public bill gave the name of the high conspirators, with these of the cardinals connected with it. Lambruschini, the Secretary of State of Gregory XVI., who sent to the scaffold hundreds of noble victims; Bernetti in 1831, governor of Ancona, who betrayed the liberal party, and who was

*charge d'affaires* to Austria, under the last pope; Dellagenga, a nephew of Leo XII., the terror of the Roman states, and an enemy to Pius IX.; Mattei and Vanielli, two old jesuitical cardinals of the most ultra Catholic party; Lutzof, ambassador of Austria, Ludolf, that of Naples, Del Carretto, minister of war at Naples; and to complete the list of these assassins, comes that of Maria Louisa, the unworthy widow of Napoleon, and duchess of Parma and Piacenza, the shame and scandal of Europe.

There is no doubt that the conspiracy at Rome, and the intervention at the same time of the Austrians in Ferrara, was a contrivance of Metternich, in league with certain of the Italian princes. In Faenza, the *gens d'armes* murdered many persons in the same manner as was attempted in Rome. But these *gens d'armes* have been arrested, and will be punished, together with a number of Austrian emissaries. In Rome, one of these spies was murdered by the people, and the Friar Ventura, a most eloquent, popular, and liberal man, was created cardinal by the people and the Pope. The saviour of Rome, Cicerovachia, a tavern-keeper and a genuine philanthropist, was presented, by the nobility of Rome, with a snuff-box of great value, and carried in triumph to the capitol by the Roman people.

In Parma, the intention of the government against the liberals, has been executed in all its severities. The soldiers were attacked by armed men, who cried, "Liberty, and down with the government." They began exciting the population against the soldiers; but they were the secret emissaries of Austria and Maria Louisa. More than a hundred innocent persons perished in this mysterious insurrection: and the next day, ten thousand Austrians entered Parma. The same butchery was perpetrated in Lucca, where many persons were murdered by the soldiers of the Duke.

In Naples and in Sicily the population demanded political reforms, and their ancient liberty. The king of Naples was hissed and abused by the people of Messina, and left there for fear of being murdered. In all that kingdom, there was great agitation. In Calabria, armed guerrillas attacked the soldiers, and incited the people to revolt. The armed bands increased day by day. They attacked the city Cosenza, and made prisoner the man who three years ago condemned to death the brothers Bandiera and their companions.

Such is the political situation of Italy. If Austria interferes farther than Ferrara, there is, no doubt that the Pope will oppose his army to that of Austria. The south of Italy would rise at once; and the Austrians would find it a hard undertaking to

subdue a whole people. If the Pope awakens all Italy for the cause of liberty and independence, the whole peninsula will become one field of battle, every house a castle for defence. Let the Pope preach a crusade against the enemies of Italy, and you will see the barbarians cross the Alps, and bid a long farewell to the beautiful plains of Italy. Austria knows that she must lose that kingdom. The hatred of the Italians against the Teutons is eternal and terrible.

But suppose that Austria should violate the treaties of intervention, what would France, or Louis Philippe and company do? The French government would be obliged to protest against this violation; to send an army into Italy, and that army would never fight against Italians, notwithstanding the orders of the ministry. The liberal party in France is more powerful than that of the king. The French people would not suffer all Italy to be subjected to Austria. Such intervention would be dangerous for Austria and for the French government, or it would be the signal for a general war, or for a revolution in Europe. But for Austria there is no more a *juste milieu*. The mask has now fallen off; she must act openly, and perhaps we may hear that the barbarians have marched against the prince of Christianity and against the Catholic Church.

What, now, shall we say of Switzerland, the noble and happy land of Tell, which has again become the theatre of civil war, giving to all the world a horrible example of civil discord? The children of Tell divided and fighting each other—not for a just cause, but for fanaticism—in defence of the Jesuits, the curse of Europe, the plague of the world.

We were in Switzerland in 1844, during the civil war between the *Bas* and *Haut Valais*, both parties Catholics, and of the same canton; the former, for liberal and moderate principles, the latter, for ultra Catholicism. There we saw Jesuit, priest, and monk, with cross and sword in hand, preaching a crusade against the opposing party. We saw prisoners murdered by the ultra-Catholic party; women and children butchered, and their bodies thrown into the water. And now a war of equal, or of more terrible violence, is to be expected. The Diet, in the session of 22d July, abolished the league of the seven Catholic cantons, and threaten war if they refuse to dissolve the league. The cause of this civil war has been fully recognised. The Jesuits are prohibited Switzerland, as a sect dangerous to the peace of the country. The Catholic cantons protest against the Diet—they will defend the Jesuits, and these reverend persons will have the honor of spilling a deluge of blood in another war of their

own making in Switzerland. Austria protected the Jesuits and the league, but if Austria interferes, it may be that her friends will turn against her; and what will France do then? Protect the liberals against Austria, or attempt the invasion of a country defended by nature and the love of liberty. There every man is a soldier; the enemy must contend for every inch of ground. And in France, what have they done, and what do they mean to do? Louis Philippe, who set his subjects, for the first time, the shameful example of begging an annual pecuniary dowry for his children, saw his ministers and courtiers condemned to prison and dishonor for their speculations. If the king begs, the ministers may steal. Another charge, not less disgraceful, has been brought before the public, against Soult and others, by the *Courrier Francais*. In Spain, Louis Philippe, Guizot and company, have adroitly married the queen to a stupid and ignorant prince, and by this miserable intrigue, they have offered to the world a disgusting scandal. Isabelle justly asks for a divorce; Louis Philippe eagerly opposes her wish, hoping, one day, to look down out of heaven and see his son, the Duke of Montpensier, on the throne of Spain. It would be, indeed, a pleasant anticipation for the King of the French, if there was no danger of an eminent revolution in Europe. If a revolution springs up in France, and the liberal party are conquerors, the republic would probably be preferred to the limited monarchy; and there is then no doubt that Philippe, like Santa Anna, would become the chief of the republic, adopting the maxim of Machiavelli:—*Necesse est, temporis ad novos rerum casus inservire*.

In Germany, people seem to be quiet and content, excepting that part of the population who are dying of starvation. For Prussia, after the *nulla fecit* of the Berlin Diet, the government is engaged in the trial of those connected with the revolution of Cracovia. In Bavaria, Lola Montes has been named by the king mistress of all the kingdom. She dances the Polka, makes the king dance, and Bavaria is, at present, called the dancing kingdom. Lola Montes composed a new ballet, called *The Last Dance of the Jesuits*. She went further—she dedicated her ballet to the chief of the Jesuits in Munich. In Wirtemberg, people are seriously engaged in drinking beer from morning till evening, by order of his majesty. In Saxony, they smoke royal tobacco, while from other parts of Germany, the people go off by hundreds and thousands to the United States. In Spain, the Carlist bands are on the increase, and continue to ravage and to plunder, while Mistress Isabelle, the queen, travels madly about over her terri-

tory. *Apropos* of this lady—when she left Madrid for San Idelfonso, she gave orders that the prince, her husband, should not be let into her palace while she was at her country-seat. The poor prince came to Madrid on a rainy night, and presented himself at the Escorial gate; said he was the royal husband. Cordova, the cruel Cerberus at the door, was inexorable. Think of it! on a stormy night—perhaps with but *un jizzo* in his pocket! what a cruel wife that Isabelle—what a stupid

husband the prince! In Portugal quiet is restored—the country is *pacified*. The bones of the liberals lie under the ruins of Oporto and in the waters of the Tagus. The queen has granted a general amnesty and the necessary reform. England (let it be noted) interfered *again* in a foreign country, and helped to destroy a large population. *Et nunc populi, intelligite, erudimini, qui judicatis.*

SECCHI DE CASALI.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The History of Rome.* By THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Three volumes in two. Reprinted entire from the last London edition. New York: Appleton & Co., Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1846.

The publication of this work was an event of the greatest importance, not only to its author—for the reputation of it secured to him the professorship of history at Oxford—but to the reading public of both countries, who were enabled by means of it, to use with ease and pleasure to themselves that great harvest of historical learning collected by the erudite Niebuhr. It is hardly within the limits of probability that any important additions should be made after this to Roman history. All that learning, speculation, and the most accurate and comparative criticism can accomplish has been done, and in these volumes of Arnold's they are presented in an elegant dress and simple order. The first part of the work contains the early legends and traditional history of Rome. The author then passes gradually on to the periods of greater certainty, accompanying his history with conjecture and learned criticism, so managed as not to overload the narrative.

"Long before Niebuhr's death," says our author, "I had formed the design of writing the history of Rome; not, it may well be believed, with the foolish notion of rivalling so great a man, but because it appeared to me that his work was not likely to become popular in England, and that its discoveries and remarkable wisdom might best be made known to English readers by putting them in a form more adapted to our common taste. It should be remem-

bered that only the two first volumes of Niebuhr were published in his life-time; and although careful readers might have anticipated his powers of narration from these, yet they were actually, by the necessity of the case, more full of dissertations than of narrative; and for that reason it seemed desirable to re-mould them for the English public, by assuming as proved many of those results which Niebuhr found himself under the necessity of demonstrating step by step. But when Niebuhr died, and there was now no hope of seeing his great work completed in a manner worthy of its beginning, I was more desirous than ever of executing my original plan, of presenting, in a more popular form, what he had lived to finish, and of continuing it afterwards with such advantages as I had derived by a long study and an intense admiration of his example and model."

In a word, this is doubtless the best and most trust-worthy history of the Roman Republic. Those who will read it in conjunction with Michelet will probably have learned all that is needed for the general reader of this department of history.

There is one point better developed in Michelet than in any other historian, but which we neglected to mention in our notice of his work, that is, his exposition of domestic slavery as the true cause of the ruin of the Roman people, and of their final subjugation by the barbarians.

*The Shakspeare Novels.*—Re-published by Burgess, Stringer & Co., have the merit—somewhat rare amongst modern works of fiction—of being entirely peculiar. Their merits and their defects are at least their own. The great difficulty in their execution was adequately to represent Shakspeare himself, as one of the characters. From him we should naturally ex-



pect all bright fancy, eagle-winged imagination, inexhaustible wit, and an evident, subtil, ever-active perception of character. For a writer to achieve such a presentation, and at the same time worthily depict the marvellously rich, quaint, and varied age of Elizabeth, he must of course be a Shakespeare himself. It will not be wondered, therefore, if the author should be found to have fallen, in many respects, quite short of entire success. It is the case—more, however, by over-drawn than lack of feeling. The peculiarities of the times and their characters were too keenly felt by the writer. They are, therefore, often over-wrought—sometimes to the rendering extended passages disagreeably sentimental and strained in expression. Yet the volumes are very pleasant reading—there is in them a great deal of kindly wit and humor, and a most pervading spirit of humanity. Shakespeare and the other favorite characters are represented in a warm and genial light, and the mind of the reader really gets through them a broader and sweeter view of that wonderful age. If they had been condensed into half their length, they would have had double the merit.

*The Life of Mrs. Godolphin.* By JOHN EVELYN, of Worton, Esq.: now first published, and edited by SAMUEL LORD, Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the most noble order of the garter. New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo S. Appleton. 1847.

The memoirs of a lady, who, in the most dissolute age of England, and amid the courtiers of Charles II., not only practiced the virtues, but indulged the exalted enthusiasm of a saint. A woman, too, of a refined and cultivated genius, turned to the appreciation of all that is beautiful in imagination, full of heavenly visions and beatitudes. Such was Mrs. Godolphin, to whom this memoir, by observant and contemplative Evelyn, is devoted. To understand the spirit of the age to which it belongs, it is necessary to know the extremes of character in that age—the most enthusiastic and the most dissolute.

"I can never forget," says Evelyn, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the king (Charles II.) sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, Mazarine, &c. A French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons, were at basset, round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 francs in gold be-

fore them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me, made reflections with astonishment."

*Evelyn's Diary, Feb. 1684-5.*

Compare with this, the following portrait:—"Never was there a more unsporting virgin, a more loyal wife, a more sincere friend, a more consummate Christian, than Mrs. Godolphin; add to this a florid youth, an exquisite and natural beauty, and gracefulness the most becoming. Nor was she to be deceived; there was nothing more quick and piercing than her apprehension; nothing more faithful than her memory, more solid and mature than her judgment; insomuch, as I have often heard her husband affirm to me, that even in the greatest difficulties and occasions, he has both asked and preferred her advice with continued success, and with those solid parts, she had all the advantages of a most sparkling wit, a natural eloquence, a gentle and agreeable tone of voice, and a charming accent when she spoke, whilst the charms of her countenance were made up of the greatest innocence, beauty, and goodness imaginable, agreeable to the composure (form) of her thoughts, and the union of a thousand perfections. Add to this, she was just, invincible, secret, ingeniously sincere, faithful in her promises, and to a miracle temperate, and mistress of her passions and resolutions, and so well had she employed the span of time, that as oft as I consider how much she knew, and wrote, and did, I am plainly astonished, and blush even for myself."

*Life of Mrs. Godolphin, p. 121.*

So far the religious and admiring Evelyn. As for the style of the book, it has the merits and defects of its class, being of the same order with Walton's Lives, though inferior in spirit to that work. Evelyn is a king of moral dilletanti, inclining to the eulogistic kind.

*Louis the Fourteenth, and the Court of France in the fourteenth century.* By Miss PARDOE. With engravings on wood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have not seen, for a long period, a work by a lady, of so excellent and charming qualities, as are exhibited in this book. The author, by her "City of the Sultan," and some other light productions, became, some years ago, most favorably known. But in the present volume she has very greatly surpassed herself. The extraordinary characters and incidents, the brilliancy and magnificence, and dark intrigues of the age and reign of the Fourteenth Louis, have never been more felicitously and clearly set forth. It was an age peculiar for the domination of splendid and strong-minded women; and a woman, like Miss

Pardoe is peculiarly fitted to treat of it, in all its variety of light and shade. What might naturally be wanting in depth of knowledge, she would easily supply to herself, for the sources of information respecting that age are very ample, and full of interest. Superadding to this her womanly tact and perception, with many and delightful graces of style, she has written a book which every one will read with profit and pleasure.

*Elements of Geometry and Conic Sections.* By ELIAS LOOMIS, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of the city of New York, and author of "A Treatise on Algebra."

The study of geometry is every where admitted to form an indispensable part of a thorough education. With regard to almost every other branch of knowledge, some difference of opinion has existed. Some systems of education undervalue, or entirely reject the ancient languages, others the modern: some proscribe the natural sciences, and others mental philosophy. Among the few subjects of study which no reformer has ventured to discard, geometry stands pre-eminent. We do not know of a college in the United States, or of a single seminary of learning which professes to give a thorough education to either sex, which does not include geometry in its scheme of studies. This unanimity of opinion, in a country where the wildest notions of education as well as government find their advocates, can only be ascribed to a deep-seated conviction of the importance of this study.

But why is the study of geometry deemed indispensable to every system of thorough education? Is it because of its direct practical applications? (we use the term "practical," in accordance with the current literature of the day.) What theologian in the controversy between truth and error—what physician in prescribing for his confiding patient—what lawyer in the defence of his client—what politician in caucus or on the stump—ever yet found it necessary to quote a proposition in geometry? yet all pursue this study, or suffer palpably from its neglect. And why? Because the ability to reason clearly—to trace principles to their consequences, is needed in every pursuit of life; and because no branch of study has yet been found better fitted to procure these ends, than geometry. Geometry then has found

its place in every system of thorough education, because of the universal conviction of its fitness for this purpose—to train the mind to habits of exact and cautious reasoning.

In the preparation of a text-book designed for general use, it is indispensable that this object be kept steadily in view. This is the great merit of the elements of Euclid, which has enabled it to retain its place in the schools for two thousand years. It is not that Euclid embodies all the principles of geometry which are now known. Euclid does not furnish one half of the propositions which are found in some modern treatises on elementary geometry. It is not that Euclid has in every case selected the most important propositions—some propositions, which he has omitted, are more important than others that he has retained. It is not that the arrangement of the propositions of Euclid is the best which can be devised—it is conceded that this arrangement may be improved. But the great merit of Euclid consists in this: that every proposition affords an admirable (we had almost said faultless) specimen of reasoning. The principles assumed, are distinctly stated; every step in the argument is supplied; and the conclusion is seen to follow irresistibly from the premises. The student who becomes familiar with such models, learns to distinguish between sophistry and truth. Treatises on geometry have appeared, containing a more judicious solution of propositions, and arranged in a more natural order; but for the quality above named, Euclid has hitherto stood unequalled. To combine all the improvements of modern geometers with the admirable style of demonstration which is characteristic of Euclid, has hitherto remained a desideratum. To supply this deficiency, has been the aim of Professor Loomis, in the work whose title we have given above. In this attempt we believe he has been successful. Every page of his book bears marks of careful preparation. Only those propositions are selected which are most important in themselves, or which are indispensable in the demonstration of others. The propositions are all enunciated with studied precision and brevity. The demonstrations are complete without being incumbered with verbiage; and unlike many works we could mention, the diagrams are good representations of the objects intended. We believe this book will take its place among the best elementary works which our country has produced.